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OF

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Sketched at Dendera, Feb 15 1861

CLEOPATRA AND HER SON CAESARION SACRIFICING TO THE GODS

Sculptured in the great Temple at Dendera, Egypt, 1861

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

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A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

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AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME XV.

OTHELLO. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE,—THE FIRST THREE ACTS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

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AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

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Othello.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME of the main incidents of the tragedy of Othello are found in the seventh volume of the third decade of Cinthio's Hecatommithi; but only one name, Desdemona, is common to the two works, and it may be doubted if the direct source whence Shakespeare obtained the tale has been discovered. The story of Cinthio is thus analysed by Skottowe. A Moor once commanded the military force of Venice. His virtues, his talents, and the fame of his martial exploits, captivated the affections of Desdemona, a lady of the city. The passion was reciprocal, and, heedless of the remonstrances of her kindred, she married the object of her love. The command of Cyprus was committed to the Moor, and he repaired to that island with his bride.

Among the officers of the army was a lieutenant whose handsome person indicated nobleness of mind, and whose gaiety and frankness gained him the friendship of all his military associates. To him the Moor was particularly attached, and their wives also were intimate. But this state of happiness was disturbed by the endeavour of the Lieutenant to corrupt the fidelity of Desdemona. The lady's heart, however, was engrossed by conjugal affection, and the assiduities of the gallant were unheeded. Ignorant of the cause of her indifference, the Lieutenant erroneously attributed her coldness to the pre-occupation of her regard by a young Cypriot Captain: he resolved, therefore, on his death, and that his revenge for his disappointment might be

complete, he determined to accuse Desdemona of disloyalty to the Moor. Fortune favoured his malignity, for, just at this period, the Captain was deprived of his command for indiscreetly wounding a soldier. Desdemona greatly lamented his misfortune, and knowing her husband's regard for him, she often solicited his pardon. In the course of his interviews with the Lieutenant, the Moor remarked that he believed he should re-instate the Captain in compliance with the very earnest entreaties of Desdemona. She has reason, replied the villain, she will then see him as usual: do not urge me to be more explicit, he continued, observing some surprise in the face of his friend; I wish not to blight your matrimonial felicity, yet I think if you were watchful, strange things would be apparent to you. The Moor pondered deeply on these suggestions. Every renewed solicitation of the innocent Desdemona tortured him with additional doubts, and he pre-emptorily demanded of the lieutenant an explicit avowal of his meaning. Dissembling reluctance, the villain artfully resisted, and pretended to yield only to the earnestness of importunity. "I cannot deny," he said, "but that my extreme reluctance to give you, my lord, uneasiness, has hitherto closed my lips on a subject deeply affecting your happiness; but since you command me to speak out, my regard for your honour as my friend, and my duty to you as my general, compel me to declare the truth. Know, then, that your black colour is odious to your wife; she is ardently in love with the Captain, and impatience at the loss of his company is the cause of her anxiety for his restoration."

The Moor, though fatally credulous, affected awhile to doubt the truth of what he heard. How darcest thou presume, said he, to asperse the fair fame of Desdemona? This rage, replied the lieutenant, is the reward I expected, but my duty to you and my regard for your honour have carried me thus far, and I will not now retract. What I have related is too true, and if your wife, with cunningly assumed affection, has blinded you to your shame, I will not, on that account, suppress the communication of circumstances which I positively know are true. The Captain has made me the confidant of his happiness: his infamous confession merited death, and the fear of your resentment alone restrained me from inflicting it. Give me the means, exclaimed the frantic Moor, of witnessing with mine own eyes the infidelity of Desdemona, or else I will make thee wish thou hadst been dumb. While the Captain and yourself were united

in friendship, and his access to your house was unrestrained, replied the Lieutenant, the task would have been easy ; but it is otherwise now ; and though I am convinced he often converses with Desdemona, dread of detection obliges him to act with caution ; yet I do not still absolutely despair of being able to give you ocular demonstration.

With much deliberation, the Lieutenant matured his scheme. He stole from the girdle of Desdemona a handkerchief of curious Morisco workmanship, a bridal present from her lord. This he dropt in the Captain's room, who, knowing it to belong to Desdemona, sought an opportunity of returning it to her. Being under the General's displeasure, he took advantage of his absence from home to knock softly at the back door of the house. The Moor at that moment returned, and full of tormenting distrust, he ran hastily to see who the stranger was. The Captain fled. The enraged General darted to the apartment of his wife, and it was impossible to convince him that she uttered truth, when the innocent Desdemona declared her ignorance of the person who had been knocking at the door. The Moor restrained his passion, for he was resolved to take no decisive measures till he had consulted his wicked confederate.

The villain was now prepared with a new device. He placed the Moor in a situation where he could see, but not hear, the Captain and himself. They talked on indifferent subjects ; but the lieutenant contrived by signs and gestures to impress the jealous husband with the idea that they were jesting at his dishonour ; an impression the lieutenant afterwards confirmed by relating a feigned confession of the Captain, that, at their last interchange of endearments, Desdemona had presented him with a handkerchief given her by her husband on the day of their marriage. Positive evidence now appeared attainable, and the Moor immediately hastened to demand of Desdemona the production of his handkerchief. Having missed it for some time, the lady blushed and was confused while she endeavoured to evade further question. Every suspicion of her lord was soon afterwards ripened into certainty by his beholding the gift of love in the hand of the Captain's courtesan. The Moor was now resolutely bent on the murder of Desdemona, and, by intreaties and bribes, induced the Lieutenant to execute a similar vengeance on her supposed paramour. The Lieutenant attacked him as he returned from a visit to his mistress, and with one blow cut off his leg. The cries of the wounded man speedily

brought assistance. Fearing discovery, the Lieutenant fled, but immediately returning by another road, mingled with the crowd, and lamented the misfortune of his brother officer with fraternal solicitude.

The news of this event quickly reached Desdemona. Her natural expressions of regret were interpreted into a conclusive proof of her guilt, and the jealous monster immediately sought the Lieutenant, to concert the means of putting her to death. Poison and the dagger having been proposed and rejected, they beat her to death with a bag of sand, and breaking down a beam in the ceiling, placed it as if it had fallen by accident and killed her. No doubts were entertained of the cause of Desdemona's death, and the perpetrators of the horrid deed appeared secure from discovery. And now the resentment of the Moor expired, and love for the innocent victim of his jealousy resumed its empire in his breast. The Lieutenant became odious to his sight, and he shortly deprived him of his command to rid himself of his reproachful presence. Exasperated by such treatment the villain sought revenge. He disclosed the murder of Desdemona, and cleared himself from its guilt by relating that the Moor had in vain endeavoured, by the promise of great rewards, to seduce him into a participation in his crime. The Moor was arrested, carried to Venice, and publicly tried. Persisting in a denial of the deed, he was put to the rack, but the utmost torment forced no confession from his lips. He was remanded to prison, and some time after dismissed into exile, where the relations of Desdemona procured his assassination. The punishment of the Lieutenant resulted from his perseverance in crime: he accused one of his companions of an attempt to bribe him to the commission of murder. The gentleman was seized and racked, but denied the fact so resolutely, and laid open so much of the depravity of the Lieutenant, that the accuser was in his turn tortured, and, with such extreme severity, that he died while he was being taken from the wheel.—The whole story, as related by Cinthio, is here subjoined.

Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Veneziana, un suo alfiero l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca, che l'alfiero uccida colui, ch'egli credea l'adultero; il capitano uccide la moglie, e acensato dall' alfiero, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari indizj, è bandito; e lo scelerato alfiero, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.—Fù già in Venezia un Moro, molto valoroso, il quale, per essere prò della persona, e per

aver dato segno, nelle cose della guerra, di gran prudenza, e di vivace ingegno, era molto caro a que' signori, i quali nel dar premio agli atti virtuosi avanzano quante repubbliche fur mai. Avenne, che una virtuosa donna, di maravigliosa bellezza, Disdemona chiamata, tratta non da appetito donnesco, ma dalla virtù del Moro, s'innamorò di lui: ed egli, vinto dalla bellezza, e dal nobile pensiero della Donna, similmente di lei si accese, ed ebbero tanto favorevole amore, che si congiunsero insieme per matrimonio, ancora che i parenti della donna facessero ciò, che poterono, perchè, ella altro marito si prendesse, che lui: e vissero insieme di sì concorde volere, e in tanta tranquillità, mentre furono in Venezia, che mai tra loro non fù non dirò cosa, ma parola men, che amorevole. Occorse, che i signori Veneziani fecero mutazione delle genti d'arme, ch' essi sogliono tenere in Cipri: ed elessero per capitano de' soldati, che là mandavano, il Moro. Il quale, ancora che molto lieto fosse dell' onore, che gli era offerto (però che tal grado di dignità non si suol dare se non agli nomini, e nobili, e forti, e fedeli, e che abbiano mostrato avere in se molto valore) si scemava nondimeno la sua allegrezza, qualora egli si poneva innanzi la lunghezza, e la malagevolezza del viaggio, pensandosi, che Disdemona ne dovesse rimanere offesa: la donna, che altro bene non aveva al mondo, che il Moro, ed era molto contenta, del testimonio, ch' aveva avuto il marito della sua virtù da così possente, e nobile repubblica non vedea l'ora, che il marito, colle sue genti, si mettesse in camino, ed ella andasse seco in compagnia in così onorato luogo, ma le dava gran noia il vedere il Moro turbato. E, non ne sapendo la cagione, un giorno mangiando gli disse; Che vuole egli dir, Moro, che poi, che vi è stato dato dalla Signoria così onorato grado, ve ne state tanto maninconico?; a Disdemona disse il Moro, Turba la contentezza del ricevuto onore, l'amore, che io ti porto, perchè io veggo, di necessità, delle due cose deverne avvenir l' una: ovvero, ch'io ti meni con esso meco a pericoli del mare: ovvero, che per non ti dar questo disagio ti lasci in Venezia. La prima non mi potrebbe essere se non grave, perchè ogni fatica, che tu ne sostenessi, ed ogni pericolo, che ci sopravvenisse, mi recherebbe estrema molestia. La seconda, devendoti lasciare, mi sarebbe odioso a me medesimo; perchè, partendomi da te, mi partirei dalla mia vita. Disdemona, ciò inteso; deh, disse, marito mio, che pensieri son questi che vi vanno per l' animo? a che lasciate, che cosa tal vi turbi? voglio io venire con voi, ovunque andrete, Sì bene così devesse passare in camicia per il fuoco, come son per venire per acqua con voi, in sicura, e ben guarnita nave: e, se pure vi saranno pericoli, e fatiche, io con voi ne voglio essere a parte, e mi terrei d'essere poco amata da voi, quando, per non mi avere in compagnia nel mare, pensaste di lasciarmi in Venezia, o vi persuadeste, che più tosto mi volessi star quì sicura, ch'essere con voi in uno istesso pericolo. Però voglio, che vi apparecchiate al viaggio, con tutta quella allegrezza, che merita la qualità del grado, che tenete. Gettò allora le braccia al collo tutto lieto il Moro alla mogliera, e con un affettuoso bacio le disse: Iddio ci conservi lungamente in questa amorevolezza, moglie mia cara: ed indi a poco, pigliati i suoi arnesi, e messossi ad ordine per lo cammino, entrò colla sua donna, e con tutta la compagnia, nella galca: e date le vele al vento, si mise in cammino: e con somma tranquillità del mare, se n'andò in Cipri. Aveva costui nella compagnia un alfiere di bellissima presenza, ma della più scelerata natura, che mai fosse uomo del mondo. Era questo molto caro al Moro, non avendo egli delle sue cattività notizia alcuna. Perchè, quantunque egli fosse di vilissimo animo, copriva nondimeno, colle alte, e superbe parole, e colla sua presenza, di modo la viltà, ch' egli chiudea nel cuore, che si scopriva nella sembianza un Ettore, o un Achille. Avea similmente menato questo malvagio la sua moglie in Cipri, la quale era bella, ed onesta giovane: e per essere Italiana, era molto amata dalla moglie del Moro, e si stava la maggior parte del giorno con lei. Nella medesima compagnia era anche un capo di

squadra, carissimo al Moro; andava spessissime volte questo a casa del Moro, e spesso mangiava con lui e con la moglie. Laonde la donna che lo conosceva così grato al suo marito, gli dava segni di grandissima benivolenza. La qual cosa era molto cara al Moro. Lo scelerato alfiere, non curando punto la fede data alla sua moglie, nè l'amicizia, nè la fede, nè l'obbligo, ch'egli avesse al Moro, s'innamorò di Disdemona ardentissimamente; e voltò tutto il suo pensiero a vedere, se gli poteva venir fatto di godersi di lei: ma non ardiva di dimostrarsi, temendo, che, se il Moro se ne avesse, non gli desse subito morte. Cercò egli con varj modi, quanto più occultamente poteva, di far accorta la donna, ch'egli l'amava. Ma ella, ch'avea nel Moro ogni suo pensiero, non pensava, punto nè all'alfiere, nè ad altri. E tutte le cose, ch'egli faceva, per accenderla di lui, non più operavano, che se fatto non le avesse. Onde s'imaginò costui, che ciò avvenisse perchè ella fosse accesa del capo di squadra; e pensò volerlosi levar dinanzi agli occhi e non pure a ciò picgò la mente, ma mutò l'amore, ch'egli portava alla donna, in acerbissimo odio; e si diè, con ogni studio, a pensare, come gli potesse venir fatto, che ucciso il capo di squadra, se non potesse goder della donna, il Moro anco non ne godesse. E rivolgendosi per l'animo varie cose tutte scelerate, e malvagie, alla fine, deliberò di volerla accusare di adulterio al marito, e dargli ad intendere, che l'adultero era il capo di squadra; ma sapendo costui l'amore singolare, che portava il Moro a Disdemona, e l'amicizia, ch'egli avea col capo di squadra, conosceva apertamente, che se con astuta froda non faceva inganno al Moro, era impossibile a dargli a vedere nè l'uno, nè l'altro. Per la qual cosa si mise ad aspettare, che il tempo, e il luogo gli aprisse la via da entrare a così scelerata impresa. E non passò molto, che il Moro, per aver messo mano alla spada il capo di squadra, nella guardia, contra un soldato, e datagli delle ferite, lo privò del grado: la qual cosa fù gravissima a Disdemona. E molte volte aveva tentato di rappacificare il marito con lui. Tra questo mezzo disse il Moro allo scelerato alfiere, che la moglie gli dava tanta seccagine per il capo di squadra, che temea finalmente, di non essere astretto a ripigliarlo. Prese da ciò il mal' uomo argomento di por mano a gli orditi inganni, e disse; Ha forse Disdemona cagione di vederlo volentieri. Et perchè? disse il Moro, io non voglio, rispose l'alfiere, por mano tra marito, e moglie: ma, se terrete aperti gli occhi, voi stesso lo vi vedrete. Nè per diligenza, che facesse in Moro, volle l'alfiere più oltre passare: benchè lasciarono tali parole, così pungente spina nell'animo del Moro, che si diede con sommo studio a pensare ciò che volessero dire tali parole, e se ne stava tutto maninconioso. La onde, tentando un giorno la moglie di ammollire l'ira sua verso il capo di squadra, e pregandolo a non voler mettere in oblio la servitù e l'amicizia di tanti anni, per un picciolo fallo; essendo massimamente nata pace, fra il soldato ferito ed il capo di squadra, venne il Moro in ira, e le disse: Gran cosa è questa, Disdemona, che tu tanta cura ti pigli di costui, non è però egli nè tuo fratello, nè tuo parente, che tanto ti debba essere a cuore. La donna, tutta cortese, e unile; non vorrei, disse, che voi vi adiraste con meco, altro non mi muove, che il dolermi di vedervi privato di così caro amico, qual sò, per lo testimonio di voi medesimo, che vi è stato il capo di squadra: non ha però egli commesso sì grave errore, che gli debbiate portar tanto odio. Ma voi Mori siete di natura tanto caldi, ch'ogni poco vi muove ad ira, e a vendetta. A queste parole più irato rispose il Moro, tale lo potrebbe provare, che non sel crede: vedrò tal vendetta delle ingiurie, che mi son fatte, che ne resterò sazio. Rimase la donna tutta sbigottita a queste parole: e, veduto fuor del suo costume, il marito, contra lei riscaldato, umilmente disse; altro, che buon fine, a parlarvi di ciò non mi ha indotta, ma perchè più non vi abbiate di adirar meco, non vi dirò più mai di ciò parola. Veduta il Moro la istanza, che di nuovo gli avea fatta la moglie, in favore del capo di squadra, si' imaginò che le parole, che gli avea detto

l'alfiero, gli avessero voluto significare, che Disdemona fosse innamorata di lui, e se n'andò a quel ribaldo tutto maninconioso, e cominciò a tentare, ch'egli più apertamente gli parlasse. L'alfiero, intento al danno di questa misera donna, dopo l'aver finto di non voler dir cosa, che fosse per dispiacergli, mostrandosi vinto da' preghi del Moro, disse; Io non posso negare, che non m'incresce incredibilmente, di avervi a dir cosa, che sia per esservi più di qualunque altra molesta: ma, poi che pur volete, ch'io la vi dica, e la cura, che io debbo avere dell'onor vostro, come di mio signore, mi sprona anche a dirlovi, non voglio ora mancare nè alla vostra dimanda, nè al debito mio. Devete adunque sapere, che, non per altro è grave alla donna vostra il veder il capo di squadra in disgrazia vostra, che per lo piacere, ch'ella si piglia con lui, qual'ora egli in casa vostra viene: come colei, a cui già è venuta anoia questa vostra nerezza. Queste parole passarono il cuore al Moro insino alle radici: Ma, per saper più oltre (ancora, ch'egli credesse vero quanto avea detto l'alfiero, per lo sospetto, che già gli era nato nell'animo) disse, con fiero viso; non sò io che mi tenga, che non ti tagli questa lingua, tanto audace, che ha avuto ardir di dar tal infamia alla donna mia. L'alfiero allora, non mi aspettava, disse, capitano, di questo mio amorevole ufficio, altra mercede; ma, poi che tanto oltre mi ha portato il debito mio, ed il desiderio dell'onor vostro: io vi replico, che così sta la cosa, come intesa l'avete, e se la donna, col mostrar di amarvi, vi ha così appannati gli occhi, che non abbiate veduto quel, che veder dovevate, non è mica per ciò, che io non vi dica il vero. Perchè il medesimo capo di squadra l'ha detto a me, come quegli, cui non pareva la sua felicità compiuta, se non ne faceva alcuno altro consapevole; e gli soggiunse: e, se io non avessi temuta l'ira vostra, gli avrei dato, quando ciò mi disse, quella mercede, coll'ucciderlo, della quale egli era degno. Ma poscia, che il farvi saper quello, che più a voi, che a qualunque altro appartiene, me ne fa avere così sconvenevole guiderdone: me ne vorrei essere stato cheto, che non sarei, tacendo, incorso nella disgrazia vostra. Il Moro allora tutto crucciato, se non mi fai, disse, vedere cogli occhi quello, che detto mi hai, viviti sicuro, che ti farò conoscere, che meglio per te sarebbe, che tu fossi nato mutolo. Agevol mi sarebbe stato questo, soggiunse il malvagio, quando egli in casa vostra veniva, ma ora, che, non per quello che bisognava, ma per vie più lieve cagione, l'avete scacciato, non mi potrà essere se non malagevole, che ancora che io stimi, ch'egli di Disdemona si goda, qualora voi gliene date l'agio, molto più cautamente lo dee fare ora, che si vede esservi venuto in odio, che non faceva di prima. Ma anco non perdo la speranza di potervi far vedere quel, che creder non mi volete. E con queste parole si dipartirono. Il misero Moro, come tocco da pungentissimo strale, se n'andò a casa attendendo che venisse il giorno, che l'alfiero gli facesse veder quello, che lo doveva far, per sempre, misero. Ma non minor noia dava al maladetto alfiero la castità, ch'egli sapeva, che osservava la donna, perchè gli pareva non poter ritrovar modo a far credere al Moro quello, che falsamente detto gli aveva: e, voltato in varie parti il pensiero, pensò lo scelerato a nuova malizia. Andava sovente la moglie del Moro, come ho detto, a casa della moglie dell'alfiero, e se ne stava con lei buona parte del giorno, onde veggendo costui ch'ella talora portava seco un pannicello da naso, ch'egli sapeva, che le avea donato il Moro, il qual pannicello era lavorato alla moresca sottilissimamente, ed era carissimo alla donna, e parimente al Moro, si pensò di torgliele secretamente, e quindi apparecchiare l'ultimo danno. E avendo egli una fanciulla di tre anni, la quale era molto amata di Disdemona, un giorno, che la misera donna a casa di questo reo si era andata a stare, prese egli la fanciulla in braccia, ed alla donna la pose: la quale la prese, e la si recò al petto; questo ingannatore, che eccellentemente giocava di mano, le levò da cintola il pannicello così accertamente, ch'ella punto non se ne avide, e da lei, tutto allegro, si dipartì.

Disdemona, ciò non sapendo, se ne andò a casa: e occupata da altri pensieri, non si avide del pannicello. Ma, indi ad alquanti giorni, cercandone, e nol ritrovando, stava tutta timida, che il Moro non glielie chiedesse, come egli sovente facea. Lo scelerato alfiere, pigliatosi commodo tempo, se ne andò al capo di squadra, e con astuta malizia gli lasciò il pannicello a capo del letto, nè se ne avide il capo di squadra, se non la seguente mattina, che levandosi dal letto, essendo il pannicello caduto in terra, vi pose il piede sopra: nè sapendosi immaginare come in casa l'avesse, conoscendolo cosa di Disdemona, deliberò di darglielie: ed attendendo che il Moro fosse uscito di casa, se ne andò all'uscio di dietro, ed ivi picchiò; volle la Fortuna, che pareva, che coll'alfiere congiurata si fosse alla morte della meschina: che in quell'ora appunto, il Moro si venne a casa: ed udendo picchiare l'uscio, si fece alla finestra: e tutto crucciato, disse, chi picchia là? Il capo di squadra, udita la voce del Moro, temendo ch'egli non scendesse a danno suo, senza rispondere parola si diede a fuggire. Il Moro, scese le scale: e aperto l'uscio, uscì nella strada, e cercando di lui nol ritrovò. Onde entrato in casa, pieno di mal talento, dimandò alla moglie, chi fosse colui che la giù picchiava. La donna rispose quel, che vero era, che nol sapeva. Ma il Moro disse, mi ha egli paruto il capo di squadra; Non so io, disse ella, se sia stato nè egli, nè altri. Rattenne il Moro il furore, quantunque d'ira ardesse, nè prima volle far cosa alcuna, che parlasse, coll'alfiere, al quale subitamente se n'andò, e gli disse quanto era occorso, e lo pregò ad intendere dal capo di squadra tutto quello, ch'egli poteva intorno a ciò. Egli, lieto di così fatto avvenimento, gli promise di farlo. E al capo di squadra parlò un giorno costui, che il Moro era in luogo, onde gli poteva vedere insieme ragionare. E parlandogli di ogni altra cosa, che della donna, faceva le maggiori risa del mondo: e mostrando di maravigliarsi, facea di molti atti, e col capo, e colle mani, come, che udisse cose maravigliose. Il Moro, tosto che gli vide partiti, andò verso l'alfiere, per saper ciò che colui detto gli avesse. Questo, dopo aversi fatto lungamente pregare, al fin gli disse, non mi ha egli celato cosa alcuna, e mi ha detto, che si ha goduto della moglie vostra ogni volta, che voi coll'esser fuori, gli ne avete dato tempo: e che l'ultima fiata, che egli è stato con lei, gli ha ella donato quel pannicello da naso, che voi, quando la sposaste, le deste in dono. Il Moro ringraziò l'alfiere, e gli parve, che se ritrovava, che la donna non avesse il pannicello, potesse essere chiaro, che così fosse, come gli avea detto l'alfiere. Per la qual cosa un giorno, dopo desinare entrato in varj ragionamenti colla donna, le chiese il pannicello. L'infelice che di questo avea molto temuto, a tal dimanda, divenne nel viso tutta fuoco; et per celare il rossore, il quale molto bene notò il Moro, corse alla cassa, e finse di cercarlo. E dopo molto averlo cercato; non so, disse, com'ora non lo ritrovi, l'avreste voi forse avuto? s'avuto lo avessi, disse egli, perchè te lo chiederei io? ma ne cercherai più agiatamente un'altra volta. Et partitosi cominciò a pensare, come dovesse far morire la donna, ed insieme il capo di squadra, sì chè a lui non fosse data colpa della sua morte. E pensando giorno, e notte sopra ciò, non poteva fare, che la donna non si avedesse, ch'egli non era quegli, che verso lei, per adietro essere soleva. E gli disse più volte, che cosa avete voi, che così vi turbi? Voi che solevate essere il più festoso uomo del mondo, siete ora il più maunconico, che viva? Trovava il Moro varie cagioni di rispondere alla donna, ma non ne rimaneva ella punto contenta. E posto, ch'ella sapesse, che per niuno suo misfatto non dovesse essere così turbato il Moro, dubitava nondimeno, che per la troppa copia, ch'egli aveva di lei, non gli fosse venuta a noia. E talora diceva colla moglie dell'alfiere, io non so, che mi dica io del Moro, egli soleva essere verso me tutto amore, ora, da non so che pochi giorni in quà, è divenuto un'altro: e temo molto di non essere io quella, che dia esempio alle giovani di non maritarsi contra il voler de' suoi; che da me le donne Italiane imparino, di non si

accompagnare con uomo, cui la natura, e il Cielo, e il modo della vita disgiunge da noi. Ma perchè io so, ch' egli è molto amico del vostro marito, e comunica con lui le cose sue : vi prego, che se avete intesa cosa alcuna da lui, della quale mi possiate avisare, che non mi manchiate di aiuto, e tutto ciò le diceva dirottamente piangendo; la moglie dell' alfiero, che tutto sapeva, (come colei, cui il marito aveva voluto usare per mezzana alla morte della donna) ma non l' aveva ella mai voluto acconsentire, e temendo del marito, non ardiva di dirle cosa alcuna; solo le disse, abbiate cura di non dare di voi sospetto al marito, e cercate con ogni studio, ch' egli in voi conosca amore, e fede; ciò faccio io, disse ella, ma nulla mi giova. Il Moro, in questo mezzo tempo, cercava tutta via di più certificarsi di quello, che non avrebbe voluto ritrovare: e pregò l' alfiero, che operasse di modo che potesse vedere il pannicello in podestà del capo di squadra: e benchè ciò fosse grave al malvagio, gli promise nondimeno di usare ogni diligenza, perchè egli di ciò si certificasse. Aveva il capo di squadra una donna in casa, che maravigliosi trapunti faceva sulla tela di rensa, la quale veggendo quel pannicello, ed intendendo, ch' era della donna del Moro, e ch' era per esserle reso, prima ch' ella l' avesse, si mise a farne un simile: e mentre ella ciò faceva, s' avide l' alfiero, ch' ella appresso una finestra si stava, e da chi passava per la strada poteva essere veduta, onde fece egli ciò veder al Moro, il quale tenne certissimo che l' oncostissima donna fosse in fatto adultera; E conchiuse coll' alfiero, di uccidere lei, ed il capo di squadra, trattando ambidue tra loro come ciò si dovesse fare lo pregò il Moro, ch' egli volesse essere quegli, che il capo di squadra uccidesse, promettendo di restargliele obligato eternamente. E ricusando egli di voler far cosa tale come malagevolissima, e di molto pericolo, per essere il capo di squadra non meno accorto, che valoroso, dopo molto averlo pregato, datagli buona quantità di danari, lo indusse a dire, che proverebbe di tentar la fortuna. Fatta questa risoluzione, uscendo una sera il capo di squadra di casa di una meretrice, colla quale egli si sollazzava, essendo la notte buia, gli si accostò l' alfiero colla spada in mano, e gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere, ed avvenne, ch' egli gli tagliò la destra coscia a traverso, onde il misero cadde: e gli fù addosso l' alfiero, per finire di ucciderlo. Ma avendo il capo di squadra, che coraggioso era, e avezzo nel sangue, e nelle morti, tratta la spada, e, così ferito come egli era, dirizzatosi alla difesa, gridò ad alta voce; io sono assassinato. Per la qual cosa, sentendo l' alfiero correr gente, ed alquanti de' soldati, ch' ivi attorno erano alloggiati, si mise a fuggire, per non vi essere colto; e, data una volta, fe vista anch' egli di essere corso al romore. E ponendosi tra gli altri, vedutagli mozza la gamba, giudicò che se bene non era morto, morirebbe ad ogni modo di quel colpo; e, quantunque fosse di ciò lietissimo, si dolse nondimeno col capo di squadra, come s' egli suo fratello fosse stato. La mattina la cosa si sparse per tutta la città, ed andò anche alle orecchie di Disdemona, onde ella, ch' amorevole era, e non pensava ch' indi le dovesse venir male, mostrò di aver grandissimo dolore di così fatto caso; di ciò fece il Moro pessimo concetto. E andò a ritrovar l' alfiero, e gli disse; Tu sai bene, che l' asina di mia moglie è in tanto affanno, per lo caso del capo di squadra, ch' ella è per impazzare. E come potevate, disse egli, pensar altrimenti, essendo colui l' anima sua? Anima sua, eh? replicò il Moro, io le tarrò ben' io l' anima del corpo, che mi terrei non essere uomo, se non togliessi dal mondo questa malvagia. E discorrendo l' uno con l' altro, se di veleno, o di coltello si devea far morir la donna, nè accettandosi questo, nè quello da loro, disse l' alfiero; un modo mi è egli venuto nella mente, che vi sodisfarà, e non se ne avrà sospetto alcuno; ed egli è tale. La casa, ove voi state, è vecchissima, e il palco della camera vostra ha di molte fessure; voglio, che con una calza piena di rena percuotiamo Disdemona, tanto ch' ella ne muoia, perchè non appaia in lei segno alcuno di battitura: morta, ch' ella sarà, faremo cadere parte del palco, e romperemo il capo alla donna,

fingendo, che una trave nel cadere rotto gliel' abbia, ed uccisa : e, a questo modo, non sarà persona, che di voi pigli sospetto alcuno, stimando ognuno la sua morte essere venuta a caso. Piacque al Moro, il crudel consiglio : e, aspettato il tempo, che convenevole gli parve, essendo egli una notte con lei nel letto, ed avendo già nascoso l' alfiero in un camerino, che nella camera entrava, l' alfiero, secondo l' ordine tra lor dato, fe non so che strepito nel camerino : e, sentitolo, subitamente disse il Moro alla moglie ; hai tu sentito quello strepito ? L' ho sentito, disse ella ; levati soggiunse il Moro, e vedi che cosa è. Levosi l' infelice Disdemona : e, tosto ch' ella fu appresso il camerino, n' uscì l' alfiero, il quale, essendo forte, e di buon nerbo, colla calza, che in punto aveva, le diede una crudel percossa, nel mezzo della schiena, onde la donna subito cadde, senza poter trarne appena fuori il fiato. Ma con quella poca voce, che potè avere, chiamò il Moro, che l' aiutasse ; ed egli, uscito del letto, le disse, Sceleratissima donna, la mercede hai della tua disonestà, così si trattano quelle, che fingendo di amare i loro mariti, pongono loro le corna in capo. La misera donna, ciò udendo, e sentendosi giunta al fine (però che l' alfiero un' altro colpo dato le avea) disse, che in testimonio della sua fede, ella chiamava la giustizia divina, poi, che quella del mondo le veniva meno ; e chiamando ella Iddio, che l' aiutasse, sopraggiungendo la terza percossa, rimase uccisa dall' empio-alfiero. Poscia, messala nel letto, e spezzatale la testa, fecero egli, e il Moro, cadere come aveano ordinato fra loro il paleo della camera, e cominciò il Moro a chiamare soccorso, che la casa cadeva, alla voce del quale corsero i vicini, e scoperto il letto, trovarono la donna sotto le travi morta. La qual cosa, per la buona vita della donna, increbbe ad ognuno. Il giorno seguente fù Disdemona sepolita, con universal dolore di quel popolo. Ma non volle Iddio, giusto riguardatore delle anime altrui, che così gran sceleragine se ne rimanesse senza la diecevole pena. Imperò, che il Moro, che la donna aveva amato più, che gli occhi suoi, veggendosene privo, cominciò ad avere tanto desiderio di lei, che l' andava, come fuori di se, cercando per tutti i luoghi della casa : e considerando tra se, che l' alfiero era stato cagione, ch' egli avesse perduto, colla sua donna, tutto il dolce della vita, ed anco se medesimo ; gli venne lo scelerato in tanto odio, che non aveva occhio, col quale vedere lo potesse : se non avesse avuto timore della inviolabile giustizia de' Signori Veneziani, l' avrebbe palesemente ucciso. Ma non potendo far questo, con sua salvezza, gli levò la insegna, e più nol volle nella compagnia, onde nacque tanta aspra nimicizia tra l' uno, e l' altro, che non si potrebbe imaginare la maggiore, nè la più grave. Per la qual cosa l' alfiero, peggiore di tutti gli scelerati, voltò tutto il pensiero a danni del Moro. E ritrovato il capo di squadra, che già era risanato, e con una gamba di legno se n' andava in vece della tagliata, gli disse : Venuto è il tempo, che tu possi far vendetta della tua tagliata gamba : e quando tu vuoi venire con esso meco a Venezia, io ti dirò, chi è stato il malfattore, che quì non ardirei di dirtoti, per molti rispetti : ed io ne farò, per te, testimonio in giudizio. Il capo di squadra, che si ritrovava fieramente offeso, e non sapeva perchè ; ringraziò l' alfiero, e seco a Venezia se ne venne. Ove giunti, che furono, egli gli disse, che il Moro era stato quegli, che gli avea tagliato la gamba, per opinione, che gli era nata nella testa, che egli si giacesse con Disdemona : e che per questa medesima cagione egli aveva ucciso lei, e poscia data voce, che il paleo caduto ucciso l' avesse. Il capo di squadra, inteso ciò, accusò il Moro alla Signoria, e della gamba a lui tagliata, e della morte della donna, ed indusse per testimonio l' alfiero, il quale disse ; che l' uno, e l' altro era vero, perchè il Moro aveva tutto comunicato seco, e l' avea voluto indurre a fare l' uno, e l' altro maleficio : e che, avendo poscia ucciso la moglie, per bestial gelosia, che gli era nata nel capo, gli avea narrato la maniera, ch' egli avea tenuto in darle morte. I Signori Veneziani, intesa la crudeltà, usata dal Barbaro, in una lor cittadina fecero dar delle mani addosso al Moro in Cipri, e condurlo a Venezia, e con molti

tormenti eerearono di ritrovare il vero. Ma vincendo egli col valore dell' animo, ogni martorio, il tutto negò, così costantemente, che non se ne potè mai trarre cosa alcuna. Ma se bene, per la sua costanza, egli schifò la morte, non fù però che dopo essere stato molti giorni in prigione, non fosse dannato a perpetuo esilio, nel quale finalmente fù da' parenti della donna, com' egli meritava, ucciso. Andò l' alfiero alla sua patria: e non volendo egli manere del suo costume, accusò un suo compagno, dicendo, ch' egli ricreato lo avea di ammazzare un suo nimico, che gentiluomo era, per la qual cosa fù preso colui, e messo al martorio: e negando egli esser vero, quanto dicea l' accusatore, fù messo al martorio anco l' alfiero per paragone. Ove, fù talmente collato che gli si corroperò le interiora: onde, uscito di prigione, e condotto a casa, miseramente se ne morì; tal fece Iddio vendetta della innocenza di Desdemona. E tutto questo successo narrò la moglie dell' alfiero, del fatto consapevole, poi ch' egli fù morto, come io lo vi ho narrato.

The tragedy of Othello, the original title of which was probably the Moor of Venice, was written sometime previously to November the 1st, 1604, upon which day Shakespeare's Company acted the play at Whitehall. "Hallamas Day, being the first of November, a play in the Banketinge House att Whithall called the Moor of Venis, by the kings Majesties plaiers," Accompte of the Office of the Revelles of this whole yeres Charge in anno 1604, untell the last of Octobar, 1605. This is the earliest authentic notice of the tragedy that has yet been discovered. There is another mention of its early performance in London in some German travels under the date of 30 April, 1610; and again, in an account of plays acted before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, early in the year 1613, in both instances under its title of the Moor of Venice. We hear nothing further of this tragedy until it was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company to Thomas Walkley in October, 1621,—“6^o Octobris, 1621.—Tho. Walkley. Entred for his copie under the handes of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, the Tragedie of Othello the Moore of Venice.” The edition thus entered was issued the next year under the following title,—“The Tragoedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. 1622.”—4to., 48 leaves, irregularly paged. To this edition is annexed the following rather singular address from the publisher to the reader,—

The Stationer to the Reader.—To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, ‘A blue coat without a badge;’ and, the author

being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it I will not, for that which is good, I hope, every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure. Yours,—THOMAS WALKLEY.

An undated edition, published by Walkley, mentioned by Pope, is now known to have been merely a copy of this impression with the date cut off by the binders. It is difficult to understand what arrangement took place respecting the copyright of the tragedy, to enable the editors of the folio of 1623 to include it in their collection, for it certainly remained the property of Walkley until March 1st, 1627-8, upon which day it was assigned unto Richard Hawkins. “Primo Martii, 1627.—Mr. Rich: Hawkins. Assigned over unto him by Thomas Walkley, Orthello the More of Venice,” Stationers' Registers. This Hawkins published an edition of it in 1630 under the following title,—“The Tragædy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. *As it hath beene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare.* LONDON, Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne. 1630.” In May, 1638, Ursula, the widow of Richard Hawkins, assigned the copyright of Othello to Messrs. Mead and Meredith, who, a few months afterwards, namely in January, 1638-9, parted with it to William Leak. The publisher last named issued what he termed “the fourth edition” of the tragedy,—“London, Printed for William Leak at the Crown in Fleet-street, between the two Temple Gates, 1655,” 4to. Other quarto editions appeared in 1681, 1687, and 1695, the first stated to be printed for *W. Weak*, possibly a misprint for Leak. In the year 1687, the play was in the hands of Richard Bentley.

The twelfth Public Act which was passed in the first Parliament of James, sometime between March 19th and July 7th, 1604, was levelled “against conjuration, witchcraft and dealing with evill and wicked spirits.” In the course of this Act, it is enacted that, “if any person or persons shall, from and after the feaste of Saint Michaell the Archangell next comminge, take upon him or them, *by witchcraft, inchantment, charme or sorcerie*, to tell or declare in what place any treasure of golde or silver should or might be founde or had in the earth or other secret places, or where goodes or thinges loste or stollen should

1^{mo}. Marty 1627

Mr. Rich: Staroking Assigned ou unto him by Thomas
Waller, and Constat of a Court
holden this day all the estate right
title and Interest w^{ch} he hath in
these Copie following w^{ch} } p. 113
Ol Kinge and no Kinge.
Achilles or lost little bleeding,
Othello the most of print.

25th of January 1638.

Mr. Will: Leake. Assigned ouer unto him by vertue
of a warrant under the hand of Seales
of Mr Meade & Mr Meredith & w^{ch}
the consent of a full Court of
Assistants holden this day. All the
Estate right title & Interest w^{ch}
the said Mr Meade & Mr Meredith
haue in these Copie and pt of
of Copie following w^{ch} were
Entred unto them from Mr
Sawkins the 29th of May last.
w^{ch} } p. 113

Othello the more of Venice a Play.

29^o May 1638. 14^o Star Logg.

Mr. Meade.
&
Mr. Meredith
w^{ch} } p. 113
Entred for their Copie by order of
a full Court held the fift day of June
last according to the request of
Mrs. Sawkins widd (late wife
of Richard Sawkins deceased)
whom p^{re}sent in Court All these Copie
and parts of Copie following w^{ch}
did belong unto her said husband
as followeth.

Othello the More of Venice a play.

vide page 426.
turned ouer to
Mr Leake.

be founde or become, or to the intent to provoke any person to unlawfull love," then such person or persons, if convicted, "shall for the said offence suffer imprisonment by the space of one whole yere without baile or mainepriise, and once in everie quarter of the saide yere shall, in some markett towne upon the markett day, or at such tyme as any faire shal be kepte there, stande openlie upon the pillorie by the space of sixe houres, and there shall openlie confesse his or her error and offence." It seems probable that part of the first Act of Othello would not have assumed the form it does, had not the author been familiar with the Statute, in common with the public of the day, the Duke referring to such a Law when he tells Brabantio that his accusation of the employment of withcraft shall be impartially investigated. If this be the case, the date of the composition of this tragedy may be positively assigned to the year 1604.

The tragedy of Othello was undoubtedly popular in its author's life-time, and throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century. Leonard Digges, in his verses on Shakespeare printed in 1640, speaks of the audiences preferring it to the laboured compositions of Ben Jonson,—“they priz'de more—*Honest Iago*, or the jealous Moore.” Even as late as 1633, when the play must have been very familiar to a London audience, it produced large receipts,—“The benefitt of the winters day from the kinges company being brought mee by Blagrove, upon the play of the Moor of Venise, comes, this 22 of Nov. 1629, unto—9*l.* 16*s.* 0*d.*,” Herbert's Diary. It continued a stock-play. “1635,-6 May, Att the Bla: fryers, and a play this day called the Moore of Venicc,” Sir H. Mildmay's Diary, MS. Harl. It was acted before the King and Queen at Hampton Court on December 8th, 1636. After the Restoration, it was continually performed, but the first time by the Red Bull company at their new theatre in Vere Street, near Clare Market, on Saturday, December 8th, 1660. A year or two previously, an actress had appeared on the English stage in the character of Desdemona; a circumstance that was the occasion of much astonishment and some inferior versification.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor.*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*

MONTANO,¹ *Governor of Cyprus.*

Clown, Servant to Othello.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a
Sea-Port in Cyprus.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,² should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ;³ and, by the faith of man,
I know my price : I am worth no worse a place ;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,⁴
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators ; For, "certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;⁵
That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the toged consuls⁶ can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election ;
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
 Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :⁷
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I,—God bless the mark !—his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy : 'tis the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd⁸
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir ! content you ;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and when he's old, cashier'd :
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them ; and when they have lin'd their coats,
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern,⁹ 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For doves to peck at :¹⁰ I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,¹¹
If he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father ;
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets : incense her kinsmen ;
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yct throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house : I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence,¹² the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir ! you are robb'd ; for shame, put on your
gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul :

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tuppung your white ewe. Arise, arise !

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What ! have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I : what are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
 My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
 Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
 To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
 My spirit, and my place, have in them power
 To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice ;
 My house is not a grange.¹³

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir! you are one of those, that will not serve
 God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you
 service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter
 covered with a Barbary horse : you'll have your nephews neigh
 to you ;¹⁴ you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for
 germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?¹⁵

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter
 and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer : I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
 If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,—
 As partly, I find, it is—that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,¹⁶
 Transported with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder,¹⁷ ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say! light!

[*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd—as if I stay I shall—

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—

Which even now stand in act—that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;¹⁸

And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time,

Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—

With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O! thou deceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers!

Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the
 blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.¹⁹—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, *with Torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's:²⁰ he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him eable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege;²¹ and my demerits²²
 May speak, unbonneted,²³ to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with Torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends.
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
 It is a business of some heat: the galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels;
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent above three several quests,²⁴
 To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:²⁵
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd :

He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou 'stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion.²⁶—I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.—

Lay hold upon him ! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands !
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison ; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bear me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior :
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans²⁷ shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Council-Chamber.*

The DUKE, and Senators, sitting at a Table ; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where they aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet,²⁸ and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now, the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

I Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importaney of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more faeile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

I Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos,²⁹ is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post, post-haste dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you³⁰
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To BRABANTIO.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particualar grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,—
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense—
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To* OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you.
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentenee
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chanees,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery: of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,³¹
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the proecess;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,³²
The Anthropophagi,³³ and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently :³⁴ I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd :
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress :
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty.
 To you, I am bound for life, and education :
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
 I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,

So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step,³⁵ may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw more mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief :
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile :
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of the state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to
you ; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed
sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,³⁶ throws
a more safer voice on you : you must, therefore, be content to
slubber the gloss³⁷ of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize³⁸
 A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness ; and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition,
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear :
 And let me find a charter in your voice,
 T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violencee and storm of fortunes³⁹
 May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued
 Even to the very quality of my lord :
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords : 'beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
 In me defunct,⁴⁰ and proper satisfaction ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business seant,

For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,⁴¹
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,⁴²
And all indign and base adversities⁴³
Make head against my reputation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it : you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty, and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*To BRABANTIO.*
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,⁴⁴
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,⁴⁵ I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which, our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;⁴⁶ I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement,³⁷ and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,⁴⁸ shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt

needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse;⁴⁹ go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,⁵⁰
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
 Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will:
 In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.—

I have't ;—it is engender'd :—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

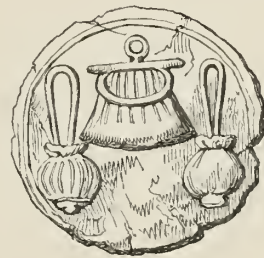
Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Montano.*

Though the rank which Montano held in Cyprus cannot be exactly ascertained, yet from many circumstances, we are sure he had not the powers with which Othello was subsequently invested. Perhaps we do not receive any one of the Personæ Dramatis to Shakespeare's plays, as it was originally drawn up by himself. These appendages are wanting to all the quartos, and are very rarely given in the folio. At the end of this play, however, the following enumeration of persons occurs:—"The names of the actors.—Othello, the Moore.—Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.—Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.—Iago, a Villaine.—Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.—Duke of Venice.—Senators.—Montano, Governor of Cyprus.—Gentlemen of Cyprus.—Lodovico, and Gratiano, two noble Venetians.—Sailors.—Clowne.—Desdemona, Wife to Othello.—Æmilia, Wife to Iago.—Bianca, a Curtezan."—*Steevens.*

² *As if the strings were thine.*

Mr. Fairholt sends the following note,—“the form of the old purses is well shewn in the leaden seal of the Boursiers or Confraternity of Purse-makers of Paris, now among the curious collection of corporate seals formed by M. Forgeais in the Hotel Cluny. The ring-purse, worn close to the girdle, is seen in the centre; the hanging purse, drawn close by long strings, is placed on each side of it.”



³ *Oft capp'd to him.*

Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*Off-capp'd* to him. In support of the folio, Antony and Cleopatra may be quoted:—"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes." This reading I once thought to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very strong reason to be departed from.—*Malone.*

⁴ *With a bombast circumstance.*

Circumstance signifies *circumlocution*. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque* :—

You put us to a needless labour, sir,
To run and wind about for *circumstance*,
When the plain word, I thank you, would have serv'd.

Again, in Massinger's *Picture* :—

And therefore, without *circumstance*, to the point,
Instruct me what I am.

Again, in Knolles's *History of The Turks*, p. 576: “— wherefore I will not use many words to persuade you to continue in your fidelity and loyalty; neither long *circumstance* to encourage you to play the men.”—*Reed*.

⁵ *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.*

That Cassio was *married* is not sufficiently implied in the words, “a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,” since they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man “very near being married.” This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio.—Act IV. Sc. I., Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says,—“Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.” Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds, “This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and self flattery, not out of my promise.” Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakspeare, however, designed Bianca for a courtesan of Cyprus, (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her,) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground. Had Shakspeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was “actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman,” he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damned*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character.—*Steevens*.

⁶ *Wherein the toged consuls.*

Consuls, for *counsellors*. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *council*. Theobald would have us read, *counsellors*. Venice was originally governed by *consuls*: and *consuls* seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*, as afterwards in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631, the Emperor Albanact is said to be “attended by fourteen *consuls*.” Again: “—the habits of the *consuls* were after the same manner.” Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*.—*Steevens*.

The *rulers of the state*, or civil governours. The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1590: “Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth.”—*Malone*.

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word in allusion to the Latin adage,—*Cedant arma togæ*.—*Steevens*.

The folio reads *tongued*, which agrees better with the words which follow: “mere *prattle* without practice.”—*Boswell*.

⁷ *This counter-caster.*

It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V: “— it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor or creditor, but it; of what’s past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and *counters* ;” &c. Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “I wyl cast my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my rekenynges.”—*Steevens*.

So, in the *Winter’s Tale*: “— fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do’t without *counters*.”—*Malone*.

⁸ *Am affi’n’d.*

Affi’n’d is the reading of the third quarto and the first folio. The second quarto and all the modern editions have *assign’d*. The meaning is,—“Do I stand *within* any such *terms* of propinquity, or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?”—*Johnson*.

The original quarto, 1622, has *assign’d*, but it was manifestly an error of the press.—*Malone*.

⁹ *In compliment extern.*

In that which I do only for an outward show of civility. So, in Sir W. D’Avenant’s *Albovine*, 1629:—

—— that in sight *extern*
A patriarch seems.—*Steevens*.

Johnson interprets this—“In that which I do only for an outward show of civility.” Surely this interpretation, by adopting the secondary meaning of *compliment* (compliment), destroys Iago’s bold avowal, which is, that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart, *in outward completeness*, he might as well wear it upon his sleeve.—*Knight*.

¹⁰ *For doves to peck at.*

Doves, quarto; *daws*, folio. I have adhered to the original copy, because I suspect Shakspeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly’s *Euphues* and his *England*, 1580: “As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæsar, nor all gold that is coyned with the kinges stampe, so all is not truth that beareth the shew of godlinesse, ner all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend such love to *Euphues*, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may see what is in thy minde, and thou with thy finger claspe thy mouth.—I can better take a blister of a nettle, than a pricke of a rose; more willing that a raven should peck out mine eyes, than a *turtle peck at* them.”—*Malone*.

I read with the folio. Iago certainly means to say, he would expose his heart as a prey to the most worthless of birds, i. e., *daws*, which are treated with universal contempt. Our author would scarcely have degraded the amiable tribe of *doves* to such an office; nor is the mention of them at all suitable to the harsh turn of Iago’s speech.—*Steevens*.

The poet, according to the reading of the quarto, meant to say that not only birds of prey, but gentle and timid doves, might peck at him with safety.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe.*

Full fortune is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another scene of this play a *full soldier* is put for a *complete soldier*. So, in *Cymbeline*:—

“Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine.” Again, in Chapman’s version of the Fourth Book of Homer’s *Odyssey*, we have—

Jove did not only his *full fate* adorn,
When he was wedded.—*Steevens*.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

—— Not the imperious show
Of the *full fortun’d* Cæsar—.

Full is used by Chaucer in the same sense in his *Troilus* :—

Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,
That I have said —.—*Malone*.

¹² *As when, by night and negligence.*

The meaning, as Edwards has observed, is, “not that the fire was spied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night and negligence, was spied. And this double meaning to the same word is common to Shakspeare with all other writers, especially where the word is so familiar a one, as this is in question. Ovid seems even to have thought it a beauty instead of a defect.”—*Malone*.

¹³ *My house is not a grange.*

A grange is a house or farm not only furnished with necessary places for all manner of husbandry ; as stables for horses, stalls for cattle, &c. but where there are granaries and barns for corn, hay-lofts, &c. And by the grant of a *grange* such places will pass.—*Diet. Rustic*.

Or else direct me to some countrie *grange*,
The city is too full of base temptation.

Cranley’s Reformed Whore, 4to., p. 78.

¹⁴ *You’ll have your nephews neigh to you.*

Nephew, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. So, A. of Wyntown, in his *Cronykil*, b. viii. ch. iii. v. 119 :—

Hyr swne may be cald *newu* :
This is of that word the wertu.

Thus, also, in Spenser :—

And all the sons of these five brethren reign’d
By due success, and all their *nephews* late,
Even thrice eleven descents the crown obtain’d.

Again, in Chapman’s version of the *Odyssey*, b. xxiv. Laertes says of Telemachus his *grandson* :—

—— to behold my son
And *nephew* close in such contention.

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this sense : and without it, it would not be very easy to show how Brabantio could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonson likewise uses it with the same meaning. The alliteration in this passage caused Shakspeare to have recourse to it.—*Steevens*.

See Richard III. Act. IV. Sc. I. In Junius’s *Nomenclature* by Higgins, 1585, *nepos* has no other explanation than *nephew*. The word *grandson* never occurs in Shakspeare.—*Boswell*.

Shakspeare, in his will, speaks of his grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, as his *niece*.

¹⁵ *What profane wretch art thou?*

That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakspeare often uses the word *profane*. It is so used by other writers of the same age:—

How far off dwells the house-surgeon?
—— You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:—"By the sly justice, and his clerk *profane*." James Howell, in a dialogue prefixed to his edition of Cotgrave's Dictionary, in 1673, has the following sentence: "J'aime mieux estre trop ceremonieux, que trop *prophane*:" which he thus also anglicises—"I had rather be too ceremonious, than too *prophane*."—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night.*

The *even of night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even parts*.—*Johnson*.

Odd is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange, uncouth, or unwonted*; and as it is opposed to *even*. But this expression, however explained, is very harsh.—*Steevens*.

This *odd even* is simply the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.—*Henley*.

By this singular expression,—“this *odd-even* of the night,” our poet appears to have meant, that it was just approaching to, or just past, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it stood at the point of midnight, or at some other less equal division of the twenty-four-hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be. So, in *Macbeth*:—

—— What is the *night*?
Lady M. Almost at *odds with morning, which is which*.

Shakspeare was probably thinking of his boyish school play, *odd or even*.—*Malone*.

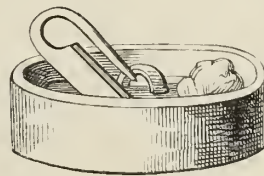
Surely, “almost at *odds with morning*” signifies, almost *entering into conflict* with it. Thus, in *Timon of Athens*:—"Tis honour, with most lands to be at *odds*—." In *King Henry VI. Part III.* we find an idea similar to that in *Macbeth*:—

—— like the *morning's war*,
When dying clouds *contend* with growing light.—*Steevens*.

Steevens's explanation perfectly agrees with mine, except that he has taken no notice of the close of my quotation from *Macbeth, which is which*, produced for the purpose of confirming what I had said of the time being doubtful.—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *Strike on the tinder, ho!*

Some thirty years ago this line would not have required a note. Then, as I well remember, the usual mode of obtaining a light was through the complicated media of steel, flint and tinder. Now, so many modes of instantaneous lighting being in use, the tinder-box has become a nearly forgotten relic of the past. Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—“The form of the old flint and steel is preserved in the links of the collar of the once famous order of the Golden Fleece instituted by Philip-le-bon, Duke of Burgundy. It is shewn in the upper part of the



annexed engraving. This rude mode of striking a light continued until recent time, yet it would probably be difficult now to obtain an old tinder-box. Such an one is shewn in the lower part of the cut, with its cover made to fit tight, and put out the smouldering tinder, the flint and steel adding their weight in the deep box made to hold them."

¹⁸ *Lead to the Sagittary the raised search.*

This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspeare had looked upon that sculpture.—*Knight*.

¹⁹ *And raise some special officers of night.*

Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio substituted—officers of *might*; a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occasion to remark that the quarto readings were sometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraseology or meaning. I have no doubt that Shakspeare, before he wrote this play, read the Commonwealth and Government of Venice, translated from the Italian by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in quarto, 1599; a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verses by Spenser. This treatise furnished our poet with the knowledge of those *officers* of night, whom Brabantio here desires to be called to his assistance.—“For the greater expedition thereof, of these kinds of judgements, the heades or chieftaines of *the officers by night* do obtaine the authority of which the advocators are deprived. These *officers of the night* are six, and six likewise are those meane officers, that have only power to correct base vagabonds and trifling offences. Those that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, because out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into six tribes,) there is elected an *officer of the night*, and a head of the tribe.—The duty of eyther of these officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one, and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and serjeants, and to see that there be not any disorder done in the darkness of the night, which alwaies emboldeneth men to naughtinesse; and that there be not any houses broken up, nor thieves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence.”—*Commonwealth of Venice*, pp. 97, 99.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *A roice potential—as double as the duke's.*

Surely the obvious purport of the passage is, that Brabantio, from his popularity and wealth, has effectually such a weight in the serate, as gives him a power equal to the double vote conferred by the constitution on the duke.—*Pye*.

²¹ *From men of royal siege.*

Men who have sat upon royal *thrones*. The quarto has—“men of royal *height*.” *Siege* is used for *seat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 575: “there was set up a throne or *siege royall* for the king.” Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. vii. :—“A stately *siege* of soveraigne majesty.”—*Steevens*.

So, in Grafton's Chronicle, p. 433: “Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal siege*,” &c.—*Malone*.

²² *And my demerits.*

Demerits has the same meaning in Shakspeare as *merits*. *Mereo* and *demereo*

had the same meaning in the Roman language. ‘*Demerit* (says Bullokar), a *desert*; also (on the contrary, and as it is most commonly used at this day) *ill-deserving*.’ See *Coriolanus*.—*Singer*.

²³ *May speak, unbonneted.*

Unbonneted, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the second Act and third Scene of the play we meet with an expression similar to this: “— you *unlace* your reputation;” and another in *As You Like It*, “Now *unmuzzle* your wisdom.” Fuseli explains this contested passage as follows;—“I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my demerits, that, *unbonneted*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune,” &c. At Venice, the *bonnet*, as well as the *toge*, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day.—*Steevens*.

²⁴ *Three several quests.*

Quests are, on this occasion, *searches*. So, in Heywood’s *Brazen Age*, 1613:—“Now, if in all his *quests*, he be withheld.” An ancient MS. entitled the *Boke of Huntynge* that is cleped *Mayster of Game*, has the following explanation of the word *quest*: “This word *quest* is a terme of herte hunters of beyonde the see; and is thus moche to say as whan the hunter goth to fynde of the hert and to herborow him.”—*Steevens*.

“*Queste*, a quest, inquirie, search, inquisition, seeking,” Cotgrave, ed. 1611.

²⁵ *A land carack.*

A *carack* was a term generally applied to a Spanish galeon, but English ships were sometimes so termed, generally when they were vessels of great size.

But seeing yet no shoar, she, almost tyr’d,
Aboard the *carrack* back again retir’d.

Dubartas, translated by Sylvester, 308.

²⁶ *That waken motion.*

The folio reads *weaken*, but the “drugs or minerals,” like “the fowl charms,” were evidently intended to refer to agents in the service of love. *Weaken* and *waken* were often pronounced the same in the time of Shakespeare, and interchanged in MSS.

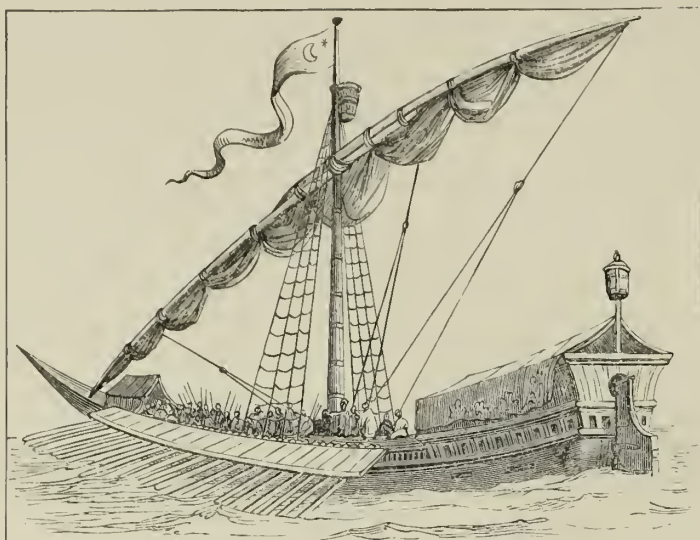
²⁷ *Bond-slaves and pagans.*

This passage has been completely misunderstood. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology:—‘*Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a pagus quod est villa. Et *quicumque habitat in villa est paganus*. Præterea quicumque est extra civitatem Dei, i. e. ecclesiam, dicitur *paganus*. Anglice, a *paynim*.’—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528. I know not whether *pagan* was ever used to designate a clown or rustic; but *paganical* and *pagana-lian*, in a kindred sense, were familiar to our elder language. Malone thinks that ‘*Brabantio* is meant to allude to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country both *slaves* and *pagans*; and that he uses the word in contempt of *Othello*. If he is suffered to escape with impunity, we may expect to see all our offices of state filled up by the *pagans* and bond-slaves of Africa.’—*Singer*.

²⁸ *The Turkish fleet.*

Mr. Fairholt sends the following note,—“The Turkish Galley as used in the conquests they so often made in the Mediterranean; at the famed battle of

Lepanto, and the attacks on Rhodes and Malta; is here copied from an engraving published in 1607. The soldiers are arranged in the high open deck; the galley



slaves are chained to the oars below, screened by the awning that projects from the sides of the vessel."

²⁹ *Marcus Luccicos.*

Both the folio and the quarto gives this proper name thus. Capell changed it to *Marcus Lucchesé*, saying that such a termination as *Luccicos* is unknown in the Italian. But who is the duke inquiring after? Most probably a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information. Is it necessary that the Greek should bear an Italian name? And does not the termination in *icos* better convey the notion which we believe the poet to have had?—*Knight*.

³⁰ *We must straight employ you.*

It is part of the policy of the Venetian state never to entrust the command of an army to a native. "To exclude, therefore, (says Contareno, as translated by Lewkenor, 4to. 1599,) out of our estate the danger or occasion of any such ambitious enterprises, our ancestors held it a better course to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary soldiers, than with their homebred citizens." Again: "Their charges and yearly occasions of disbursement are likewise very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable sort with great provision a *captaine generall*, who alwaies is a *stranger borne*."—*Malone*.

So, in Thomas's History of Italy, p. 82: "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generalls, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre: because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande: Fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example." It was usual for the Venetians to employ strangers and even Moors in their wars. See the White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, Act V. Sc. I. See also Howell's Letters, B. I. S. I. Letter xxviii.—*Reed*.

³¹ *Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle.*

"*Antre*, a cave, denne, grot, caverne," Cotgrave, ed. 1611. *Idle*, without husbandry. The latter word is altered in ed. 1632 to *wild*.

³² *And of the Cannibals that each other eat.*

The fac-simile here given is a reduced copy of a portion of a very rare broadside print, published in Spain soon after the discovery of the New World, depicting the habits and customs of the aboriginal Mexicans.

³³ *The Anthropophagi.*

These lines have been considered by Pope, and others, as the interpolation of the players, or at least vulgar trash, which Shakespeare admitted merely to humour the lower part of his audience.



But the case was probably the very reverse, and the poet rather meant to recommend his play to the more curious and refined among his auditors, by alluding here to some of the most extraordinary passages in Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated voyage to Guiana, performed in 1595: in which nothing excited more universal attention, than the accounts which he brought from the new world of the cannibals, Amazons, and especially of the nation,—

— — — whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Hear his own solemn relation: "Next unto the Arvi" [a river, which he says falls into the Orenoque or Oronoko] "are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch, which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a meere fable, yet *for mine own part I am resolved it is true*, because every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same: they are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backwards betweene their shoulders," &c. See Sir Walter Raleigh's Narrative of the Discoverie of Guiana, printed in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. iii. Lond. 1600, folio, p. 652, 653, 665, 677, &c. As for the Anthropophagi, or canibals, "that each other eat," the same celebrated voyager tells us: At "one of the outlets of Orenoque, we left on the right hand of us, a nation of inhumaine canibals," [p. 659.] And in the second Voyage to Guiana, in 1596, published also by Sir Walter, one of the nations, called Ipaïos, are thus described: "They are but few, but very cruel to their enemies; for they bind, and eat them alive peecemeale.—These Indians, because they eat them whom they kill, use no poyson."—Ibid. p. 688. See also p. 507, 516, 682, &c. These extraordinary reports were universally credited, and therefore Othello assumes here no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of his time—that of an adventurer and voyager into the East or West Indies. As for Sir Walter's strange discoveries, a short extract of the more wonderful passages was published in several languages, accompanied with a map of Guiana, by Iodocus Hondius, a Dutch geographer, and adorned with copper-plates, representing these Amazons, canibals, and headless people, &c., in different points of view. The reader may be referred to the frontis-

piece to one of these pamphlets, intitled, “Brevis et admiranda Descriptio Regni Guiana, &c. . . . Quod nuper admodum annis nimirum, 1564, 1595, et 1596, per. . . . Dn. Gualtherum Ralceigh Equitem Anglum detectum est. . . . Ex quibus Iodocus Hondius tabulam geographicam adornavit, addita explicatione Belgico Sermone scripta: Nunc vero in Latinum Sermone translata,” &c. Noribergæ, 1599. 4to.—*Malone*.

The wilde and myschevous people called Canibales, or Caribes, whiche were accustomed to eate man’s fleshe, and called of the olde writers *Anthropophagi*, molest them exceedyngly, invading their countrey, takyng them captive, kyllyng and eatyng them.—*Eden’s History of Travayle*, 1577, f. 10.



Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Belief in the existence of such men was common in the middle ages, and representations of them occasionally occur as drawings in manuscript books of travel. As knowledge increased this belief did not diminish, and the famous illustrated Nuremburg Chronicle published in 1493 furnishes us with the engraving here copied. A still more extraordinary realization of these fabulous beings was afforded to the inhabitants of Stuttgart in 1609, at the great Tournay held in that city by the Grand Duke of Wurttemberg, and which was illustrated in a

volume of 236 plates engraved by Balthazar Kuchlein, one of which delineates these headless men, as they rode in the procession on that occasion.”

³⁴ *But not intently.*

Intently was always used as equivalent to *attentively*, not only by the writers of Shakespeare’s time, but by those of a much earlier date. Palsgrave has “*Intentyfe*, hedefull.”—“*Ententyfe*, busy to do a thyng or to take hede to a thyng.” *Lesclar. de la Lang. Fr.*, 1530, fols. lxxx. lxxxvii. (where he renders both by the Fr. *ententif*.)—*A. Dyce*.

³⁵ *As a grise or step.*

Thanne the mayden was glade,
Sche dude as the lady bade,
And up at the *grese* hoe him lade,
And to chaumber hym brouzth.—*Sir Degrevant*.

³⁶ *Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects.*

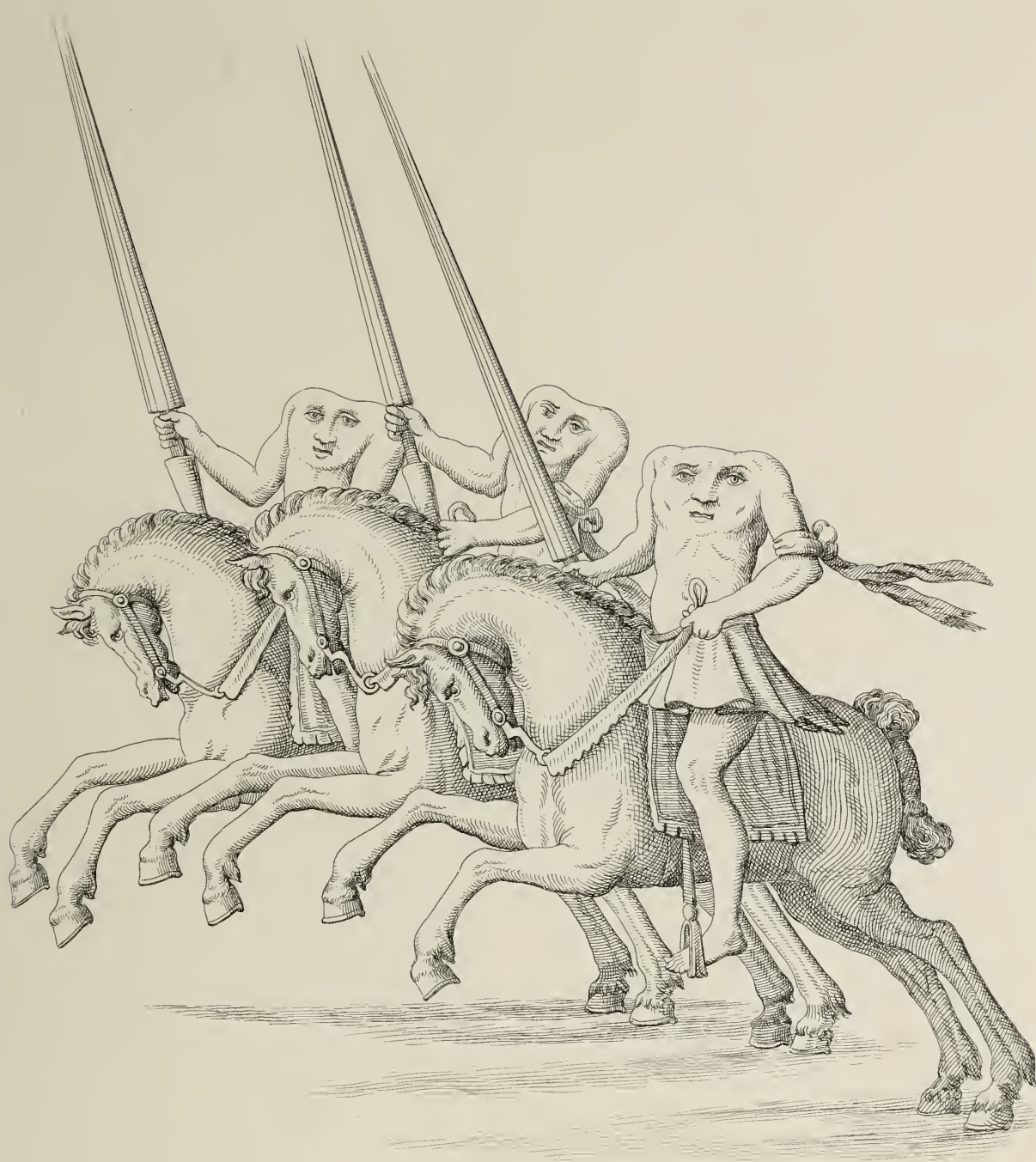
Compare the following passage in the fourth book of Sidney’s *Arcadia*: “— She saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense; she found *opinion mistress* of the Lover’s judgment.” So, likewise, in the Prol. to a MS. entitled, the *Boke of Huntynge*, that is cleped *Mayster of Game*:— “ymaginacion *maistresse* of alle workes,” &c.—*Steevens*.

³⁷ *To slubber the gloss.*

To slubber, to smear; to dirty, or defile. “*Sloubberde* with wepyng, *esplouré*,” Palsgrave.

³⁸ *I do agnize.*

Agnize, to acknowledge, to confess; from the Latin *agnosco*.



MASQUERS IN THE TOURNAMENT HELD AT STUTGART, 1609

men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders

But being at length *agnized* and taken into the ranke of friends, if thou shew thy-selfe ordinarily in his chamber of presence to doe honour and reverence, intermingled with other waiters, for three yeares together, and be wanting as many for them againe, thou returnest to abide the like services, not once demaunded where thou wert, and whether thou didst depart out of the way.—*Ammianus Marcellinus; the Roman Historie*, 1609.

³⁹ *My downright violence and storm of fortunes.*

Violence is not *violence suffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has *scorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading.—*Johnson*.

The same mistake of *scorn* for *storm* had also happened in the old copies of *Troilus and Cressida*:— “—— as when the sun doth light a *scorn*,” instead of a—*storm*. I am also inclined to read—*storm of fortunes*, on account of the words that follow, viz. “May *trumpet* to the world.” So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. :—

———— the southern *wind*
Doth play the *trumpet* to his purposes.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in his explanation of the passage before us. Mr. M. Mason is of the same opinion, and properly observes, that by the *storm of fortune*, “the *injuries of fortune*” are not meant, “but Desdemona’s high-spirited braving of her.”—*Steevens*.

So, in *King Henry VIII.* :—“An old man broken with the *storms of state*.” The expression in the text is found in *Spenser’s Fairy Queen*, book vi. c. ix. :—

Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore
To reste my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With *stormes of fortune* and tempestuous fate.

And Bacon, in his *History of King Henry the Seventh*, has used the same language: “The king in his account of peace and calms did much overcast his *fortunes*, which proved for many years together full of broken seas, tides, and *tempests*.” M. Mason objects, that *Steevens* has not explained these words. Is any explanation wanting? or can he, who has read in *Hamlet*, that a judicious player “in the *tempest* and *whirlwind* of his *passion* should acquire and beget a temperance;” who has heard *Falstaff* wish for a *tempest* of provocation; and finds in *Troilus and Cressida*—“in the wind and *tempest* of her frown,” be at a loss to understand the meaning of a *storm of fortunes*? By her *downright violence and storm of fortunes* Desdemona without doubt means, the bold and decisive measure she had taken, of following the dictates of passion, and giving herself to the Moor; regardless of her parent’s displeasure, the forms of her country, and the future inconvenience she might be subject to, by “tying her duty, beauty, wit, and *fortunes*, in an extravagant and wheeling stranger, of here and every where.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁰ *The young affects in me defunct.*

This passage has occasioned much dispute and long notes: it seems to us that nothing can be clearer, allowing only a little latitude of expression. *Othello* refers to his age, elsewhere several times alluded to, and ‘in my *defunct* and *proper* satisfaction,’ is merely, ‘in my *own dead* satisfaction,’ or gratification, the youthful passions, or ‘young affects,’ being comparatively ‘defunct’ in him. For the sense, though not for the harmony of the verse, it ought to have run, ‘for my proper and defunct satisfaction,’ and had it so run, we doubt if so much ink would have been spilt and wasted upon it. It requires no proof that ‘proper’ was often used for

own: in this very scene the Duke says, 'yea, though our *proper* son,' &c.—*Collier*.

Mr. Knight, who also follows the old copies, remarks;—"We would only observe, that *comply* may be used in the sense of *supply*, that *affects* are *affections*, and that *defunct* does not necessarily mean dead. Tyrwhitt considers that *defunct* may be used in the Latin sense of *performed*. As *function* has the same Latin root, we would suggest that Shakspeare used *defunct* for *functional*, and then the meaning is clear; nor to gratify the young affections, in my *official* and *individual* satisfaction."

Few persons, I apprehend, will be satisfied with Mr. Collier's explanation; nobody, assuredly, with Mr. Knight's. Neither of them seems to have been aware that there is a passage in Massingers Bondman, act i. sc. 3, which was undoubtedly copied from the present one, viz.—

Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since *buried in me*, while I live,
I am, &c.

and another (also imitated from the same source) in Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn, act i. sc. 1,—

Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers
(*In whom long since their youthful heats were dead*)
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?

These passages (as Gifford has already observed) shew how the lines of Shakespeare were understood by his contemporaries. They also shew that the alteration of a single letter, the change of "my" to "me" (which was first made by Upton), is absolutely necessary; *i. e.* (as Johnson well explains it);—"I ask it not, to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires (the passions of youth which I have now outlived), or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife."—*A. Dyce*.

⁴¹ *My speculative and active instruments.*

Thus the folio, except that instead of *active instruments*, it has *offic'd instrument*. *Speculative instruments*, in Shakespeare's language, are the *eyes*; and *active instruments*, the *hands and feet*. So, in Coriolanus:—

— where, the other *instruments*
Did *see*, hear, devise, instruct, *walk, feel*, &c.

To *seel* is to close the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically used, it applies very properly to the *speculative* instruments; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active* instruments. *Wanton dulness* is 'dulness arising from wanton indulgences.'—*Malone*.

For a particular explanation of the verb—to *seel*, the reader is referred to Macbeth, Act III. Sc. II. The quarto reads:—

— when light-wing'd toys
And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness
My speculative and *active* instruments—.

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this:—When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for

the ready performance of them, &c. So, in Chapman's translation of the eighteenth book of Homer's *Odyssey* :—

— and were palsied
In his *mind's instruments*—.—*Stevens.*

⁴² *Let housewives make a skillet of
my helm.*

It is unlikely that the poet had any substantial image in his mind when penning this line; but, nevertheless, the following note, communicated by Mr. Fairholt, is an exceedingly curious one,—"the Museum of London antiquities formed by C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., furnishes a curious illustration of this passage, proving the custom of so turning an old helmet to use. In this instance a crested Morion of the sixteenth century has been fitted with a hook and chain, and formed into a camp-kettle. It was found in dredging the Thames near the Tower of London."



⁴³ *And all indign and base ad-
versities.*

The ordinary meaning of *indign* is unworthy, undeserving; but here it stands for, disgraceful.

⁴⁴ *If virtue no delighted beauty lack.*

The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakspeare often uses the active and passive particles indiscriminately. Of this practice I have already given many instances. The same sentiment seems to occur in *Twelfth Night* :—

In nature is no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd; but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty.—.—*Stevens.*

Delighted is used by Shakspeare in the sense of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V. :—

Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift,
The more delay'd, *delighted*.—*Tyrwhitt.*

The devills take their habitations in bodyes that God, not themselves, created; and are *delighted* in severall bodyes for varietie sake, not as creatures with aliment, but as spirits with signes, which signes are delectable in varietie.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

The truely merited reputation by your Honours equal ballancing the Scales of Justice, hath, and is the daily cause of so many Petitioners to you for the same, especially in the late wisely-erected Court of Judicature; wherein your Honours, by your quick and *delighted* equitable dispatch of such differences as have come before you, hath sufficiently testified your undoubted loyalty to our Sovereign Lord the KING, and amity to his people, &c.—*Primatt's City and Country Purchaser and Builder*, 1667.

⁴⁵ *The love of a Guinea-hen.*

A showy bird with fine feathers. A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant-term for a prostitute. So, in Albertus Wallenstein, 1640 :—

— Yonder's the cock o'the game,
About to tread yon *Guinea-hen*; they're billing.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁶ *Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.*

Favour here means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character. *Defeat*, from *defaire*, in French, signifies to unmake, decompose, or give a different appearance to, either by taking away something, or adding. Thus, in Don Quixote, Cardenio *defeated* his *favour* by cutting off his beard, and the Barber his, by putting one on. The beard which Mr. Ashton *usurped* when he escaped from the Tower, gave so different an appearance to his face, that he passed through his guards without the least suspicion. In the Winter's Tale, Autolycus had recourse to an expedient like Cardenio's, (as appears from the *pocketing up his pedlar's excrement*,) to prevent his being known in the garb of the prince.—*Henley*.

To *defeat*, Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, explains by the words—"to abrogate, to undo." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Disfare*, to undoe, to marre, to unmake, to *defeate*."—*Malone*.

⁴⁷ *It was a violent commencement, &c.*

There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, "it was a violent *conjunction*, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;" or, what seems to me preferable, "it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable *sequel*."—*Johnson*.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play—"a *sequester* from liberty.—*Steevens*.

Surely *sequestration* was used in the sense of *separation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. It is explained in Bullokar's Dictionary—a *putting apart*. "Their passion began with violence, and *it shall end as quickly, of which* a separation will be the consequence." A total and voluntary *sequestration* necessarily includes the cessation or end of affection.—We have the same thought in several other places. So, in Romeo and Juliet :—

These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
And in their triumph die.

Again, in the Rape of Lucrece :—"Thy violent vanities can never last." I have here followed the first quarto. The folio reads—"it was a violent commencement *in her*," &c. The context shows that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Desdemona has been just mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor.—*Malone*.

⁴⁸ *As luscious as locusts.*

The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida. At *Tonquin* the insect *locusts* are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich, and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten. An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree, (which, I believe, is here meant,) is a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he) I have often tasted.—*Steevens*.

That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is, perhaps, of all others, the most *luscious*. From its likeness to honey, in consistency and flavour, the *locust* is called the *honey-tree* also. Its seeds, enclosed in a long pod, lie buried in the juice.—*Henley*.

Daines Barrington suggests to me, that Shakspeare perhaps had the third chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on *locusts* and wild *honey*.—*Malone*.

Coloquintida, says Bullein in his *Bulwark of Defence*, 1579, "is most bitter, white like a baule, full of seedes, leaves like to cucummers, hoat in the second, dry in the third degree." He then gives directions for the application of it, and concludes, "and thus I do end of colouyntida, which is most bitter, and must be taken with discretion. The Arabians do call it *chandall*."—*Reed*.

There is another phrase of this kind, viz. *to exchange Herb John for coloquintida*. It is used in Osborne's *Memoirs of James I.*, and elsewhere. Tomlinson, in his translation of Renodæus's *Dispensatory*, says, that many superstitious persons call mugwort Saint John's herb, "wherewith he circumcised his loyns on holidays," p. 317. Shakspeare, who was extremely well acquainted with popular superstitions, might have recollected this circumstance, when, for reasons best known to himself, he chose to vary the phrase by substituting the *luscious locusts* of the Baptist. Whether these were the fruit of the tree so called, or the well known insect, is not likely to be determined.—*Douce*.

⁴⁹ *Traverse*.

This was an ancient military word of command. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* Bardolph says: "Hold, Wart, *traverse*; thus, thus, thus."—*Steevens*.

Traverse, (says Bullokar) "to march up and down, or to *move the feet with proportion*, as in dancing."—*Malone*.

⁵⁰ *If I would time expend with such a snipe.*

A snipe, a foolish worthless fellow. "A snipe-knave, so called because two of them are worth but one snipe," *Cotgrave*.

To thinke that such a giddy *snipe*, a foole,
That meerey lives to disparage Nature,
Should creepe to this ambitious government.

Davenant's Cruell Brother, a Tragedy, 1630.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*¹ *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow² seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in:
A Veronessa,³ Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectaney
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowanee;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,⁴
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail."

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns heard.*

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.⁵—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd⁶ to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!⁷

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail.

[*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mistress.—

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:⁸
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And ehides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,⁹ devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on ; assay.—There's one gone to the harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come ; how would'st thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze,
It plueks out brains and all ; but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ! How, if she be blaek and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.¹⁰

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the
alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul
and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst best. But
what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed ?
one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the
vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never laek'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—“ now I may ;”
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;¹¹
 She that could think, and ne'er diselose her mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind ;
 She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chroniele small beer.¹²

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?¹³

Cas. He speaks home, madam : you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the seholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so, indeed : if such trieks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the air in. Very good ; well kissed ! an excellent courtesy !¹⁴ 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would, they were elyster-pipes for your sake.—
 [*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor ! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior !¹⁵

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
 To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death ;
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus-high, and duek again as low
 As hell's from heaven !¹⁶ If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
 I cannot speak enough of this content ;
 It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be, [Kissing her.
 That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. [Aside.] O ! you are well tun'd now ;
 But I'll set down¹⁷ the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
 News, friends ; our wars are done, the 'Turks are drown'd.
 How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
 Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
 Bring thou the master to the citadel :¹⁸
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come
 hither.¹⁹—If thou be'st valiant—as they say base men, being in
 love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native
 to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the
 court of guard.²⁰—First, I must tell you this—Desdemona is
 directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
 Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for
 bragging, and telling her fantastical lies ; and will she love him
 still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye
 must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the
 devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport,
 there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh
 appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and
 beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want
 of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find
 itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the
 Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to
 some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most
 pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the

degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther eonseionable, than in putting on the mere form of eivil and humane seeming, for the better eompassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a subtle slippery knave; a finder out of oecasions; that has an eye can stamp and eounterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but eourtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exereise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Veniee. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his diseipline; or from what other eourse you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification²¹ shall eome into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it²² to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
 That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :
 The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
 And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ;
 Not out of absolute lust,—though, peradventure,
 I stand accountant for as great a sin—
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat ; the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 Till I am even'd with him,²³ wife for wife ;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace²⁴
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,²⁵—
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,²⁶—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd :
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation ; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ;²⁷ and there

is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night : to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love :
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ; [*To* DESDEMONA.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH., DES., and Attend.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general east us thus early,²⁸ for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love ?²⁹

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revells: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd³⁰ with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

*And let me the canakin clink, clink;*³¹ [Sings.]

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[*Wine* brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swagbellied Hollander,³²—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,³³
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.³⁴*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
 And give direction ; and do but see his vice.
 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
 The one as long as th' other : 'tis pity of him.
 I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
 On some odd time of his infirmity,
 Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :
 He'll watch the horologe a double set,³⁵
 If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
 The general were put in mind of it.
 Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
 And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo ? [*Aside to him.*
 I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place as his own second,
 With one of an ingraft infirmity :³⁶
 It were an honest action to say
 So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
 I do love Cassio well, and would do much
 To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?
[*Cry within,—Help ! Help !*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty ?
 I'll beat the knave into a wieker bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant : [*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir.
 Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come ; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say ! [*Aside to ROD.*] go out, and cry—a mutiny. [*Exit ROD.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen !—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;—

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed ! [*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !

The town will rise : God's will ! lieutenant, hold !

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. 'Zounds ! I bleed still : I am hurt to the death.³⁷

[*He faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant !—sir, Montano,—gentlemen !—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you : hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell !³⁸ it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know :—friends all but now, even now

In quarter,³⁹ and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now,—

As if some planet had unwitted men—

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,⁴⁰
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
 And passion, having my best judgment collid,⁴¹
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he hath twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety !⁴²
 'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
 For this was brief—I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report :—
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up !—
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; come away to bed.—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—

Lead him off.—

[MONTANO is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldier's life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O ! I have lost my
 reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what
 remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation !

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more offence in that, than in repu-

tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot?⁴³ and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!⁴⁴

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is

now the general :—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces :⁴⁵—confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this craek of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they eheck me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[*Exit* CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain ?

When this adviee is free I give, and honest,⁴⁶
 Probal to thinking,⁴⁷ and, indeed, the course
 To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit : she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And, then, for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounee his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !
 When devils will their blaekest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now ; for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor :

So will I turn her virtue into piteh,
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo.

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the ehase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the ery. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experienee for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast eashier'd Cassio.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,⁴⁸
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
 Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things are to be done.
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
 I'll set her on:
 Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way:
 Dull not deviee by eoldness and delay. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *A Sea-port town in Cyprus.*

All the modern editors, following Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of Othello lies during four Acts: but this could not have been Shakspeare's intention; Nicosia, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the centre of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal sea-port town of Cyprus was Famagusta; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed. "Neere unto the haven," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle, we find Othello presently repairs.

It is observable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was first published in 1565, makes no mention of any attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations against this island, which they first assaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may suppose that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning Rhodes as also likely to be assaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an historical inconsistency; for they were then in quiet possession of that island, of which they became masters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer Othello to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament.—*Malone*.

² *The chiding billow.*

The laundresse fishes, foaming froth doth lighten,
The whilest her tongue doth thunder and affrighten;
The totall is a *tempest* full of *chiding*,
That no man in the house hath quiet byding.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

So doth a laundresse, when the sun doth hide
His head, when skyes weepe raine and thunder chide.—*Ibid.*

³ *A Veronessa.*

In Thomas's History of Italy, the people of Verona are called the *Veronesi*. This ship has been already described as a ship of *Venice*. It is now called "a *Veronesé*;" that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona, for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. "Besides many other towns, (says Contareno,) castles, and villages, they [the Venetians,] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema," *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599.—*Malone*.

⁴ *Therefore my hopes, &c.*

Dr. Johnson proposed to alter this passage, saying that he could not understand "how hope can be surfeited to death, that is, can be increased till it be destroyed." As "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so hope upon hope, without realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being "surfeited to death."—*Knight*.

⁵ *Does bear all excellency.*

So in ed. 1622. In ed. 1630, *all* is altered to *an*. "Do's tyre the Ingeniuer," ed. 1623. Steevens adopts the reading of the folio, altering the last word to *ingener*. The note of that critic is here added.—

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. Thus, in Holland's Leaguer, 1633 :—

———— Cupid's a boy,
And would you *tire* him like a senator?

Again, in the Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. II. :—

—— To save the money he spends in *tiring*, &c.

The essential vesture of creation tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this :—

And in the essential vesture of creation
Does *tire the ingenuous virtue*,

i.e., invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance. In the Merchant of Venice, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body—"the muddy *vesture* of decay."

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingener* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*; as in the following instance from the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babylone :—

He called forth Mabon his *engynour*
And saide, I charge thee
To throw a magnelle to yon tour
And breke it down on thre.

So, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus, Act I. Sc. I. :—

No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
We want the fine arts, &c.

Ingener, therefore, may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the Tempest, Act IV. Sc. I. :—

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

In the argument of Sejanus, Ben Jonson likewise says that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*.—*Steevens*.

⁶ *Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel.*

Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enscerped*, of which every reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *escerped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé*, which Shakspeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed. I once thought that the poet had written—*Traitors ens scarf'd*, i.e., muffled in their robes, as in Julius Cæsar. So, in Hamlet: "My sea-gown *scarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor; yet whatever is gained one way is lost another. Our poet too often adopts circumstances from every image that arose in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expressions become inextricably confused.—*Steevens*.

Steevens's difficulty respecting *ensteep'd*, would, perhaps, have been removed, if he had but recollected the passage of the fourth Act, where Othello alludes to the fate of Tantalus:—

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames on my bare head;
Sleep'd me in poverty to the very lips.—*Henley*.

Traitor's *ensteeped* are merely traitors concealed under the water.—*Boswell*.

⁷ *Enwheel thee round.*

Enwheel, to encompass; to encircle. Perhaps Beaumont and Fletcher remembered this passage when they wrote, in the Pilgrim,—“Heaven's grace in-wheel ye!”

⁸ *When I have list to sleep.*

When Mr. Collier adopted the reading of the folio, *leave*, what meaning did he attach to it? did he suppose it to be only another form of *leve*, *leaf*, or *lief*, a word which, I apprehend, was never used as a substantive? The reading of the quarto, 1622, *list*, is clearly the true one.—*A. Dyce*.

⁹ *Saints in your injuries.*

When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.—*Johnson*.

In Puttenham's Art of Poesie, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts: “We limit the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points; that is, to be, a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to King Edward the Fourth. Again, in a play of Middleton's, called Blurt Master Constable; or, the Spaniard's Night-Walk, 1602: “—according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your bed.” Again, in the Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage, 1607: “Women are *in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils*.”—*Steevens*.

¹⁰ *For even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolishlest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish.—*Johnson*.

To elucidate this sentence, the reader may remember, that “if one have so much knowledge as to measure a yard of cloth; number twenty pence rightly; name the days of the week; or become the parent of a child; he shall not be accounted an idiot by the laws of the realm.” A statement of which may be seen in the Student’s Companion, or the Reason of the Law, 2d edit., 1734.—*Anon.*

¹¹ *To change the cod’s head for the salmon’s tail.*

That is, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. See Queen Elizabeth’s Household Book for the 43d Year of her Reign: “Item, the Master Cookes have to fee all the *salmon’s tails*,” &c. p. 296.—*Steevens.*

See, however, the following passage.—“Zara was conducted into a sedge eot, where he was kindly received by Piscatorio’s wife, and set to supper with a cod’s head and a salmon’s taylor, wheron he and Soto fed like farmers,” Don Zara del Fogo, a Moek-Romanee, 1656.

¹² *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household*. The expressions “to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,” are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, “O! I am nothing, if not critical.”—*Steevens.*

¹³ *A most profane and liberal counsellor.*

Profane, gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So, Brabantio, in the first Act, calls Iago *profane* wretch.—*Johnson.*

Ben Jonson, in describing the characters in Every Man out of his Humour, styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and *profane* jester.—*Steevens.*

Liberal for *licentious*. So, in the Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605:—

But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
Did give her scandalous, ignoble terms.—*Steevens.*

So, also, in Hamlet:—

— long purples,
That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name.—*Malone.*

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that *gives counsel*, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly. A talker.—*Johnson.*

Counsellor is here used in the common acceptation. Desdemona refers to the answers she had received from Iago, and particularly her last.—*Henley.*

¹⁴ *An excellent courtesy!*

Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies. This reading was recovered from the quarto 1622, by Dr. Johnson. The folio has—*and excellent courtesy*. I do not believe that any part of these words relates to Desdemona. In the original copy, we have just seen, the poet wrote—“— ay, smile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own *courtesies*.” Here therefore he probably meant only to speak of Cassio, while kissing his hand. “Well kissed! an excellent courtesy!” i.e. an excellent salute. *Courtesy*, in the sense of *obeisance* or *salute*, was in Shakspeare’s time applied to men as well as women. So, in the Rape of Lucrece:—“The homely villain *court’sies* to her low.” See Henry IV. Part I. Act III. Se. II.—*Malone.*

¹⁵ *O my fair warrior!*

Again, in Act III. Desdemona says: “—unhandsome *warrior* as I am.” This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French Sonnetteers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrieres*; and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus, in his fifth Sonnet:—

And, my *warrier*, my light shines in thy fayre eyes.

Again, in his sixth Sonnet:—

I am not, my cruell *warrier*, the Thebain, &c.

Again, *ibid*:—

I came not, my *warrier*, of the blood Lidain.

Had not I met with the word thus fantastically applied, I should have concluded that Othello called his wife a *warrior*, because she had embarked with him on a warlike expedition, and not in consequence of Ovid's observation—“*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*”—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *As hell's from heaven!*

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i.: “The *sea*, making *mountaines* of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should *climbe*, to be straight carried downe againe to a *pit of hellish darknesse.*”—*Steevens*.

¹⁷ *I'll set down.*

Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Pope, have substituted—*let down*. But who can prove that to *set down* was not the language of Shakspeare's time, when a viol was spoken of?—To *set* formerly signified to *tune*, though it is no longer used in that sense. “It was then,” says Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, “that I *set* and tuned in strings and fourths,” &c. So, in *Skiaetheia*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:—

—— to a nimbler key

Set thy wind instrument.—*Malone*.

To “*set down*” has this meaning in no other part of our author's works. However, *virtus post nummos*: we have secured the phrase, and the exemplification of it may follow when it will.—*Steevens*.

To *set down* has the same meaning as to *put down*, to *lower*. Yet, as the phrase to *let down* is the usual phrase, and might be easily corrupted, it was probably the true one.—*Boswell*.

¹⁸ *Bring thou the master to the citadel.*

Dr. Johnson supposed, that by the *master* was meant the *pilot* of a ship, and indeed had high authority for this supposition; for our poet himself seems to have confounded them. See Act III. Sc. II. l. 1. But the master is a distinct person, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ship, under the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ship into or out of port.

“The *master*,” says Smith, in his *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, “and his mates, are to direct the course, command all the sailors, for steering, trimming, and sailing the ship,” &c.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *Come hither.*

So the quartos, 1622, and 1630: the folio, “Come *thither.*” Roderigo, in his foolish haste, was probably starting off to meet Iago, before Iago was himself gone, when he was impatiently recalled by “Come hither.” Iago had already

told him to meet him at the harbour, so that the repetition "Come thither" was needless. Afterwards Iago changes his mind, and tells Roderigo to meet him at the citadel.—*Collier*.

²⁰ *The court of guard.*

That is, the place where the guard musters. So, in the *Family of Love*, 1608:—

Thus have I pass'd the round and *court of guard*.

Again, in the *Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

Visit your *courts of guard*, view your munition.—*Steevens*.

According to Harl. MS. No. 581, an order was made by Parliament on Oct. 22, 1642, for the erection of houses for "Courts of Guard," together with posts, bars, and chains, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster.—*Collier*.

²¹ *Whose qualification.*

Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well* tasted, as not to retain *some bitterness*. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears.—*Johnson*.

Johnson's explanation is confirmed by what Cassio says in the next scene: "I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified*," i. e. allayed by water.—*M. Mason*.

Johnson has erroneously explained this. *Qualification*, in our old writers, signifies *appeasement*, *pacification*, *assuagement of anger*. "To appease and *qualifie* one that is angry; tranquillum facere ex irato."—*Baret*.—*Singer*.

²² *If I can bring it.*

Thus the quarto 1622. The folio reads—if *you* can bring it, &c.—*Malone*.

The sense requires *I*, for Iago had brought the affair to opportunity by fixing on Roderigo for one of the watch. Roderigo's part remained to be done, viz. provoking Cassio, which he promises to do if opportunity offered to give him cause.—*Jennens*.

Knight and Delius prefer the reading of the folio, and think that it is confirmed by the reply of Iago, "I warrant thee;" which words, in fact, determine nothing; they suit equally well with either lection.—*A. Dyce*.

²³ *Till I am even'd with him.*

That is, till I am on a level with him by retaliation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Second Part:—

The stately walls he rear'd, levell'd, and *even'd*.

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:—

For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain.

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:—"numerum cum navibus *æquat*— with the ships the number is *even'd*."—*Steevens*.

He says that he hath now *evened* his reckonings at the Wardrobe till Michaelmas last, and hopes to finish it to Lady-day before he goes.—*Pepys's Diary*, 1664.

For *even'd* the first quarto has *even*.

²⁴ *If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace.*

So the folio of 1623 and the quarto of 1630. The earlier quarto has *crush* for *trace*. "Trash" was a term of contempt. "Rosam cum anemona confers: you

compare a musing lasse with a *maukin trash*," Withals' Dictionary, ed. 1634, p. 579. The meaning in the text seems to be,—if this wretched fellow, whose steps I carefully watch in order to quicken his pace, follows my directions, I will have our Michael Cassio on the hip. Steevens alters *trace* to *trash*.

²⁵ *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.*

A very common phrase, taken from the art of wrestling. "Why sufferest thou the divell thus to take thee *on the hip*, that he may cast thee downe into the abisse of hell," Rowland's Heavens Glory, 1628.

Arnulphus was as quiet as a lambe, and durst never challenge his interest in Jerusalem from Godfrey's donation; as fearing to *wrestle* with the king, who *had him on the hip*, and could out him at pleasure for his bad manners.—*Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre*, 1647.

If then such a person had espied any tripping, and gotten him *on the hip*, he would as sure have fetched him over for his coyne.—*Archæologiæ Atticæ*, 1658.

²⁶ *In the rank garb.*

Thus the quarto, and, I think, rightly. *Rank garb*, I believe, means *grossly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter*. So, in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1604:—

Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?

The term—*garb*, employed perhaps in the sense here required, occurs in the eighteenth book of Homer's Odyssey, as translated by Chapman:—

But here you must take confidence to prate
Before all these; for fear can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or tis like
To prove your native *garb*, your tongue will strike
On this side of your mouth still.—*Steevens*.

The folio reads—in the *right garb*. *Rank*, perhaps, means not only *gross*, but *lascivious*. So, in the Merchant of Venice:—

—— the ewes, being *rank*,
In end of autumn, &c.—*Malone*.

'In the *rank garb*,' which has puzzled Steevens and Malone, is merely 'in the *right down, or straight forward fashion*.' In *As You Like It* we have 'the right butterwoman's *rank* to market.' And in *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he 'doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* (i. e. assumes the *fashion*) quite from his nature.' Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*:—'You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an *English cudgel*.' The folio reads—'in the *right garb*.'—*Singer*.

²⁷ *All offices are open.*

The term *offices* signified the rooms appropriated to the upper servants of great families. "Every office open," Shirley's Sisters.

²⁸ *Our general cast us thus early.*

We have just now been assured by the Herald, that there was "full liberty of feasting, &c. till *eleven*." Perhaps therefore, as Jennens has remarked, *cast us* only means dismissed us, or *got rid of our company*. So, in one of the following scenes: "You are but now *cast* in his mood;" i. e. *turned out of your office in his anger*; and in the first scene it means to *dismiss*. So, in the *Witch*, a MS. tragic-comedy, by Middleton:—

She *cast off*
My company betimes to-night, by tricks, &c.—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *Is it not an alarm to love?*

The *voice* may *sound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley*.—*Johnson*.

The *eye* is often said to *speak*. Thus we frequently hear of the *language* of the *eye*. Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent stretch of the figure, be allowed to *sound* a *parley*.—*Ritson*.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

There's *language* in *her eye*, her cheek, her lip ;
Nay, her *foot speaks*.—*Steevens*.

The quartos read—'tis an alarm to love.—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *Fluster'd*.

He knew, whatever the guests did, yet it was necessary for the master of the house to keep himself sober, and so he did ; but I was so *fluster'd*, that I lay down to sleep.—*Kirkman's Unlucky Citizen*, 1673.

Should I who have no coronet to show,
Fluster'd in drink, serve the next comer so.

Poems by Several Hands, 1709.

³¹ *And let me the canakin clink, clink.*

This song appears to be referred to in the *Knave in Grain* new Vampt, 1640.—“*Fub*. The drawers have drawne him out, sir.—*Lod*. Clink, boyes.—*Toma*. Drinke, boys.—*Stull*. And let the cannikin clinke, boyes.” The song itself does not appear to have been discovered.

³² *Your swag-bellied Hollander.*

Want they meat? where's this *swag-belly*, this greasie kitchinstuffe cooke, call the varlet to me: want meat?—*The Shoemaker's Holyday or the Gentle Craft*.

In elder age men dranke to quench their thirst ;
The former age is past, this last is worst.
Men now use drinking as a gainefull trade,
The mal[t] house-keepers by it rich are made ;
The drunken Duch at first did this professe,
The soberer English thought of nothing lesse ;
But w' are turnd Duch or worser far then they ;
Doth not this then the height of ill bewray ?

The New Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

³³ *King Stephen was a worthy peer.*

Mr. Dyce adopts from the folio, *was and a*, the particle *and* being often used redundantly in old poetry. This ballad is alluded to in *Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609,—“his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble.” Percy has printed the whole ballad, his version of these lines running as follows,—

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne ;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he calld the taylor lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree ;
Itts pride that putts the countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

³⁴ *Lown.*

“*Lown*, a crafty over-reaching fellow, as, a meer lown, a false lown, *Bor.*,” Kennett’s Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

³⁵ *He’ll watch the horologe a double set.*

That is, while the clock strikes two rounds of twelve hours each. Admiral Smyth, describing an ancient clock, says,—“We may now proceed to a description of the dial; but as a preliminary remark, it is proper to mention that the situation of the clock in the case is fixed and determined, and cannot be changed; and that the plate on which the signs of the zodiac are engraved is also fixed: consequently, the outer or horary circle and the zodiacal signs always retain the same situation relative to each other, and to the body of the work in the case. The only moveable pieces on the exterior are the sun, the moon, the hand, and the sidereal-hour circle. The extreme periphery of the top of the case, which must be considered as a portion of the dial, though elevated rather above it, is divided into 24 hours, in two portions of 12 each, as was customary on the clock-faces of those days. It is to these figures that the hand points which shows mean solar time, and which makes one revolution from noon to noon. Inside of this is a ring, moveable by the hand only, also divided into 24 portions, and at each hour is a knob for giving azimuthal motion to it, only at the twenty-fourth there are two knobs, and at the eighteenth hour there is an ornament, probably intended as an index.”

With an *orrelegge* one hysth
To ryunge the ours at nysth,
To waken Myldore the brysth,
With bellus to knyllé.—*Sir Degrerant.*

³⁶ *With one of an ingraft infirmity.*

An infirmity *rooted, settled* in his constitution.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson’s explanation seems to fall short of the poet’s meaning. The qualities of a tree are so changed by being grafted, that its future fruits are not such as would have naturally sprung from the stock, but derive their qualities from the graft inserted into it. Conformably to this idea, is the assertion of Hamlet concerning the same vice in his countrymen:—“They clepe us drunkards,” &c.—*Henley.*

Dr. Johnson’s explanation is certainly just, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*: “— then must we look to receive from his age not alone the *imperfection* of long *ingrafted* condition, but there-withal,” &c.—*Malone.*

³⁷ *I am hurt to the death.*

We here have a different kind of proof of the value of the quarto, 1630: the folio, 1623, adds, by obvious error, “He dies,” printing the two words in the ordinary type, and some modern editors have, therefore, considered them part of the text. They were, in fact, nothing more than a printer’s blunder, which the editor of the folio, 1632, corrected by making Montano say, “I am hurt, but *not* to the death.” The true stage-direction, for which “He dies” was, no doubt, intended, is found in the quarto, 1630, “He faints,” and that we have inserted.—*Collier.*

³⁸ *Silence that dreadful bell.*

It was a common practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarm bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provost ordered the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred persons were immediately assembled. See Saunderson’s *History of Queen Mary*, p. 41. So, in Peacham’s *Valley of Varietie*, where he is speaking of the use of bells, “they call

for helpe when houses in cities and townes are on fire ; or when there is any mutinic or uproare.”—*Malone*.

At Paris the *Tocsin* is still rung as often as fires or disturbances break out.—*Steevens*.

At the poet's native town, Stratford-on-Avon, it has been the practice from time immemorial to ring the bell of the Guild Chapel on the alarm of fire being given.

³⁹ *In quarter.*

That is, on our station. “This short note might have saved the long disquisitions of Ritson, Henley, and Malone, about the precise meaning of a word which, in the military language of the present day at least, seems to have no very precise meaning. The meaning given above seems the leading signification, for the principal camp guard of a regiment is called the *quarter* guard ; but a regiment in quarters has no such guard. I wonder that Mr. Steevens, who had been in the militia, did not exercise his judgment on this passage,” Pye.

⁴⁰ *That you unlace your reputation thus.*

Slacken, or *loosen*. Put in danger of dropping ; or perhaps strip off its ornaments. A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth-Night* :—“I pr'ythee now, *ungird* thy strangeness.”—*Steevens*.

Then the ledis belife the lokkis *unlaissis*.

The Knightly Tale of Golagros and Gawane.

⁴¹ *And passion, having my best judgment collied.*

“*Collied* signifies to be blackned, to have ones eyes smutted, greascd with the black soot adhering to a pot or kettle, so as to be almost blinded, and not able to see before him. And passion having produced this effect in my mental sight, which is itself blind, assays to be my guide ; and if the blind lead the blind, you know the consequence,” Hole's MS. Glossary.

⁴² *On the court and guard of safety.*

Thus the old copies. Malone reads :—“In night, and on *the court of guard* and safety !”

These words have undoubtedly been transposed by negligence at the press. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am answerable. The *court of guard* was the common phrase of the time for the *guard room*. It has already been used by Iago in a former scene ; and what still more strongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there speaking of *Cassio*, and describing him as about to be placed in the very station where he now appears : “The *lieutenant* to-night watches on *the court of guard*.” Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to *the court of guard*.

So in Davenant's *Playhouse to be Let*. The scene changes to a *parred* or *court of guard*. The same phrase occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, and in many other old plays. A similar mistake has happened in the present scene, where in the original copy we find :—“Have you forgot *all place of sense* and duty ?” instead of—“*all sense of place* and duty ?”

I may venture to assert with confidence that no editor of Shakspeare has more sedulously adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more steadily opposed any change grounded merely on obsolete or unusual phraseology. But the error in the present case is so apparent, and the phrase, *the court of guard*, so established by the uniform usage of the poets of Shakspeare's time, that not to

have corrected the mistake of the compositor in the present instance, would in my apprehension have been unwarrantable. If the phraseology of the old copies had merely been unusual, I should not have ventured to make the slightest change: but the frequent occurrence of the phrase, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Steevens says, a phraseology as unusual occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is supported by the usage of contemporary writers. When any such is produced in support of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of safety* may in a metaphorical sense be understood; but who ever talked of the *guard* [i.e. the *safety*] of *safety*?—*Malone*.

As a collocation of words, as seemingly perverse, occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and is justified there, in the following instance:—"I shall desire *you of more acquaintance*;" I forbear to disturb the text under consideration. If *Safety*, like the Roman *Salus*, or *Recovery* in *King Lear*, be personified, where is the impropriety of saying—under the *guard of Safety*? Thus, Plautus, in his *Captivi*: "*Neque jam servare Salus, si vult, me potest.*" *Malone* also appears to forget that, on a preceding occasion, he too has left an unexemplified and very questionable phrase, in the text of this tragedy, hoping, we may suppose, (as I do,) that it will be hereafter countenanced by example.—*Steevens*.

⁴³ *And speak parrot.*

A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton:—

These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
Freshly they dress and make sweete my boure,
With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye.—*Warburton*.

So, in *Lyly's Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—"Thou pretty *parrot*, *speak* a while." These lines are wanting in the first quarto.—*Steevens*.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto 1622. By "*speak parrot*," surely the poet meant, "*talk idly*," and not, as Dr. Warburton supposes, "*act foolishly*."—*Malone*.

⁴⁴ *Transform ourselves into beasts.*

This transformation was frequently visibly depicted in old satirical prints; as in the woodcut here copied from the *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1657, representing "the drunken humors" imparting to men the feeling and manners of the tiger, the ass, the fox, the dog, the ape, and the swine.



⁴⁵ *And denotement of her parts and graces.*

Devotement, old copies. The manifest misprint, *de-rotement*, was first corrected to "*denotement*" by Theo-

bald, who observed, "I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one *devoted* himself to the *devotement* of any thing." Mr. Knight however, as well as Mr. Collier, has so "persuaded himself." On the line of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 6,—“The better to *denote* her to the doctor.” Mr. Collier remarks;—“The folio, 1622, reads, *devote her*, and in the other folios the *u* is changed into *v*. There can be no doubt that the *u* was accidentally turned, and that the true word is *denote*.” To make the matter still more ridiculous, Mr. Knight prints, “to the contemplation—mark!—and devotement,” &c. : “mark!” he says, “is here used as an interjection.”—*A. Dyce*.

⁴⁶ *When this advice is free I give, and honest.*

This counsel has an appearance of honest openness of frank good will.—*Johnson*. Rather *gratis*, not paid for, as his advice to Roderigo was.—*Henley*. Dr. Johnson I think nearly, but not entirely right. Iago means his counsel has not the appearance only of honest openness and frank good will, but was really such as honest openness and frank good will would give. Henley’s notion is completely absurd.—*Pye*.

⁴⁷ *Probal to thinking.*

Probal, a contraction of *probable*, is a word of very rare occurrence. I have met with it only once elsewhere, in Sampson’s *Vow Breaker*, or the *Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1636,—

Didst thou not make me draw conveighances?
Did not th’assurance of thy lands seeme *proball*?

⁴⁸ *Though other things grow fair against the sun.*

Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun*. Sir Thomas Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads:—“Those fruits which blossom first, *are not first* ripe.” I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Sir T. Hanmer.—*Johnson*.

The *blossoming*, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that it would *soon* be *ripe*. Iago does not, I think, mean to compare *their* scheme to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnson seems to have supposed.—*Malone*.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains :
Something that's brief ; and bid good-morrow, general.¹ [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples,
that they speak i' the nose thus ?

1 Mus. How, sir, how ?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments ?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O ! thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know.
But, masters, here's money for you ; and the general so likes
your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no
more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't
again ; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not
greatly care.

I Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away.
Go ; vanish into air ; away ! [*Exeunt* Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir : if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.²

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you ; but, he protests, he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—

Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in :
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the state :
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord ; I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?

Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do : I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O ! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir ! I thank you. You do love my lord ;
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,³
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,⁴ and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How, now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face.

I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona;⁵ some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of her best⁶—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on.⁷ What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch!^s Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.⁹

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,
 They are close denotements,¹⁰ working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
 I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
 Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me :
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
 As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets, and law-days,¹¹ and in session sit
 With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
 Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,¹²—
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
 Shape faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
 From one that so imperfectly conjects,¹³
 Would take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ;¹⁴ 'tis something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O ! beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth moek
 The meat it feeds on :¹⁵ that cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, O ! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
 But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
 Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,¹⁶
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,¹⁷
 Matching thy inferenee. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :¹⁸
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me : no, Iago ;
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it ; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio :

Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well :
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
 And, when she seem'd to shake,¹⁹ and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,²⁰—
 He thought, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame ;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
 I hope, you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd :—
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success²¹
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.
 My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.—
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ; and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point :—as,—to be bold with you,—
 Not to affect many proposed matches,
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.
 Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—

But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour

[*Returning*]

To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability—
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings : if I do prove her haggard,²²
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,²³
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,²⁴
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ;²⁵ or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage !
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;²⁶
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,²⁷
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven moeks itself.²⁸—
 I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner and the generous islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;²⁹

[He puts the handkerchief from him,³⁰ and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt OTH. and DES.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
 For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it—
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,³¹
 And give't Iago: what he will do with it,
 Heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me fileh it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't;³² I have use for it.
Go; leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:³³—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,³⁴
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;³⁵
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,³⁶
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all,³⁷ had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O ! now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind ; farewell content :
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue : O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,³⁸
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,³⁹
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O ! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is it possible ?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
 Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof,

[*Seizing him by the Throat.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing eanst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
 Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
 God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !—
 O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world !

To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
 I'll have some proof : her name,⁴⁰ that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
 Would you the supervision grossly gape on ?
 Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
 What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk : but yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
 And being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—“ Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !”
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—“ O, sweet creature !” and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck’d up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips : then, laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh’d, and kiss’d ; and then
Cried,—“ Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor !”

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion :
’Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I’ll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries,⁴¹ in your wife’s hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one : ’twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief,—
I am sure it was your wife’s—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,⁴²
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see ’tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
’Tis gone.—

Arise, black Vengeance, from thy hollow hell !⁴³
Yield up, O Love ! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For ’tis of aspics’ tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,⁴⁴
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb,⁴⁵ but keeps due on
 To the Propontie, and the Hellespont :
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look baek, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a saered vow
 I here engage my words.

[*Kneeling.*]

Iago. Do not rise yet.—
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
 You elements that clip us round about !
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The exeeution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's serviee. Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,⁴⁶
 What bloody work soe'er.

[*Kneeling.*]

Oth. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with aacceptancee bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't.
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead : 'tis done at your request ;
 But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clo. He is a soldier ; and for one to say a soldier lies, is
 stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.⁴⁷

Des. Seek him ; bid him come hither : tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes ;⁴⁸ and but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who ? he ! I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,⁴⁹ my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart. Hot, hot and moist : this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout ;⁵⁰ For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand ; A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.⁵¹

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer,⁵² and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on't :
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was died in mummy,⁵³ which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? speak, is it out o' the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick, to put me from my suit:

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!⁵⁴

[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us.—

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

—Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,⁵⁵

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit ;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course,⁵⁶
 To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best,
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech. You must a while be patient :
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now ;
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him.
 There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*]
 —Something, sure, of
 state,—
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so ;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues⁵⁷
 Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
 Of pain : nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continue time,⁵⁸
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.⁵⁹

Bian. O, Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on my general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.⁶⁰ [Exeunt.]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *And bid—good-morrow, general.*

It was usual for friends to serenade a new married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5. Ritson's note about the *waits* is nothing to the purpose.—*Singer*.

² *I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest.*

In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a speech in the third scene of this Act, and by what he says in the fifth Act, after having stabbed Roderigo:—

Iago. Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Yes.

All that Cassio means to say in the passage before us is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in any one of my own countrymen, than in this man.—*Malone*.

³ *That policy may either last so long.*

He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.—*Johnson*.

⁴ *I'll watch him tame.*

It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep.—*Johnson*.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, and it is to the

management of these that Shakspeare alludes. So, in Cartwright's *Lady Errant* :—

— we'll keep you,
As they do hawks, *watching* until you leave
Your wildness.

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 : “— your only way to deal with women and parrots, is to *keep them waking*.” Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Just Italian*, 1630 :—

They've watch'd my hardy violence so *tame*.

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng, &c.* bl. 1. no date : “*Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then she will be previ enough to be reclaimed.”—*Steevens*.

⁵ *Not now, sweet Desdemon.*

In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemon*. The circumstance is entirely unnoticed by the modern editors ; but the abbreviation was not a capricious one, nor was it introduced merely for the sake of rhythm. It is clearly used as an epithet of familiar tenderness. In the present instance Othello playfully evades his wife's solicitations with a rarely-used term of endearment. In the next case, Act IV., Scene 2, it comes out of the depth of conflicting love and jealousy—“Ah! *Desdemon*, away! away! away!” In the next place where he employs it, Act V., Scene 2, it is used upon the last solemn occasion when he speaks to her,—“Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemon*?” And, lastly, it is spoken by him when he has discovered the full extent of his guilt and misery :—“O *Desdemon*! dead, *Desdemon*, dead.” The only other occasion in which it is employed is by her uncle Gratiano,—“Poor *Desdemon*!” Surely we have no warrant for rejecting such a marked peculiarity.—*Knight*.

⁶ *Out of her best.*

Here, if we consider *the wars* as used for *war generally*, the usual modern alteration, *their best*, is unnecessary.—*A. Dyce*.

The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of their army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*.—*Johnson*.

⁷ *Or stand so mammering on.*

Mammer, to hesitate. The term is still in use in the provinces. “*Mammered*, perplexed,” *Akerman's Wiltshire Glossary*, p. 34. “*Mammering on*,” hesitating, the word better suiting the context than the *muttering* of the quarto.

Howbeit, in as great a heat as hee was stricken into, yet hee stood in a doubtfull *mammering*, whether he should command those forces wherein hee trusted, to march against the Persians, or against Julian? And sticking thus a long time, after he had weighed sundrie counsels, hee gave eare to the advice of some that persuaded him to that which was good, and so proclaimed his journey eastward.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, translated by *Holland*, 1609.

“*Quid agam incertum est*, I am in a *mamoring* what I should doe,” Terence in English, 1614. “In trivio sum, I stand in a *mammering*,” *Withals' Dictionary*, ed. 1634, p. 561.

I seemed strait laced, as one neither accustomed to such sutes, nor willing to entertaine such a servant ; yet so warily, as putting him from me with my little finger, I drew him to me with my whole hand ; for I stood in a great *mammering* how I might behave my selfe, lest being too coy, he might thinke me proud, or using too much curtsie, hee might thinke mee wanton.—*Lilly's Euphues*.

⁸ *Excellent wretch.*

The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:—"Dear, harmless, helpless excellence."—*Johnson.*

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: "*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she stiflcth up her utterance." I am assured by Dr. Farmer, that *wretch* is provincial in Staffordshire for a *young woman*.—*Steevens.*

The "little wretch," and the "pretty wretch," are still terms of endearment applied by the poorer sort of people to infants.

⁹ *Chaos is come again.*

When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion.—*Johnson.*

There is another meaning possible: "When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end," i. e., there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be more elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

For he being dead, with him his beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again*.—*Steevens.*

This passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and discord, by which he afterwards is so fatally agitated. He means, I think, to say,—"and ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos." Shakspeare probably preferred—"chaos *is* come again," to "chaos *shall* come again," as more bold and expressive. Muretus, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the same thought:—

Tune meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,
Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?
Ante, vel istius mundi compage soluta,
Tetras in antiquum sit reditura Chaos.

The meaning of Shakspeare appears very clearly from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully expressed:—

It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith,—and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—*Malone.*

There is the same thought in Buchanan:—

Cesset amor, pariter cessabunt fœdera rerum;
In chaos antiquum cuncta elementa ruent.

Vol. II. 400, 1725, 4to.—*Holt White.*

Othello is shewn by the poet, and this passage is expressly written to shew it, incapable of suspicion till worked on by Iago; neither was his love ever suspended by his suspicion; if it had, instead of killing Desdemona, he would have let her down the wind to prey on fortune.—*Pyc.*

¹⁰ *They are close denotements.*

Thus the earliest quarto. But let Dr. Warburton be heard in defence of "cold *dilations*," the reading of the second folio. I should willingly, however, have adopted an emendation proposed by Dr. Johnson, in the subsequent note, could I have discovered that the word *delation* was ever used in its Roman sense of *accusation*, during the time of Shakspeare. Bacon frequently employs it, but always to signify *carriage* or *conveyance*.—*Steevens*.

These stops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a secret, which men of phlegmatick constitutions, whose hearts are not swayed or governed by their passions, we find, can do: while more sanguine tempers reveal themselves at once, and without reserve.—*Warburton*.

That *dilations* anciently signified *delays*, may be ascertained by the following passage in the Golden Legend, Wynken de Worde's edit. fo. 186: "And the felony of this kyng suffred not to abyde only *dilacyon* of vengeance. For the nexte daye folowynge he made to come the keepers for to begyn to turment them," &c. Again, *ibid.* p. 199: "And Laurence demaunded *dylacyon* of thre dayes." Again, in *Candlemas Day*, &c. p. 9:—

— I warne you without *delacion*,
That ye make serch thurgh out all my region.—*Steevens*.

The old copies give,—*dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has—*denotements*; which was the author's first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *dilations*, but to *delations*; to *occult* and *secret accusations*, *working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment.—*Johnson*.

"They are close *denotements*, &c." i. e. indications, or recoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and suppress its feelings. The folio reads—They are close *dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly used in the sense of *dilatements*, or *large and full expositions*. See Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617: "To *dilate* or make large." *Dilatement* is used in the sense of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulness." *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592. Dr. Johnson reads—They are close *delations*.

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is strong ground for believing that the word was not used in Shakspeare's age. It is not found in any dictionary of the time, that I have seen, nor has any passage been quoted in support of it. On the contrary, we find in Minsheu the verb, "To *delate*," not signifying, to *accuse*, but thus interpreted: "to *speak at large* of any thing, *vid. to dilate*:" so that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reasonable objection can be made.—*Malone*.

Todd, in his additions to Johnson's Dictionary, has produced an authority for the use of the word *delations*, in the sense of *accusations*, from Wotton's *Remains*, p. 307, edit. 1685, p. 460, edit. 1651.—*Boswell*.

¹¹ *Keep leets, and law-days.*

Leets and *law-days*, are synonymous terms: "*Leet* (says Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*,) is otherwise called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, "to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to enquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain: 'Who has a breast so little apt to form ill

opinions of others, but that foul suspicion will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended.'—*Steevens*.

Who has so virtuous a breast that some uncharitable surmises and impure conceptions will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there as in a regular court, and “bench by the side” of authorised and lawful thoughts?—In our poet’s 30th Sonnet we find the same imagery:—

When to the *sessions* of sweet silent *thought*
I summon up remembrance of things past.

“A leet” says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, “is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year.” To *keep* a leet was the *verbum juris*; the title of one of the chapters in Kitchin’s book on Courts, being, “The manner of *keeping* a court-leet.”—*Malone*.

¹² *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess.*

Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd. I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though* I am vicious in my guess. For his being an ill guesser was a reason why Othello should not be uneasy: in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, ‘*though* I am not vicious,’ or ‘*because* I am vicious.’ It appears then we should read:—

I do beseech you,
Think, I, perchance, am vicious in my guess——.

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect.—*Warburton*.

That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus,—‘*Though I*—know more than I choose to speak of.’ “Vicious in my guess” does not mean that he is an *ill guesser*, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for.—*Steevens*.

I believe nothing is here wanting, but to regulate the punctuation:—

Iago. I do beseech you——
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature’s plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—, &c.—*Henley*.

The reader should be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not subscribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago should break off at the end of the first hemistich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not necessary very nicely to examine. The adversative particle, *though*, in the second line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict

propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently show that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess*. By the latter word, Iago, I apprehend, means only, 'though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence.'—*Malone*.

¹³ *From one that so imperfectly conjects.*

Conject, to conjecture. The folio reads *conceits*, which looks like a modernization by the compositor.

Divynours telle that they betokyn evyll; for if the owle be seen in a citie, it signifyeth distruccion and waste, as Isidore sayth. The cryenge of the owle by nyght tokeneth deathe, as divinours *conjecte* and deme.—*Bartholomæus*, ed. Berthelet.

Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence
And faythfull behavioure in hys movynge,
Set fourth the pyth of hys masters lovyng,
That no lvyng creature cowld *conjecte*
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.

The Play of Wit and Science, p. 35.

Madame, the reason of these vehement tearmes
Cyrus doth neither know, nor can *conject*.

The Warres of Cyrus, King of Persia, 1594.

¹⁴ *Who steals my purse, steals trash.*

This is imitated by one J. M. in an unpublished manuscript, "The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes, written by J. M., gent., 1600." This imitation would give the date of the composition of the play to an earlier period than is stated in the Introduction, but the year 1600, attached to the manuscript, appears to indicate the era in which the poem was commenced,—

The highwayman that robs one of his purse
Is not so bad; nay, these are ten tymes worse!
For these doe rob men of their pretious name,
And in exchange give obloquie and shame.

¹⁵ *Which doth mock the meat it feeds on.*

That is, loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:—

——which doth *make*
The meat it feeds on.

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows: "——That cuckold lives in bliss," &c. In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*, but a *miserable* state; and this plunges him into it, as we see by his reply, which is only:—"O misery!"—*Warburton*.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock*, does not signify *to loath*; and because, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealousy, the green ey'd monster*, it is natural to tell why he should beware, and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery.—*Johnson*.

In this place, and some others, *to mock* seems the same with *to mammock*.—*Farmer*.

If Shakspeare had written—a green ey'd monster (as in ed. 1630), we might

have supposed him to refer to some creature existing only in his particular imagination; but "*the green-ey'd monster*" seems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himself. It is known that the *tiger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our author's Tarquin and Lucrece:—

Like foul night-waking *cat*, he doth but *dally*
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth—.

Thus, a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish. There is no beast that can be literally said to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer, especially as I flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the old reading. One of the ancient senses of the verb—to *mock*, is to *amuse*, to play with. Thus, in A Discourse of Gentlemen Lying in London that were better keep House at Home in their Country, 1593:—

A fine devise to keepe poore Kate in health,
A pretty toy to *mock* an ape withal.

i. e., a pretty toy to *divert* an ape, for an ape to *divert* himself with. The same phrase occurs in Marston's Satires, the ninth of the third book being intitled "—Here's a toy to *mocke* an ape, &c," i. e. afford an ape materials for *sport*, furnish him with a plaything, though perhaps at his own expence, as the phrase may in this instance be ironically used. In Antony and Cleopatra, the contested word—*mock*, occurs again:—

—————tell him
He *mocks* the pauses that he makes.

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—"Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its excess. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but, like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy." A similar idea occurs in All's Well that Ends Well:—

—— so lust doth *play*
With what it loaths.

Such is the only sense I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is a *monster* which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted, according to Sir Thomas Hanmer's proposition; but is it *the monster*?, i. e., the well-known and conspicuous animal, or whence has it *green eyes*? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare usually appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged, that he afterwards characterizes it as—

————— a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

But yet—"—What damned minutes tells he o'er," &c. is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading.—*Steevens*.

It is so difficult, if not impossible, to extract any sense from this passage as it

stands, even by the most forced construction of it, and the slight amendment proposed by Hanmer, renders it so clear, elegant, and poetical, that I am surprized the editors hesitate in adopting it, and still more surprized they should reject it. As for Steevens's objection, that the definite article is used, not the indefinite, he surely need not be told that Shakspeare did not regard such minute inaccuracies, which may be found in every play he wrote. When Steevens compares the jealous man, who continues to sport with the woman he suspects, and is determined to destroy, to the tiger who plays with the victim of his hunger, he forgets that the meat on which jealousy is supposed to feed, is not the woman who is the object of it, but the several circumstances of suspicion which jealousy itself creates, and which cause and nourish it. So Emilia at the end of the third Act in answer to Desdemona, who, speaking of Othello's jealousy, says:—

Alas the day! I never gave him cause;

replies,—

But jealous fools will not be answer'd so,
They are not jealous ever for the cause,
But jealous, for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

This passage is a strong confirmation of Hanmer's reading. The same idea occurs in Massinger's *Picture*, where Matthias, speaking of the groundless jealousy he entertained of Sophia's possible inconstancy, says:—

—— but why should I nourish,
A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
Holding no real ground on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever,
Or can be false?

Imagin'd food, is food created by imagination, the food that jealousy makes and feeds on.—*M. Mason.*

In order to make way for one alteration, M. Mason is forced to foist in another; or else Shakspeare must be arraigned for a blunder of which he is totally guiltless. This gentleman's objection both to the text in its present state, and to Steevens's most happy illustration of it, originate entirely in his own misconception, and a jumble of figurative with literal expressions. To have been consistent with himself he should have charged Steevens with maintaining, that it was the property of a jealous husband, first to *mock* his *wife*, and afterwards to *eat* her. In Act V. the word *mocks* occurs in a sense somewhat similar to that in the passage before us:—" *Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love!"—*Henley.*

I think myself particularly indebted to Henley for the support he has given to my sentiments concerning this difficult passage; and shall place more confidence in them since they have been found to deserve his approbation.—*Steevens,*

I have not the smallest doubt that Shakspeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inserted it in my text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays. Steevens in his paraphrase on this passage interprets the word *mock* by *sport*; but in what poet or prose-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, docs the verb *to mock*, signify *to sport with*? In the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think, incontestably, from the metre, and from our poet's usage of this verb in other places, (in which it is followed by a personal pronoun,) that Shakspeare must have written—

Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks *us* by
The pauses that he makes.

See Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. I. Besides; is it true as a general position that jealousy, (*as jealousy*) *sports* or *plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*, to be the true one)? The position certainly is not true. It is *Love*, not *Jealousy*, that sports with the object of its passion; nor can those circumstances which create suspicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food of love*, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cause of *jealousy*; giving it not only being, but nutriment. "There is no beast," it is urged, "that can *literally* be said to make its own food." It is indeed acknowledged, that jealousy is a monster which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are asked, "*the monster?*" (i. e. *a well-known and conspicuous animal*;) and whence has it *green eyes?* *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy." To this I answer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakspeare *appropriates* to jealousy, for we have in the Merchant of Venice: "— shuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealousy*." and I suppose it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tiger kind. If our poet had written only—"It is *the green-ey'd monster*; beware of it;" the other objection would hold good, and some particular monster must have been meant; but the words, "It is *the green-ey'd monster, which doth*," &c. in my apprehension have precisely the same meaning, as if the poet had written, "It is *that green-ey'd monster, which*," &c. or, "it is *a green-ey'd monster*." He is *the man* in the world *whom* I would least wish to meet,—is the common phraseology of the present day. When Othello says to Iago in a former passage, "By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were some *monster* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant? The passage in a subsequent scene, to which Steevens has alluded, strongly supports the emendation which has been made:—

— *jealousy* will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous, for they are jealous: 'tis a *monster*
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

It is, *strictly* speaking, as false that any monster can be *begot*, or *born*, on itself, as it is, that any monster (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow,) can *make* its own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster, *jealousy*. Steevens seems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally*: "No monster can be *literally* said to make its own food." It should always be remembered, that Shakspeare's allusions scarcely ever answer precisely on both sides; nor had he ever any care upon this subject. Though he has introduced the word *monster*,—when he talked of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itself*, he was still thinking of jealousy *only*, careless whether there was any animal in the world that would correspond with this description. That by the words, "the meat it feeds on," is meant, not Desdemona herself, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewise inferred from a preceding passage in which a kindred imagery is found:—

That *policy* may either last so long,
Or *feed* upon such nice and waterish *diet*, &c.

And this obvious interpretation is still more strongly confirmed by Daniel's Rosamond, 1592, a poem which Shakspeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in Romeo and Juliet:—

O *Jealousy*——
Feeding upon *suspect* that doth *renew* thee,
Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to state in the fullest and clearest manner the grounds on which the emendation stands: which in some cases I have found not easily accomplished, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwise be justifiable.—*Malone*.

Many attempts have been made to explain the passage, whether we read *mock* or *make*; but they have failed, owing to their having referred “meat it feeds on” to the object of jealousy and the circumstances, and not to the person jealous. The meaning of the Poet appears to me clearly and beautifully expressed. Jealousy mocks the person who surrenders his mind to her influence, deluding him perpetually with some new shew of suspicion, sporting herself with his agonized feelings, just as the feline tribe sport with the prey which they have got into their power. The cat is “green-eyed.”—*Hunter*.

¹⁶ *Thinks't thou, &c.*

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—*Bacon's Essays*.

¹⁷ *To such exsufflicate and blown surmises.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer—*exsuffolate*. This odd and far-fetched word was made more uncouth in all the editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by being printed—*exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty show without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife.—*Johnson*.

Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exsufflicate*, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain: but I have not thought it safe to substitute for it another word equally unauthorised. *Suffolare* in Italian signifies to *whistle*. How then can Dr. Johnson's interpretation of *exsuffolate* be supported? The introducer of this word explains it, by “whispered, buzz'd in the ears.”—*Malone*.

It seems to me that all the critics have overlooked the meaning of the passage. *Exsufflicate* may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising; and figuratively, to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. See Du Cange in v. *Exsufflare*. *Exsufflicate* may thus signify *contemptible*: and Othello may be supposed to mean, that he would not change the noble designs that then employed his thoughts for *contemptible* and *despicable* surmises. Johnson's Dictionary by Todd, v. *Exsuffolate*.—*Boswell*.

¹⁸ *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.*

An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application.—*Johnson*.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most*, instead of *more*. A passage in *All's Well That Ends Well*, is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello: “I have those good hopes of her, education promises: his disposition she inherits: which *makes fair gifts fairer*. *Gratior e pulchro reniens et corpore virtus*.—*Stevens*.

Most was arbitrarily introduced by the editor of the second folio.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *And, when she seem'd to shake, &c.*

This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time

promise or produce, are in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shown, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.—*Johnson*.

²⁰ *To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak.*

The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of oak*. To *seel* is an expression from falconry. So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline* :—

———— would have kept
Both eyes and beak *seel'd* up, for six sesterees.—*Stevens*.

To *seel* a hawk is to sew up his eye-lids.

In the *Winter's Tale*, Paulina says :

The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever *oak*, or stone, was *sound*.—*Malone*.

There is also great use of ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy; for no man will take that part, except he be like a *seeled dove*, that mounts and mounts, because he cannot see about him.—*Bacon's Essays*.

I am now like a *seeled* dove, to flye abroad with strange disguises.—*The Historie of Trebizond*, 1616.

And *seiling* both his own eyes, and the eyes of the world.—*Drummond's History of Scotland*, 1682, p. 196.

²¹ *My speech should fall into such vile success.*

Success, for *suecession*, i. e. conclusion; not prosperous issue.—*Warburton*.

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read :—“ My speech will fall into such vile *excess*.” If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian.—*Johnson*.

I think *suecess* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means seems to be this: “ Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at.” Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said fall into success, and vile success, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. See *Hamlet*,—*Stevens*.

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr. Johnson's explanation :—

Then the poor desolate women, fearing least their case would sorte to some pitifull *suecesse*.—*Palace of Pleasure*, bl. 1.

God forbyd all hys hope should turne to such *suecesse*.—*Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.—*Henderson*.

So, in Sidney's *Areadia*, p. 39. edit. 1613: “ Straight my heart misgave me some *evil success!*” It is thus used as late as by Barrow: “ Yea to a person so disposed, that *success* which seemeth most *adverse* justly may be reputed the best and most happy.”—*Boswell*.

²² *If I do prove her haggard.*

A *haggard* hawk, is a *wild hawk*, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*.—*Johnson*.

A *haggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*. From a passage in the *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the stews." Turbervile says, that "*haggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons." Latham gives to the *haggart* only the second place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illustrative passage:—

Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,
I'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind.

Again:—

For she is ticklish as any *haggard*,
And quickly lost.

Again, in *Two Wise Men*, and *All the Rest Fools*, 1619: "— the admirable conquest the falconer maketh in a hawk's nature; bringing *the wild haggard*, *having all the earth and seas to scour over uncontrollably*, to attend and obey," &c. *Haggard*, however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers.—*Steevens*.

²³ *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings.*

The jesses (see the annexed engraving, copied from one of the year 1593) were the short straps of leather, but sometimes of silk, which went round the legs of a hawk, in which were fixed the varvels, or little rings of silver, and to these the leash, or long strap which the falconer twisted round his hand; from *geet* or *get*, the same in old French; or *geste*, a bandage in general. In a passage of Heywood's *Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, *gets* and *gesses* are distinguished:—"So, seize her *gets*, her *gesses*, and her bells."—*Nares*.



That, like an hauke, which feeling herself freed
From bells and *jesses* which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed
delight.—*Spenser*.

In the old play of *Edward the Second* it is printed *gresses* by mistake:

— Soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the *gresses* [*jesses*] that will pull you down.

A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and to have his fist gloved with his *jesses*.—*Earle's Microcosm. ibid.*

³⁴ *I'd whistle her off, &c.*

The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark.—*Johnson*.

This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 2, sect. i. mem. 3: "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden."—*Percy*.

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, 1653, by Middleton and Rowley:—

—— That young *lannerd*,
Whom you have such a mind to; if you can *whistle her*
To come to *fist*, make trial, play the young *falconer*.

A *lannerd* is a species of hawk. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:—

———— he that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind.—*Steevens*.

"*Ajetter un oiseau*. To cast, or *whistle off*, a hawke; to let her goe, let her flie," *Cotgrave's Dict.*, ap. Dyce.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,
Streight flies at check, and clips it *down the wind*.

Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, 4to. 1688, p. 22.

I feare the place you live in is more costly then profitable, where, for one that goes up the weather, a number goe *downe the winde*, and perhaps the place not so truly full of delight as the passage through a meaner compasse.—*Breton's Courtier and Countryman*, 1618.

In the old time, a wise man was a foole,
That had compar'd himselfe with great Otoole.
But his good dayes are past, he's *downe the winde*,
In both his eyes and understanding blinde.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

I am unwilling to mix my fortune with him that is going *down the wind*.—*Pepys' Diary*, 1660.

²⁵ *That chamberers have.*

Chamberers, that is, men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:—"Fal'n from a souldier to a *chamberer*." Again, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 4935:—"Only through youth the *chemberere*." Thus, in the French Poem:—"Par la jeunesse la *chambriere*."—*Steevens*.

Chambering and *wantonness* are mentioned together in the sacred writings. The sense of *chamberers* may be ascertained from Rom. xiii. 13, in the common version, "*not in chambering*."—*Henley*.

²⁶ *Prerogativ'd are they less than the base.*

In asserting that the base have more prerogative in this respect than the great, that is, that the base or poor are less likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As You Like It*:—"Horns? even so.—*Poor men* alone? No, no: the *noblest* deer has them as huge as the *rascal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this respect, and that it is "destiny unshunnable, like death." Shakspeare would have been more consistent if he had written:—"Prerogativ'd are they *more* than the base?" Othello would then have answered his own question: [*No*:] 'Tis destiny, &c.—*Malone*.

Allowance must be made to the present state of Othello's mind: passion is seldom correct in its effusions.—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *Even then this forked plague is fated to us.*

Forked plague, cuckold's horns. Let our poet speak for himself. "Quoth she," says Pandarus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The *forked* one," quoth he; "pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—— o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one." So, in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatorie*: "— but the old squire, knight of *the forked order*—." One of Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, in which our poet's very expression is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:—

Aetæon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written.—*Malone*.

²⁸ *If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself.*

That is, renders its own labours fruitless, by forming so beautiful a creature as Desdemona, and suffering the elegance of her person to be disgraced and sullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think, is the meaning.—The construction, however, may be different. If she be false, O, then even *heaven itself* cheats us with "unreal mockeries," with false and specious appearances, intended only to deceive.—*Malone*.

The first of the foregoing explanations, is, I believe, the true one.—"If she be false, heaven disgraces itself by creating woman after its own image. To have made the resemblance perfect, she should have been good as well as beautiful."—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *Your napkin is too little.*

Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockeram *napkins* with weeping." *Napery* signifies *linen in general*. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "— prythee put me into wholesome *napery*." Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: "Besides your munition of manchet, *napery*, plates," &c. Again, in *Hide Park*, by Shirley, 1637: "A gentleman that loves clean *napery*." *Naperia*, Ital.—*Steevens*.

In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word occurs in *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, and many other of these plays.—*Malone*.

"A napkin or handkerchiefe," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

³⁰ *He puts the handkerchief from him, &c.*

We take this necessary stage direction, *Lets fall her Napkin*, from a manuscript note in a hand-writing of the time, in the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the quarto, 1622. It is wanting in all the old editions.—*Collier*.

The stage-direction inserted by the other modern editors is far better. Indeed, that given by Mr. Collier, when placed opposite to Othello's speech, is positively wrong, because it makes *him* drop the handkerchief. There can be no doubt that, while Othello pushes away the handkerchief, *Desdemona* lets it fall: Emilia (who is now on the stage) says presently,—*she* let it drop by negligence; And to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.—*A. Dyce*.

³¹ *I'll have the work ta'en out.*

That is, *copied*. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in Scene IV.—*Blackstone*.

This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was, I suppose, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia less unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story, if he refused to restore it.—But this would not have served the plot.

Shakspeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife.—*Malone*.

³² *Be not you known of't.*

That is, seem as if you knew nothing of the matter. The folio reads—Be not *acknown on't*; meaning, perhaps,—“do not acknowledge any thing of the matter.” This word occurs also in the seventh book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*:—“Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope *acknowne* to be.” Again, in Pottenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 212: “—so would I not have a translatur be ashamed to be *acknowen* of his translation.”—*Steevens*.

Again, in the *Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of Orlando, p. 418, edit. 1607: “Some say, he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it.”—*Porson*.

“Be not you *known of't*”. Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in speaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it*; as is proved by various passages in these plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words; and both having the same meaning. The participial adjective, found in the folio, is used by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:—

Our friend's misfortune doth increase our own.

Cic. But ours of others will not be *acknown*.—*Malone*.

³³ *I did say so.*

As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it. Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. “Jealousy (says he) with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur,” &c.—

—— I did say so;

Look where he comes——!

i. e., I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation.—*Steevens*.

As Steevens has by his interpretation elicited some meaning, though I still

think an obscure one, out of this difficult hemistich, I readily retract an amendment I had formerly proposed, being of opinion that such bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted, unless where the sense is quite desperate.—*Blackstone*.

³⁴ *Not poppy, nor mandragora.*

Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris*, fol. 1629, p. 378, speaks of it as only another name for the mandrake; but it appears from what he says that it was not used in England as a soporific. He states, however, that it is regarded as possessed of the soporiferous quality:—"The apples have a soporiferous property, as Levinus Lemnius maketh mention, in his Herbal to the Bible, of an experiment of his own." Sir John Ferne (*Blazon of Gentry*, 4to. 1586, p. 112) says that "Macrobius, Duke of Carthage, set upon the Assyrians' camp, even when they were sunk into a drunken sleep, by the immoderate use of wine with mandrake;" and, like him, Parkinson says, that "Hamilear, the Carthaginian captain, is said to have infected the wine of the Lybians with the apples of mandrake, whereby, they being made exceeding drowsy, he obtained a famous victory over them." Bartholomeus (*De Proprietatibus Rerum*, lib. xvii. cap. 104) says that the rind infused in wine is given to drink to them that are to be cut by the surgeon, that they should sleep. It may be suspected that when Shakespeare used the word, mandragora had but a traditional and historical claim to be reckoned among the "drowsy syrups of the world," though Coles says in his Dictionary that it is "a root used by the chirurgeons to cast men into a deep sleep."—*Hunter*.

³⁵ *I slept the next night well, was free and merry.*

So the perfect line stands in the quartos of 1622 and 1630: the folio thrusts the words *fed well* into the middle of it.—"I slept the next night well, *fed well*, was free and merry," a strange corruption, for which it is difficult to account, but continued in the later folios. In the first line of this speech the folio, 1623, has *in* for "of," "What sense had I *in* her stolen hours of lust;" but, as we have several times remarked, the use of prepositions in the time of Shakespeare was much more arbitrary than at present. Both the quartos have, *of*.—*Coltler*.

³⁶ *He that is robb'd, &c.*

For good unknown sure is not had; or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book ix, 756-7.

³⁷ *Pioneers and all.*

That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour.

"A soldier ought ever to retaine and keepe his arms in saftie and forth coming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioner*," *Art of War and England Traynings, &c.* by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619. So, in the *Laws and Ordinanees of War*, established by the Earl of Essex, printed in 1640: "If a trooper shall loose his horse or haekney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or eardes; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioneers*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge."—*Grose*.

³⁸ *Farewell the neighing steed.*

There are some points of resemblance between this speech and the following lines in a poem of George Peele's, *A Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, 1589* :—

Change love for armes ; gyrt to your blades, my boyes ;
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
'The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,
The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,
The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney*.

Malone thought that Shakspeare might have received the hint for this speech from another passage in the old drama of *Comon Conditions, 1576*. To which Steevens replies, I know not why we should suppose that Shakspeare borrowed so common a repetition as these diversified *farewells* from any preceding drama. A string of *adieux* is perhaps the most tempting of all repetitions, because it serves to introduce a train of imagery, as well as to solemnify a speech or composition. Wolsey, like Othello, indulges himself in many farewells ; and the—

' *Valete*, aprica montium cacumina !
Valete, opaca vallium cubilia ! &c.

are common to poets of different ages and countries. In Cavendish's *Metrical Visions* there is a similar valedictory address to a variety of objects and circumstances. And Steevens instances another in which sixteen succeeding verses begin with the word *farewell*.—*Singer*.

³⁹ *The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*

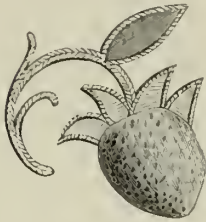
In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspeare, as usual, paints from the life ; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion : but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument, accompanying the drum, is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Ashmolcan Museum at Oxford, painted 1525, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hitchcock in 1591, intituled the *Art of Warre*, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In Rymer's *Fœdera*, in a diary of King Henry's siege of Bulloigne, 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the King's army. Tom. xv. p. 53. The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shows, and processions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, " We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noyse of *drum* and *fife*." p. 119. At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which King Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry " of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaske

and grene bonnettes," Chron. iii. 805, col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed and Stowe's Survey of London.—*Warton*.

⁴⁰ *Her name.*

So in ed. 1630. The folio reads, *my name*, a lection adopted by Mr. Knight with a note condemnatory of his predecessors; but see its absurdity exposed by Mr. Dyce. Othello would not have said, "*My name is now as black as mine own face.*"

⁴¹ *Spotted with strawberries.*



Mr. Fairholt sends me the following curious note,—“the ladies of the Shakespearian era were great adepts in the use of the needle; the designs they made use of were consequently conventional like those worked by our grandmothers in the school sampler. Flowers and fruits were depicted in a sort of heraldic fashion, and repeated mechanically over the surface to be ornamented. The engraving represents the strawberry pattern, copied from a piece of Elizabethan needlework, in which the strawberry and pink alternate over a ground of fawn-colored silk.”

“And then be seen, for a turne or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief,” Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609. The habit of wearing curiously *wrought handkerchiefs*, which prevailed in our author's day, was derived from the East, where it was customary for both sexes to carry them. Sir John Chardin informs us, that they were embroidered by young women, being an elegant amusement, as presents to their relatives, and favoured lovers.—*Nott*.

⁴² *Or any that was hers.*

The only authentic copies, the quarto 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the emendation I am answerable. The mistake probably arose from *yt* only being written in the manuscript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the second folio, read—*if 'twas* hers.—*Malone*.

⁴³ *Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow hell.*

The same phrase indeed occurs in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's Thyestes, 1560:—“Where most prodigious ugly things the *hollow hell* doth hide.” Again, in Goulart's Admirable Histories, 1607, p. 626: “—cast headlong into places under-ground that were wonderful *hollow*—where he had seen the persons of the wicked, their punishments,” &c. Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the eighth Iliad:—“Into the *hollow* dreadful hole which *Tartare* men do tel.”—*Stevens*.

Again, in Paradise Lost, b. i. v. 314, the same epithet and subject occur:—

He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep
Of *hell* resounded.—*Holt White*.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakspeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more ancient quartos. In the first book of Paradise Lost, we find:—

— the universal host up sent
A shout that tore *hell's* concave.—*Malone*.

The quarto of 1622 reads, *hollow cell*.

THE
Tragoedy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath bene diuerse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by
his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.



L O N D O N,

Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his
shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Burse.

I 6 2 2.



The Stationer to the Reader.

Of set forth a booke without an Epistle,
were like to the old English proverbe, A
blew coat without a badge, & the Au-
thor being dead, I thought good to take
that piece of worke vpon mee: To com-
mend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every
man will commend, without intricaty: and I am the bol-
der, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his
worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudge-
ment: I haue ventured to print this Play, and leaue it
to the generall censure.

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.

⁴⁴ *Like to the Pontic sea.*

See the second book and 97th chapter of Pliny's Natural History, as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601:—"And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁵ *Ne'er feels retiring ebb.*

The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads—*Ne'er keeps retiring ebb,* &c. Many similar mistakes have happened in that copy, by the compositor's repeating a word twice in the same line. So, in *Hamlet*:—"My *news* shall be the *news* (r. fruit) to that great feast." Again, *ibidem*:—"The spirit, upon whose *spirit* depend and rest," &c. instead of upon whose *weal*. The correction was made in ed. 1630.—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *And to obey shall be in me remorse.*

Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business,* and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald.—*Johnson*.

The quarto 1622 has not the words—*in me*. They first appeared in the folio. Theobald reads—*Nor to obey,* &c.—*Malone*.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is undoubtedly the true one; and I can only claim the merit of supporting his sense of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity*, by the following instances. In Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid*, Dido says to her sister:—"Sister, I crave thou have *remorse* of me." Again, in King Edward III. 1599, that Prince speaking to the citizens of Calais:—"But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*." Again, in Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599:—"Who taketh no *remorse* of womankind." Again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:—"Here stand I, craving no remorse at all." I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe that the sentiment of Iago bears no small resemblance to that of Arviragus in *Cymbeline*:—

I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.—*Steevens*.

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it: "Let him command any bloody business, and to obey him shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorse* frequently signifies *pity, mercy, compassion,* or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. III. the crimeless Eglamour is called *remorseful*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. Sc. VII.:—

As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorse*.

So, in Holinshed's *Conquest of Ireland*, p. 13:—"to have *remorse* and compassion upon others distresses;" and in the *Dedication*, "to have regard and *remorse* to your said land."—*Tollet*.

Some of the examples quoted by Steevens I have omitted, as I think those already inserted are sufficient to prove the meaning of the word. M. Mason says, he may venture to assert, that Shakspeare seldom, if ever, uses the word in any other sense.—*Reed*.

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken, I read:—

——— let him command,
An' to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody *business ever*—.

And for if is sufficiently common: and Othello's impatience breaks off the sentence, I think, with additional beauty.—*Farmer*.

“What bloody *work soever*.” So the quartos. The folio:—“What bloody *business ever*.”—*Stevens*.

⁴⁷ *And by them answer*.

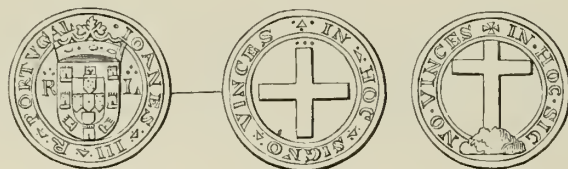
This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read—and *bid* them answer; i. e. the world; those whom he questions.—*Warburton*.

There is no necessity for changing the text. It is the *Clown's* play to wrench what is said, from its proper meaning. Sir T. More hath briefly worked his character: “he plaieth the iester, nowe with skoffinge, and nowe with his overthwarte woords, to prouoke all to laughter.” His design here was to propose such questions as might elicit the information sought for from him, and therefore, *by* his *questions* he might be enabled to *answer*.—*Henley*.

“—— and *by* them answer,” i. e. and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the expression is in character. *By* is found both in the quarto 1622, and the folio. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them answer.—*Malone*.

⁴⁸ *Full of cruzadoes*.

Cruzadoes were not current, as it should seem, at Venice, though they certainly were in England, in the time of Shakspeare; who has here again departed from the strict propriety of national costume. It appears from Rider's Dictionary that there were three sorts of cruzadoes: one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great cruzado of Portugal. They were of gold, and weighed from two pennyweights six grains, to two pennyweights sixteen grains, and differed in value from six shillings and eight-pence to nine shillings. The sovereigns who struck these coins were Emanuel and his son John of Portugal.—*Singer*.



Ducats, pistolets, *crusados*, angels bright,
 Rials of eight, all glorious to the sighte.

The Newe Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

“Here is a rich purse cram'd with red crusadoes,” *Divils Charter*, 1607.

⁴⁹ *This hand is moist, my lady*.

A moist hand was formerly considered a sign of a warm constitution. “A very whore is a woman; shee kisseth open-mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them moist,” *Overbury's Characters*, 1626.

So soft and *moist a hand*, so smooth a brest,
 So fair a cheek, so well in all the rest.

Beaumont's Poems, 1640.

I love thee not for thy *moyst palme*,
 Though the dew thereof be balme:
 Nor for thy pretty legge and foot;
 Although it be the precious root,
 On which this goodly cedar growes,
 Sweet, I love thee not for those.—*Carew's Poems*, 1612.

⁵⁰ *Exercise devout.*

Exercise was the religious term. Henry the Seventh (says Bacon) “had the fortune of a true *christian* as well as of a great king, in living *exercised*, and dying repentant.” So, Lord Hastings, in King Richard III. Act III. Sc. II. says to a priest:—“I am in debt for your last *exercise*.—*Malone*.

⁵¹ *But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.*

Dr. Warburton thinks that there is here a satirical allusion to the institution of the order of Baronets, which dignity was created by King James I. in the year 1611. “Amongst their other prerogatives of honour,” (says that commentator,) they [the new-created baronets] had an addition to their paternal arms, of an hand *gules* in an escutcheon argent. And we are not to doubt that this was *the new heraldry* alluded to by our author; by which he insinuates, ‘that some then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchase the honour.’” Such is the observation of this critic. But by what chemistry can the sense which he has affixed to this passage, be extracted from it? Or is it probable, that Shakspeare, who has more than once condescended to be the encomiast of the unworthy founder of the order of Baronets, who had been personally honoured by a letter from his majesty, and substantially benefitted by the royal licence granted to him and his fellow-comedians, should have been so impolitic, as to satirize the king, or to depreciate his new-created dignity?

These lines appear to me to afford an obvious meaning, without supposing them to contain such a multitude of allusions. ‘Of old,’ says Othello, ‘in matrimonial alliances, the heart dictated the union of hands; but our modern junctions are those of hands, not of hearts.’ On every marriage the arms of the wife are *united* to those of the husband. This circumstance, I believe, it was, that suggested *heraldry*, in this place, to our author. I know not whether a heart was ever used as an armorial ensign, nor is it, I conceive, necessary to inquire. It was the office of the herald to *join*, or, to speak technically, to *quarter* the arms of the new-married pair. “I may *quarter*, coz,” says Slender, in the Merry Wives of Windsor. “You may (replies Justice Shallow), by *marrying*.” Hence, with his usual licence, Shakspeare uses *heraldry* for *junction*, or *union* in general. Thus, in his Rape of Lucrece, the same term is employed to denote the *union* of colours which constitutes a beautiful complexion:—

This *heraldry* in Lucrece’ face was seen
 Argued by beauty’s red, and virtue’s white.—*Malone*.

There is a passage in the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis the younger, 1601, which may have suggested to Shakspeare the mention of this *new heraldry*:— ‘We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers*; we say they were honest plainc men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another*.—*Singer*.

⁵² *She was a charmer.*

In Deut. xviii. 11, there is an injunction: "Let none be found among you that is a *charmer*." In Perkins's Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft, Svo. 1610, it is said that "Inchantment is the working of wonders by a *charme*;" and a *charm* is afterwards defined, "a spell or verse, consisting of strange words, used as a signe or watchword to the Devil to cause him to worke wonders." In this Discourse is an enumeration of the wonders done by inchanters, as raising storms and tempests, &c. and at the conclusion it is said: "— by witches we understand not those only which kill and torment, but all diviners, *charm*ers, jugglers, all wizzards, commonly called wise men and wise women; yea, whosoever do any thing (knowing what they do) which cannot be effected by nature or art."—*Reed*.

⁵³ *And it was died in mummy.*

The balsamic liquor running from *mummies*, was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; and yet this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the principal shops where drugs are sold. So, in the Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, 1633:—

— make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries.

Again, in the Honest Lawyer, 1616:—

That I might tear their flesh in mammocks, raise
My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*.

Mummy, however, is still much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that throws a warmth into their shadows.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁴ *Away!*

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, Patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness, on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakespear hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of enflaming not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his supposed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults to our understanding; and to such the pride of man is with great difficulty brought to submit.—*Fielding's Tom Jones*, ix, 3.

⁵⁵ *With all the duty of my heart.*

The folio reads 'the *office* of my heart:' the words were, however, synonymous. Thus Baret:—'Dutie, *office*, dutie of behaviour in honestie and reason: *officium*.' So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

— his goodly eyes—now turn
The *office* and devotion of their view, &c.—*Singer*.

⁵⁶ *And shut myself up in some other course.*

Shoot is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have—"And *shut* myself up——."—*Johnson*.

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastic life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course

of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity." Shakspeare uses the same expression in Macbeth :—

———— and *shut up*
In measureless content.

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well :—" Whose basest stars do *shut us up* in wishes."—*Steevens*.

The quarto 1622 reads—And *shoot* myself, &c. I think, with Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one. Hanmer reads :—

And *shoot* myself *upon* some other course,
To fortune's alms.

To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may bestow upon me. We have the same uncommon phrase in King Lear :—

———— Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms.—*Malone*.

I cannot agree with Steevens in approving of the present reading, nor of course, in his explanation of this passage, but think the quarto right, which reads *shoot* instead of *shut*.—To say that a man will *shut* himself up in a course of life, is language such as Shakspeare would never make use of, even in his most whimsical and licentious moments. One of the meanings of the verb *to shoot*, is to *push suddenly*, or to *push forward*; and in that sense it is used in this place. Cassio means to say, that if he finds he has no chance of regaining the favour of the general, he will push forward into some other line of life, and seek his fortune; but I think it probable we ought to read :—" And *shoot* myself *upon* some other course," instead of *up in* some other course.—*M. Mason*.

M. Mason's explanation is a very forced one.—It appears from the information of Iago, that Cassio had not long been a soldier. Before Othello promoted him, for his good offices in respect to Desdemona, he was "a great arithmetician, a counter-caster;" and now, being discarded from the military line, he purposes to *confine* or *shut himself up*, as he formerly had, within the limits of a new profession.—*Henley*.

⁵⁷ *And it indues.*

Indues, imbues. The meaning is, this sensation so gets possession of, and is so infused into the other members, as to make them all participate of the same pain.—*Malone*.

⁵⁸ *But I shall, in a more continue time.*

Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 has—a more *convenient* time.—*Malone*.

A more *continue* time is time *less interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than *convenient*.—*Johnson*.

The word occurs again in Timon of Athens, Sc. I. :—

———— breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and *continue* goodness.—*Steevens*.

The marching and the encamping of an army, being a *continue* thing, the dislodging or removing of a campe must needs be a consequence.—*Baret on Warres*.

⁵⁹ *Take me this work out.*

The meaning is not, "Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but,

“Copy this work in another handkerchief.”—*Johnson*.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called, *Women Beware of Women*:—

————— she intends

To *take out* other works in a new sampler.

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's *Pliny*, 1601: “*Nicophanes* (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and *take out* their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed.” Again, in *Sidney's Arcadia*, book ii.: “— why doest thou in thy beautiful sampler set such a work for my desire to *take out*?”—*Stevens*.

So, in *Hearne's Liber Niger Scaccarii*, vol. ii. p. 578, 581, and 585: “to *take out* the arms,” means, to *copy* them.—*Tollett*.

⁶⁰ *I must be circumstanc'd.*

That is, your civility is now grown conditional.—*Warburton*.

Rather, I must give way to circumstances.—*M. Mason*.

Particular circumstances and your own convenience have, I see, more weight with you than *Bianca* has. I must be postponed to these considerations.—*Malone*.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so ?

Oth. Think so, Iago ?

Iago. What !

To kiss in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm ?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm ?
It is hypocrisy against the devil :¹

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.²

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too :
May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,³
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them,⁴ cannot choose
But they may blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when
they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.⁵—Hand-
kerchief, — confessions, — handkerchief. — To confess, and be
hanged⁶ for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to con-
fess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such
shadowing passion, without some instruction.⁷ It is not words,
that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips!—Is it pos-
sible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.
 The lethargy must have his quiet course ;
 If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
 He will recover straight : when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you.— [*Exit CASSIO.*
 How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven.
 Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
 And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
 Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
 May draw with you : there's millions now alive,
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
 Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is better.
 O ! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
 And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know ;
 And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O ! thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
 Confine yourself but in a patient list.^s
 Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
 A passion most unsuited such a man—
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
 And laid good scuse upon your ecstasy ;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. But encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
 I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*OTHELLO retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
'To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter :—here he comes.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :
Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?⁹ [*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her !—what ! a customer ? I pr'ythee, bear some
charity to my wit ; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha,
ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [*Aside.*]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me ?¹⁰ Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me : now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble ; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck ;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales, and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O ! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew !¹¹ marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work ?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There, give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ! how now, how now !

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief ! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must ; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come ; will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O ! the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O ! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O ! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain :—but yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago ! the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me !

Iago. O ! 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!¹²

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Giving him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the Packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. "This fail you not to do, as you will"—

[*Reading.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them,¹³ for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly an obedient lady.—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home.—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence ! avaunt !

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to night,
I do entreat that we may sup together :

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys ! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient ?—This the nature¹⁴
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,¹⁵
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He's that he is : I may not breathe my censure
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What ! strike his wife ?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*¹⁶

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Emil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What ! did they never whisper ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,¹⁷ nor nothing ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither :—go.— [Exit EMILIA.
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes :
 Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress ; [To EMILIA.
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
 Cough, or ery hem, if any body come :
 Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch. [Exit EMILIA.
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou ?
Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
 And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
 Should fear to seize thee : therefore, be double-damn'd ;
 Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?
Oth. O Desdemona !—away, away, away !
Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
 Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
 If, haply, you my father do suspect
 An instrument of this your calling baek,
 Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn¹⁸
 To point his slow unmoving finger at ;

Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence,
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin ;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O ! ay ! as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed !
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born.

Des. Alas ! what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
 Committed !¹⁹—O thou public commoner !
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed !
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks :
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,²⁰
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it. What committed !—
 Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
 From any other foul, unlawful, touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then ?

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you :
 We have done our course ; there's money for your pains.
 I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas ! what does this gentleman conceive ?

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With whom ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me, Emilia ;

I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
 But what should go by water.²¹ Pr'ythee, to-night
 Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;—
 And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed ! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
 The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
 Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
 He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas ! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
 Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore : a beggar, in his drink,
 Could not have laid such terms upon his eallet.²²

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie ! there is no such man : it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
O heaven ! that such companions²³ thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal²⁴ naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them ! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago !
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought,²⁵ or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say whore ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour :
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.²⁶

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo !

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago ;
and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all
conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope.
I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded,
to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words, and
performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of
my means : the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to
Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist : you have
told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations
and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find
none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not
very well : by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy ; and begin to
find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known
to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over
my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure
yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason, and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ! he goes into Mauritania,²⁷ and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one—you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time,²⁸ and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and*
Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O!—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, *and* Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, his frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good faith! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,

Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*²⁹ [Singing.

Sing all a green willow :

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans :

Sing willow, willow, willow :

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones :

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee ; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is it that knocks ?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?*

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;
Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light :

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing : 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo't, when I had done.
Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring,³⁰ nor for
measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any
petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why, who would
not make her husband a euekold, to make him a monareh? I
should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole
world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and,
having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own
world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slaek their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,
Or seant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them : they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they echange us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is ; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too : and have we not affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well ; else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.³¹

Des. Good night, good night ; heaven me such usage send,³²
Not to pick bad from bad, but, by bad, mend ! [Exeunt.]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *It is hypocrisy against the devil.*

In other words, hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit.—*Johnson.*

² *The devil their virtue tempts.*

The true key to the explanation of this passage may be found in St. Matthew, iv. 7. The poet's idea is, that *the devil tempts their virtues*, by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven*, by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them.—*Henley.*

As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, so they presumptuously make a trial whether the divine goodness will enable them to resist a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themselves, or abandon them to the government of their passions.—*Malone.*

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, the Beehive of the Roman Church: "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backwardes with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them."—*Farmer.*

More probably from Fabian's Chronicle, Part IV. ch. 141:—"Of hym [Bishop Adhelme] it is wrytten that when he was styred by his gostly enemy to the synne of the fleshe, he to do the more tormente to hym selfe and of his body, wolde holde within his bedde by hym a fayre mayden, by so longe tyme as he myght say over the hole sauter, albeit that suche holynes is no artycle of saynte Bennetis lore, nor yet for dyverse inconvenyence mooste alowed by holye doctours."

Again, and yet more appositely, in Bale's Actes of Englysh Votaryes, 1548: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and at bedde, to *mocke the deryll with*," &c.—"he layed by hym *naked* the fayrest mayde he coude get," &c.—*Stevens.*

³ *As doth the raven o'er the infected house.*

The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house, in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:—

Thus like the sad presaging *raven*, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Does shake contagion from her sable wing.—*Malone*.

⁴ *Supplied.*

Theobald suggests *suppled*, but unnecessarily. The emendation evidently hurts, instead of improving, the sense; for what is *suppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. *subdued*. *Supplied* relates to the words—"voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does to "their own importunate suit." "Having by their importunacy *conquered* the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness, *gratified her desires*."—*Malone*.

Supplied is certainly the true reading, and with a sense that may be collected from the following passage in *Measure for Measure*:—"And did *supply* thee at the garden-house?" Or, rather, as may be inferred from the following sentence in Sir R. Cotton's *View of the Raigne of Henry III.* 1627: "Denials from Princes must bee *supplied* with gracious usage, that though they cure not the sore, yet they may abate the sence of it." P. 12. *Supplied* is the old spelling of *suppled*, i. e. *softened*.—*Steevens*.

⁵ *That's fulsome.*

Would any French ladie use a man thus, thinke ye? Be they any way so uncivil and *fulsome*? They say, they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes. I say, they lie, and I will die in't.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, 1606.

⁶ *To confess, and be hanged.*

A common old proverbial expression.—"*Ant.* He hath confest it, sir; your daughter heard it, sir. I charge you, lay hands upon that murderer; he hath slain my brother Antonio?—*Ruf.* Did you hear him confess it?—*Bub.* Here's right, *confess and be hang'd* now.—*Hil.* I must confess I did.—*Ruf.* Bubulcus kill Antonio?—*Bub.* By this hand, I do not know how to deny it, for my credit.—*Ruf.* Nay then, lay hands on him."—*Shirley's Love Tricks*. "*Pha.* Sir, I confess.—*Mas.* And be hang'd," *Honoriam and Mammon*, 1659.

⁷ *Without some instruction.*

Warburton reads *induction*, yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a Superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, "Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without *instruction*. It is not words that shake me thus." This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices, which men have, of unseen calamities.—*Johnson*.

"Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some *instruction*." However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had

been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting. Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Perhaps the best commentary is the modern line,—“And coming events cast their shadows before.”

⁸ *Confine yourself but in a patient list.*

List, or *lists*, is *barriers*, *bounds*. Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience*. So, in Hamlet:—

The ocean over-peering of his *list*,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, &c.

Again, in King Henry V. Act V. Sc. II.:—“you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion.” Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:—

The very *list*, the very utmost bound,
Of all our fortunes.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. I.: “—you have restrained yourself within the *list* of too cold an adieu.” Chapman, in his translation of the 16th book of Homer's Odyssey, has thus expressed an idea similar to that in the text:—

—— let thy heart
Beat in fix'd *confines* of thy bosom still.—*Steevens.*

⁹ *Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?*

Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought *Roman* into his thoughts. “What (says he) you are now *triumphing* as great as a *Roman*?”—*Johnson.*

¹⁰ *Have you scor'd me?*

Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads—*stored* me? Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up? *Johnson.*

To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first canto of his Fairy Queen, speaking of the Cross, says:—“Upon his shield the like was also *scor'd*.” Again, in book ii. c. ix.:—

——why on your shield, so goodly *scor'd*,
Bear you the picture of that lady's head?

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. “Let us *score* their backs,” says Scarus, in Antony and Cleopatra; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion.—*Steevens.*

¹¹ *'Tis such another fitchew!*

A fitchew or polecat was a cant term for what is generally termed a lady of easy virtue, which means really of no virtue at all. “A plague on ye for a couple of lewd fitchews,” Intrigues at Versailles, 1697.

¹² *Save you, worthy general!*

The quarto reads ‘*God save the worthy general.*’ Malone says that the reply

of Othello does not relate to what Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him. Steevens, on the contrary, thinks that 'The distracted Othello, considering his happiness in this world at an end, readily catches at the idea of future felicity suggested by the words *Save you, general!*' He adds, 'If it be urged that the words only mean *preserve you in this world*, my sense of the passage will not be much weakened; as our protection, even *here*, depends on the Almighty.'—In *Measure for Measure* (Act ii. Sc. 2) two replies of Angelo to similar salutations from Isabel are equally equivocal.—*Singer*.

¹³ *To atone them.*

Make them *one*; reconcile them. The expression is formed by the coalescence of the words *at one*, the verb *to set*, or some equivalent, being omitted. Thus, in the Acts: "—he showed himself to them as they strove, and would have *set* them *at one* again." And in the *Beehive of the Romish Church*: "—through which God is *made at one* with us, and hath forgiven us our sins."—*Henley*.

¹⁴ *This the nature.*

Thus ('This the *noble* nature') both the quartos: the folio, 'Is this the nature.' As far as a ten-syllable verse is concerned, 'noble' is certainly too much; but instances of lines of twelve syllables have been numerous, and the epithet is an important addition to the sense.—*Collier*.

The word *noble* in the second line (retained also by Malone) was undoubtedly inserted by a mistake of the compositor of the first quarto, his eye having caught it from the preceding line.—*A. Dyce*.

¹⁵ *The shot of accident, nor dart of chance.*

I cannot see, for my heart, the difference between the shot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words and things they imply are purely synonymous; but that the poet intended two different things seems plain from the *discretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in some circumstances; but other distresses are to be accounted for from a different cause. I am persuaded our author wrote:—"The shot of *accident*, nor dart of *change*," &c. And, in a number of other places, our poet industriously puts these two words in opposition to each other.—*Theobald*.

To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, as Dr. Warburton has stated, but to strike not directly, not so as to bury the body of the thing striking in the matter struck.

Accident and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the *act*, and *chance* as the *power* or agency of fortune; as, It was by *chance* that this *accident* befel me. At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation.—*Johnson*.

I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, so *graze* is referred to *the shot of accident*. The expression is still used; we still say—he was *grazed* by a *bullet*. For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily substituted—*raze*.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *A Room in the Castle.*

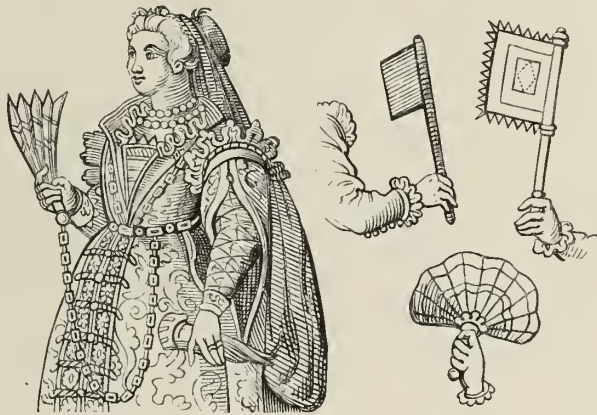
There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. Near the close of it, Iago says to Desdemona, "Go *in*, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's castle. These words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go *into* the supper-room," though I do not think that the meaning; but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converses with Iago, which decisively ascertains the scene not to be in Othello's house: for Roderigo, who had given the first intelligence to Brabantio of his daughter's flight, and had

shortly afterwards drawn his sword on Othello and his partisans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his house at pleasure. On the other hand, what Othello says early in the scene to Emilia—"Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;"—and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, as decisively point out a room in Othello's castle as the place of the scene; and compel us to place the several interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona. The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance, as in many others, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and at the same time, as the outside and inside of a house.—*Malone.*

¹⁷ *To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates this note,—“The series of costumes drawn by Titian, and his brother Cesare Vecellio, and first published at Venice in 1590, furnishes the specimens

of fans here engraved. The lady holds a fan most resembling the folding fan of the present day, which is secured by a chain to her girde; but the most ordinary form of fan used by Venetian ladies, was the flag or vane-shaped fan, moving round an upright handle, as shewn in the two examples here given. The small folding fan below differs only in its long handle from the modern fan.



The gloves held in the ladies hand, are turned over at the wrist, and ornamented with slashes, which appears to have been a general fashion.”

¹⁸ *A fixed figure, for the time of scorn.*

I can do no more, in respect to this very obscure passage, than give the notes of the elder-critics, those of the more recent ones hardly throwing more light upon it.

The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is:—“— for the time of scorn.” Rowe reads—*hand* of scorn; and succeeding editors have silently followed him. I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:—“—— the *time* of scorn.” We call the hour in which we are to die, *the hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the instant when we suffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*? Thus, in King Richard III. :—

Had you such leisure in *the time of death*?

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :—

To help King Edward in his *time of storm*?

Again, in Soliman and Perseda, 1599 :—

So sings the mariner upon the shore,
When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms*.

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :—

I'll poison thee ; with murder curbe thy paths,
And make thee know a *time of infamy*.

Othello takes his idea from a clock. To make me, says he, a fixed figure (on the dial of the world) for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at ! By *slow unmoving* finger our poet could have meant only—*so slow that its motion was imperceptible*. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra the Messenger, describing the gait of the demure Octavia, says—

————— she creeps ;
Her *motion* and her *station* are as one :

i.e. she moved so slowly, that she appeared as if she stood still.—*Maloue*.

Might not Shakspeare have written :—

——— *for* the scorn of time
To point his slow unmoving finger at—,

i.e., the marked object of the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in Hamlet :—
“ For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time* ? ” However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our author has personified *scorn* in his 88th sonnet :—

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the *eye of scorn*—.

The epithet *unmoving* may likewise derive some support from Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed :—

Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a *dial-hand*,
Steal from his figure, and *no pace perceiv'd* ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the passage in the text. See Richard II. Act V. Sc. V.—*Steereus*.

The *fuger* of the dial was the technical phrase. So, in *Albovine King of the Lombards*, by D'Avenant, 1629 :—

Even as the *slow fuger of the dial*
Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*
To distant figures—.

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakspeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the fashion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himself to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto 1622. The folio reads—*and moving* ; and this certainly agrees with the image presented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, (*not appearing to move*.) and as applied to *scorn*, has but little force : to say nothing of the superfluous epithet *slow* ; for there needs no ghost to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *slow*. *Slow* implies some sort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both sides, and, from respect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, though I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakspeare. The quarto 1622 has—*fugers* : the folio—*fuger*.—*Maloue*.

Perhaps we should read—*slowly moving fuger at*. I should wish to reject the

present reading, for even the word *slow* implies some degree of motion, though that motion may not be perceptible to the eye. *The time of scorn* is a strange expression, to which I cannot reconcile myself; I have no doubt but it is erroneous, and wish we had authority to read—*hand* of scorn, instead of *time*.—*M. Mason*.

¹⁹ *Committed!*

This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. For the peculiar sense in which the word—*committed*, is here used, see *Lear*, Act III. Sc. XIV. See also, Decker's *Bell-man's Night Walkes*, &c.: "But what doe they? marrie, they doe that which the Constable should have done for them both in the streets; that is to say, *commit, commit!*"—*Steevens*.

This word in Shakspeare's time, beside its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.—Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by Othello. So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, (*A Very Woman*) 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*:—"Commit not with man's sworn spouse." Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part I. :—

— if all *committers* stood in a rank,
They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.*

So, again, in the *Merchant of Venice*, "hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind;" and the wind, more elegantly, is alluded to in *Henry the Fifth* as "a chartered libertine." Decker speaks of "the lascivious wind" in the *Gulls Horn-book*, 1609. Gayton, in his *Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, seems to allude to the passage in the text,—

These fly about, and, like the bawdy wind,
Sweet breath'd or no, kisse all they meet or find.

²¹ *But what should go by water.*

Camden has preserved an Epitaph on Queen Elizabeth, which concludes with a similar conceit :—

I think the barge-men might with easier thighs
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes :
For how-so-ere, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
Sh'ad *come by water*, had she come by land.—*Steevens*.

These lines are to be found in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, and probably were written by him. They are not as an epitaph.—*Reed*.

²² *Callet.*

Callet, *callat*, or *calot*, is used by all our old writers for a strumpet of the basest kind. It is derived, as Urry observes, from *calote*, Fr. a sort of cap once worn by country-girls; and, like a hundred other terms of this nature, from designating poverty or meanness, finally came, by no unnatural progress, to denote depravity and vice.—*Gifford*.

²³ *That such companions.*

Companion, in the time of Shakspeare, was used as a word of contempt, in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. So, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "How now, base *companion!*" Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :—

And better 'tis, that *base companions* die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.—*Malone*.

The same term of degradation occurs and is explained in Julius Cæsar. See Act IV. Sc. III. In King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV. Dol Tearsheet also says to Pistol :—" I scorn you, scurvy *companion*."—*Steevens*.

²⁴ *The rascal.*

Thus the quarto 1622; folio—*rascals*. Emilia first wishes that *all* base fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honest hand to punish in a signal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abused the too credulous Moor.—*Malone*.

²⁵ *Either in discourse of thought.*

'*Discourse of thought*' is the '*discursive range of thought*.' Pope changed it to '*discourse or thought*.' I have shown in a former page that the old reading is the poet's mode of expression. So in Davies's Epigrams, v. *In Plurimos* :—

But since the divell brought them thus together,
To my *discoursing thoughts* it is a wonder,
Why presently, as soone as they came thither,
The selfe same divell did them part asunder.

See Hamlet, p. 174. Steevens thought that Pope's alteration defensible, because the Liturgy mentions three modes of committing sin—'in *thought, word, and deed*.'—*Singer*.

²⁶ *And he does chide with you.*

This was the phraseology of the time. 'To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide with* one for a thing. *Expostulare et queri*.'—Again :—'Is it best to *chide with* him or take him up for this displeasure or wrong?'—*Baret*. So Shakspeare's 111th Sonnet :—'O for my sake do you *with* fortune *chide*.'—*Singer*.

²⁷ *He goes into Mauritania.*

This passage surely settles the disputed question, was Othello a negro? Certainly not. He was a Moor of lofty lineage, with thick lips, and a very dark complexion. "Black Othello" was the dark-complexioned Othello. So the word "black" was employed in Shakspeare's time, as in the following extract.

Quest. Why do some women love men that bee blacke, and other, those that be faire and well coloured?—*An.* Women of feeble sight love them that bee blacke, because blacknesse doth joyne and unite the sight too much disparkled, and by this meanes doth comfort the same. Or else we may well say that every thing doth love and desire his like. They therefore which be hote of nature love them that be blacke, because they be more prone to heate. Other which be of colder nature do love them that be white, because they be of cold complexion, the mother of whitenesse.—*Delectable Demaundes and Pleasant Questions*, 1596, p. 10.

²⁸ *It is now high supper-time.*

I believe we should read :—"It is now *nigh* supper-time.—" *M. Mason*. The old reading is the true one. There is no phrase more common than—"high time to go to bed—to *get up*," &c. *High* time, is *full, complete* time. Thus Spenser, in his Fairy Queen :—

High time now 'gan it wax for Una fair
To think of those her captive parents——.

Again :—"High time it is this war now ended were." Clarendon is frequent in his use of this expression.—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree.*

The music to this ballad is given in Chappell's National Airs, p. 206, where will be found some interesting observations on the various willow songs. The original ballad differed in its plan, as will be observed from the following copy of it, preserved in manuscript in the British Museum.

The poore soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree,
 Singe willo, willo, willo ;
 With his hand in his bosom, and his heade upon his knee,
 O willo, willo, willo !
 O, willo, willo, willo, willo, shalbe my gareland !
 Singe all a greene willo,
 Willo, willo, willo,
 Aye ine the greene willo must be my gareland.
 He sight in his singinge and made a greate moane, singe &c.
 I am deade to all pleasure, my trewe love he is gone, &c.
 The mute bird sate by hym was made tame by his moanes, &c.
 The trewe teares fell from hym would have melted the stones, singe &c.
 Com all you forsaken and mourne you with mee,
 Who speakes of a false love, mynes falsen then shee. singe &c.
 Let love no more boast her in pallas nor bower
 It buds but it blastethe ere it be a flowere. singe &c.
 Thowe faire and more false, I dye wth thy wounde,
 Thowe hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground, singe &c.
 Let nobody chyde her, her scornes I approve
 Shee was borne to be false, and I to dye for love. singe &c.
 Take this for my farewell and latest adewe ;
 Write this on my tombe, that in love I was trewe. singe &c.

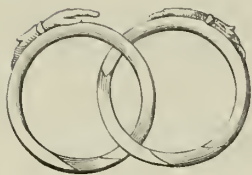
Printed copies of the ballad, in black-letter, slightly varying from the version here given, are still preserved. In an old black-letter book called the World's Folly, printed about 1600, a decayed prostitute is introduced, who "stood singing the ballet of *All a grene willowe*, to the famous tune of *Ding dong*."

I add the following from Douce. "It was the custom of those who were *forsaken in love* to wear willow garlands. This tree might have been chosen as the symbol of sadness from the verse in psalm 137, "We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof;" or else from a coincidence between the *weeping willow* and falling *tears*. Another reason has been assigned. The *agnus castus* or *ritex*, was supposed by the ancients to promote chastity, "and the willow being of a much like nature," says an old writer, "it is yet a custom that he which is deprived of his love must wear a willow garland." Swan's *Speculum mundi*, chap. 6. sect. 4. edit. 1635. Bona, the sister of the king of France, on receiving news of Edward the Fourth's marriage with Elizabeth Grey, exclaims, "In hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear a *willow garland* for his sake." Two more ballads of a similar nature may be found in Playford's Select Ayres, 1659, folio, pp. 19, 21."

³⁰ *For a joint-ring.*

Anciently a common token among lovers. They are mentioned by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, 544: "With tokens, hearts divided, and *halfe rings*." The nature of these rings will be best explained by a passage in Dryden's Don Sebastian:—

—a curious artist wrought them,
 With *joints* so close as not to be perceiv'd ;
 Yet are they both each other's counterpart :
 Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
 (You know those names are theirs) and, in the midst,
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
 Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,
 Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye :
 But if they *join*, you must for ever part.—*Steevens*.



“Such a ring, of the Elizabethan era,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “is shewn in the accompanying woodcut. It was a split ring, the halves made to fit in each other very closely when united, and the joined hands to lock it tight. Such rings were extensively used as love-tokens in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.”

³¹ *Their ills instruct us so.*

That is, *so to do*. This passage, as has been already observed, is not in the quarto 1622. The reading of my text, *so*, is that of the folio 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the second folio, read—instruct us *to*. Our poet, for the sake of rhyme, often uses an uncommon phraseology ; I have therefore adhered to the authentic copy.—*Malone*.

³² *Heaven me such usage send.*

Such *uses* is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions ; but the old quarto has,—such *usage* send. *Usage* is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*.—*Johnson*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come :
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand : be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat¹ almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game : live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,²
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushing out, and making a pass at CASSIO.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O! I am slain.

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind
in the Leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is e'en so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart³ those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?⁴ murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?⁵

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.]

Rod. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs* RODERIGO.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody
thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair.—

[*A Chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.⁶—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her :
Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas ! what's the matter ? what's the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are seap'd :
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.⁷—
What ! do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O ! did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ? fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray ?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber.* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep.*
A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,⁸—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light ?⁹

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.— [*Kissing her.*
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No,—heaven forefend—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
 Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
 When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
 Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :
These are portents ; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so. What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul !
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :¹⁰
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd,
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then.—What ! is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.¹¹ [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My Lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so!

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia,—By and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable, O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—

Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the Door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord! yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O! who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.¹²

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first :
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made moeks with love.—
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman ;
I say, thy husband : dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart :
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst :
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.—

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.¹³

Emil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak.
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters : it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't :—O villainy !

I thought so then :—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy !

Iago. What ! are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O !

[*Falling on the Bed.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O she was foul.—

[*Rising.*

I scarce did know you, uncle : there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemon ! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed :¹⁴ Cassio confess'd it ;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand ;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air.¹⁶

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, ery shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his Wife.*
Fie!

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle—
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.¹⁶

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxeomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? [*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.¹⁷
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, eanst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:¹⁸—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, eruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.¹⁹—
O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !
Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go ?—
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !²⁰
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at eompt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, eold, my girl ;
Even like thy chastity.—O, cursed slave !—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ? O !

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a Chair,*²¹ *and*
Officers, with IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello : here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ;—but that's a fable :
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello ! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ! not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff !—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber ;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come; bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,²² threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.²³ Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but this,

[Falling upon DESDEMONA.

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture :—O, enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[To IAGO.]

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *I have rubb'd this young quat.*

Quat, a kind of sore pimple, and hence, metaphorically, a pestilent low fellow, or, sometimes, merely a simpleton.

Whosoever desires to be a man of good reckoning in the city; and, like your French lord, to have as many tables furnished as lackies, who, when they keep least, keep none; whether he be a young *quat* of the first year's revenue; or some austere and sullen-faced steward.—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

O young *quat*, incontinence is plagued
In all the creatures of the world!—*The Devils Law Case*, 1623.

² *That I bobb'd from him.*

That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock, or jeer. Coles renders it in his Dictionary, 1679, by *sanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illusus*. So, in Turberville's Songs and Sonnets:—

A schollar skillde in Virgil's verse,
And reading of his booke
Arma virumque that begins,
Was caught in Cupid's hooke.
At length to mariage flat he fell,
When wedding-day was doon,
To play her pranks, and *bob* the foole,
The shrowish wife begoon.—*Malone*.

³ *Forth of my heart.*

Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—*For of*. Whalley observes to me that the reading of the quarto is the true one. *Forth* signifies both *out* and *from*. So, in Hamlet:—

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.

Again, in Jonson's Volpone:—

Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Henley has also made the same observation, and in proof of it produced the following passages from King Richard III. :—

I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n *forth* of holy writ.—

Again :—

'Faith, none but Humphrey Houre, that call'd your grace,
To breakfast onee, *forth* of my company.—*Reed.*

For of is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the second folio, and is one of a thousand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the most ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Mount Tabor, or the Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner, 1639: "—whilst all this was acting, there came *forth of* another door at the farthest end of the stage, two old men," &c.—*Malone.*

⁴ *No passage.*

'No passengers? nobody going by?' So in the Comedy of Errors :—' Now in the stirring *passage* of the day.' A *passenger* anciently signified a *passage-boat* or vessel, and could not therefore be used in its modern sense without an equivocal.—*Singer.*

⁵ *Whose noise is this, that cries on murder?*

Thus the quarto 1622, and the folio 1623; and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in Eastward Hoe, a comedy, 1605 :—"Who *cries on murder?* lady, was it you?" That line is a parody on one in the Spanish Tragedy.—To *cry on*, as Dr. Johnson has observed in a note on Hamlet, is to exclaim against. The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, for *cries on*, substituted *cries out*, and has been followed by all the modern editors.—*Malone.*

⁶ *Stay you, good gentlemen.*

Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*gentlewoman*. That the reading of the quarto is right, may be collected from the situation and feelings of the parties on the scene. No reason can be assigned why Lodovico and Gratiano should immediately quit the spot where they now are, before they had heard from Iago further particulars of the attack on Cassio, merely because Cassio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his mistress, Bianca, who has been officiously offering him assistance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings.—*Malone.*

There seems to me to be a very good reason assignable why these two gentlemen should immediately quit the spot on Cassio's being borne off, viz. to assist him or see him properly taken care of, rather than to stay and gratify their curiosity. Respect for the person appointed Othello's successor, if not personal regard, would, I should think, naturally have dictated such a proceeding, had they not been stopped by Iago's desiring them not to go.—*Reed.*

Iago stops Bianca under a pretended suspicion that she would endeavour to escape, and then proceeds in taunting language to accuse her of guilt.—*Boswell.*

⁷ *Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.*

In the last scene of the preceding Act Iago informs Roderigo, that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would accompany Cassio to her house, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Cassio too had himself informed Iago, Act IV. Sc. I., that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had promised to meet him at her house. Perhaps, however, here Iago chose

to appear ignorant of this fact, conscious that he had waylaid Cassio, and therefore desirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening.—*Malone*.

Yet, how happens it, that Bianca, instead of replying—*He supp'd*, &c. did not answer, addressing herself to Iago:—

Why, you well know,
He supp'd, &c.?

The former line being imperfect, some such words might have been omitted. Or, perhaps, our author was unwilling that Bianca should say, in the presence of Iago's wife, that he too had been of Cassio's supper-party; and hence this seeming inconsistency.—*Steevens*.

⁸ *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.*

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received.—*Steevens*.

⁹ *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*

It should be thus printed:—"Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!" The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites.—*Warburton*.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. Fielding makes Betterton and Booth dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill*. In the Maid's Tragedy, Melantius says:—

——'Tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.—*Farmer*.

This phrase is twice used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470, edit. 1633. Again, in an unpublished play called the *Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licensed by Sir George Buc, October 31st, 1611:—

————— O soul of cunning!
Came that arch subtlety from thy lady's counsel,
Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me
How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,
Or all thy light goes out.—*Steevens*.

"Put out the light, and then put out the light." This is one of the passages to which I have alluded in a note on *As You Like It*, on the word *quintaine*, in which, by a modern regulation, our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Upton, I had imagined, was the first person who introduced the *conceit* in this line, which has been adopted since his book appeared, by pointing it thus:—"Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!" &c., but I have since discovered it in *Ayres's Life of Pope*.

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a spirit to this passage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to say,—“I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light of life;” and this introduces his subsequent reflection and comparison, just as aptly, as supposing the latter words of the line to be used in the same sense as in the

beginning of it, which cannot be done without destroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakspeare was so fond. There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in King Henry VI. Part III. the dying Clifford says :—

Here *burns my candle out*, ay, here it dies.

Again, in Macbeth :—

Out, out, brief candle!

Again, in King Henry VIII. :—

This candle burns not clear ; 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then out it goes.

Again, in his Rape of Lucrece :—

Fair torch, burn *out thy light*, and lend it not
To *darken* her, whose *light* excelleth thine !

Let the words—"put out her light," stand for a moment in the place of "darken her," and then the sense will run—"Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whose light is more excellent than thine." In the very same strain, says Othello, "let me first extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light" of life. But how different in effect and importance are these two acts! The extinguished taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguished, can never, alas, be relumined! The same image is to be found in Shakspeare's contemporaries. Thus, in *Strange and Tragical Hystories, &c.* 1577: "What enorme and strange tragedyes have every one sene in the empire of the east, that is stayned with the bloude of fathers shead by the children, and of the *lighte* of the children obscured by the handes of their owne mothers." The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakspeare wrote—and then put out *thy light*; and the reading of the original copy in a subsequent line, "—but once puts out *thine*," seems to me to countenance this emendation. In the Merchant of Venice the word *light* is used with equal ambiguity :—"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."—*Malone*.

I have felt myself bound to print the text according to Malone's opinion; but if Warburton's explanation be an error, it is *demptus per vim*, I for one am very sorry to part with it. Broken sentences, as Malone has more than once observed, are very much in our poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit.—*Boswell*.

¹⁰ *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.*

This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee* with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim. It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads,—"*thou dost stone thy heart*;" which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be,—*thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been a *sacrifice* atoning for thy crime. I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured.—*Johnson*.

Many readers will probably sympathise with Dr. Johnson's concluding observation in the above note. Without disputing the masterly power displayed in

the composition of the present tragedy, there is something to my mind so revolting both in the present scene and in the detestable character of Iago which renders a study of the drama of Othello rather a painful duty than one of pleasure.

¹¹ *It is too late.*

“*Des.* O Lord, Lord, Lord!” added in ed. 1622. These words were most probably foisted into the text by the players. So far is, *O Lord, Lord, Lord!*, from adding to the terror or pathos of the scene, that it is disgustingly vulgar; and being immediately followed by Emilia’s—“*My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!*” the effect of the whole is not a little comic.—*A. Dyce.*

After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies.—*Steevens.*

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21, which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, interludes, May-games, &c.—*Tollet.*

The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays, those of Chapman in particular, abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage.—*Steevens.*

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Master of the Revels.—*Malone.*

¹² *She was false as water.*

As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression.—*Johnson.*

In Genesis, chap. 49, old translation, v. 3, Jacob applies a similar term to Reuben: “Thou wast light as water.”—*Malone.*

¹³ *Go to, charm your tongue.*

By this expression, “—charm your tongue,” the poet meant no more than to make Iago say, ‘Apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility.’ So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :—

Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*

Again, Ben Jonson, in Cynthia’s Revels :—

— *charm your skipping tongue.*

Again, in Spenser’s Fairy Queen, b. v. c. ix. :—

That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his speech.

Again, in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608 :—

The surest way to *charm* a woman’s tongue,
Is—break her neck :—a politician did it.

The same phrase is also employed by Chapman in his version of the fifth Iliad :—

Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay arms shin’d and rung,
The swift horse trembled, and his soule for ever *charm’d his tongue.*

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated.—*Steevens.*

¹⁴ *A thousand times committed.*

On an expression of Emilia in the last scene of the third Act, 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man,' Dr. Johnson observes, "the time of the play is extended beyond what seems to be its length from the representation;" and here he says, "This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprized in the action of the play than the scenes include." Mr. M. Mason adds, "In confirmation of Johnson's observation, that this and several other passages tend to prove, that a larger space of time is comprized in the action of this play than the scenes include, we may cite that in which Emilia says, that her husband had an hundred times woo'd her to steal Desdemona's handkerchief." To defend Shakespear's breach of the unities is in vain, even that worst breach of the unity of time, when the time actually marked by the action is extended; which would be the case here if these objections were valid, but I think they are not. Emilia's saying, *it is not a year or two shews us a man*, may be well supposed to insinuate, how then should a month or two, or even a day or two. The *thousand* and the *hundred* are obviously hyperbolical, and are used every day by impatient men in common speech for *five* or *six*. Is any thing more common than when an eager person has rung his bell twice or three times, for him to tell his servant, that he has rung above an *hundred times*, without having his bell answered?—*Pye*.

¹⁵ *No, I will speak as liberal as the air.*

The folio reads:—"I'll be in speaking liberal as the *north*." *Liberal* is *free, under no control*. So, in Hamlet:—"Which *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name." This quality of the North wind is also mentioned in the *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:—"And let th' *irregular* North wind sweep her up." Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the Spanish Tragedy, 1605:—"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea."—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *Filth, thou liest.*

Filth, applied to a man or woman, was a term implying the greatest possible degree of contempt. "Out upon thee, puritanical filth," *Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort*, 1655. In the western counties of England, a sluttish person is termed a filth.

I met the old *filth* this morning; Lord, how sowerly she looked upon me, and mumbled as she went, I heard part of her words.—*Gifford's Dialogue on Witches*, 1603.

A whore hath many significant names, as *filth*, curtisan, queane, strumpet, puncke, light huswife, concubine, leman, love, mistresse, and infinite other fictions, according to mens fantasies, but all concluding, breach of chastity, and contempt of loyaltie either to virginitie or marriage.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

¹⁷ *But every puny whipster gets my sword.*

The pityful, dityful Lambert, one of Don Quixott's lords, is in the Tower. H'as been a *whipster* all his life-time, and now is become a staid gentleman.—*Tatham's Rump*, 1660.

Pshaw! now you spoil all. I warrant you the young *whipster* has got to some of his boon companions already.—*Love's Catechism*, 1707.

¹⁸ *And die in music.*

That the swan uttered musical sounds at the approach of death was credited by Plato, Chrysippus, Aristotle, Euripides, Philostratus, Cicero, Seneca, and Martial. Pliny, Ælian, and Athenæus, among the ancients, and Sir Thomas More, among the moderns, treat this opinion as a vulgar error. Luther believed in it. See his Colloquia, par. 2, p. 125, edit. 1571, 8vo. Our countryman Bartholomew Glanville thus mentions the singing of the swan: "And whan she shal dye and that a fether is pyght in the brayn, then she syngethe, as Ambrose sayth," *De propr. rer.* l. xii. c. 11. Monsieur Morin has written a dissertation on this subject in vol. v. of the *Mem. de l'acad. des inscript.* There are likewise some curious remarks on it in Weston's *Specimens of the conformity of the European languages with the Orientals*, p. 135; in Seelen *Miscellanea*, tom. i. 298; and in Pinkerton's *Recollections of Paris*, ii. 336.—*Douce.*

¹⁹ *It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.*

In the first edition it is—*Isebrooke's temper.* Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's.* *Ebro's temper*: the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the Catalonian fuseses.—*Pope.*

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water.—*Johnson.*

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salò* (now *Xalon*), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:—

Sævo Bibilin optimam metallo
Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
Quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto
Armorum Salo temperator ambit.

Again:—

Quibus remissum eorpus astringes brevi
Salone qui ferrum gelat.

Again:—

Pugio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,
Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salò* tinxit aquis.

Again, in Justin, l. 44: *Præcipua his quidem ferri materia sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in Bilbili fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur.* These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms.—*Steevens.*

I incline to read:—"It is a sword of Spain, 'tis *ebrocs* temper." If we suppose that the words ('tis *ebrocs*) were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus, ('tisebroes) the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought) add a couple of letters and divide the words thus (*th'isebrokes*) which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto. I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain.—*Blackstone.*

"— the *ice-brooks* temper." The quarto 1622 has—*Isebrookes*, which is

only the old spelling of *Ice-brooke's*, the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackstone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakspeare did not inquire.—*Malone*.

“The Milanese armourers and the Spanish sword-makers,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “monopolized the chief patronage of the soldiery of the Shakespearian era. Flexibility and strength were the great characteristics of a sword of Spain. The cross-guard at the handle was of peculiar form, and gave greater security to the wrist. The engraving represents a very fine sword preserved in the Royal Armoury at Madrid, which belonged to the famous Spanish warrior Gonzalvo of Cordova, who died in 1515.”



²⁰ *O ill-starr'd wench!*

This, and the six preceding lines, are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a *young woman*. Cassandra, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, says of herself:—

O wretched *wench*, where may I first
complayne?

Again:—

Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to
rue my woe.

The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible: “Now Jonathan and Ahimaaz stayed by Enrogel; (for they might not be seen to come into the city:) and a *wench* went and told them; and they went and told king David.” 2 Sam. xvii. 17. And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his version of the *Æneid*:—

— audetque viris eoneurrere *virgo*.
This *wensche* stoutlye reneounter durst
with men.—*Steevens*.

Here we find it applied to a princess:—

For Ariodant so lov'd the princely
wench,
That Neptune's floods unneth his
flames eold queneh.

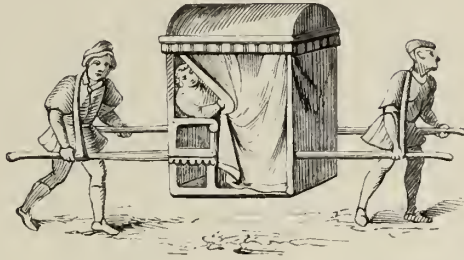
Har. Ariost. v. 20.

²¹ *Cassio carried in a chair.*

Mr. Fairholt thus notes,—“Such a chair as is here used for Cassio, was that adopted in Italy for the transport of invalids; and is represented in one of the

plates to Sandys' Travels, 1621, here copied. The original depicts a sick person carried to the famed sulphur-baths at Pozzuoli, near Naples."

The stage-direction of the quartos, informs us that Cassio was "carried in a chair," but as the words are not in the folio, we may infer that the practice of our old stage in this respect was not uniform. In modern times Cassio walks in lame, and supported, with the handkerchief about his leg.—*Collier*.



²² *Like the base Indian.*

Indian, ed. 1622; *Judean*, ed. 1623. The epithet *base* appears to support the latter reading, which, if correct, I cannot but think, notwithstanding that the idea has been ridiculed, refers to Judas Iscariot. I add the notes of the critics on this, one of the most contested passages in this tragedy.

I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock* in the fable, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Pope objects farther to the reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to: which is much less obvious; but has Shakspeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious as Pope seems to imagine: for in the year 1613, the Lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry*. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian* or *Judean*, if that should be alledged as any objection, instead of *Judæan*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of *Euphrates* in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spenser, of whom our author was a studious imitator.—*Theobald*.

"Like the base *Judean*." Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the preceding note, in his account of the old copies.—*Malone*.

The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described—"—— to out-herod Herod." The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a *fine woman*, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress—"There she lies a *pearl*—." And again:—"Why she is a *pearl*, whose price," &c.—*Warburton*.

I cannot join with the critics in conceiving this passage to refer either to the

ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamme. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephthah and his daughter. Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, book xi. where, after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons,—

At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon,
Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetata Camilla.—
Et circum lectæ comites, &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hippolita or Penthiselea, surrounded by their companions:

Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu eum se martia eurru
Penthesilea refert.

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name:—

“A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shown at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificoes, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the

singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all."

Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation. Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in King Henry IV. he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," i. e. one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that "the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them." Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontic, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately show a woman to have been meant. So, in Troilus and Cressida:—

Her bed is India, there she lies a pearl.
Why *she* is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd, &c.

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author, is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the public. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined, as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring a conviction with them, that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making proper use of the errors of

another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added?—*Steevens*.

I abide by the old text, “the base *Judian*.” Carew seems to allude to Herod in the play of *Mariamne*:—

I had but one inestimable *jewel*—
Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
And dasht it all to pieces.—*Farmer*.

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The Herod there alluded to, was a character in one of the ancient Mysteries. See *Candlemas-day, or the Killing of the Children of Israel, a Mystery*, in *Hawkins’s Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i.

I once thought that the accent here given to *Júdean* was a strong objection to this reading; and that the word must have been *Judéan* or *Judean*, as a derivative from *Judæ*, which would not suit the metre. But the objection was founded on a mistake; for derivative words of this kind were thus accented in Shakspeare’s time. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we have in the old copies, “an *Epicurian* rascal,” which ascertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus spelt by North also, in his translation of *Plutarch*. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

Keep his brains fuming, Epicurean cooks.

Those who would adopt the original reading, *Indian*, may urge in its support that the pearl naturally brings a people of the East to Shakspeare’s mind; the connexion in his time being considered so strong, that a contemporary author has distinguished the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumstance of their abounding in pearls:—

—where the bright sun with his neighbour beams
Doth early light the *pearled Indians*.

Cornelia, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is strongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webster, in his *Appius and Virginia*, appears to have had this passage in his thoughts:—

— Had your lordship yesterday
Proceeded as ’twas fit, to a just sentence,
The apparel and the *jewels* that she wore,
More worth than all her tribe, had then been due
Unto our client.—*Malone*.

I would read, with the quarto, *Indian*. The word *tribe* is not, as Malone seemed to suppose, peculiarly applicable to the Jews. It meant in Shakspeare’s time, as we learn from *Cockeram, a kindred*, and it is constantly used at this day in speaking of the Indians. The Jews are not in general described as willing to throw away what is valuable; and it is not likely that Shakspeare would allude to an anecdote of a single individual, of which perhaps none of his auditors had ever heard; but in our author’s time when voyages of discovery to America were common, each *putter out of five for one* was probably stimulated by a description of the riches he might find there, and of the facility with which the Indians *base*,

on account of their ignorance, would part with them. I will only add that two succeeding poets have given the Indians the same character:—

So the *unskilfull Indian* those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'*Moug the waves scatters*——.

Habington's Castara—To Castara weeping.

So, also, in the *Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard :

————— Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Then Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
Its value—.—*Boswell.*

The latter part of the above note proves, I think, decidedly, that Othello alludes to no particular story, but to “the Indian” as generally described : and to the passages just cited, the following may be added;—

The wretched Indian spurnes the golden Ore.
Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*, 8vo.—*A. Dyce.*

The folio has *Judean*, and the quarto, 1622, *Indian*, and to these authorities the commentators referred ; but they left unnoticed the quarto, 1630, which, like the earlier quarto, has *Indian*. Theobald, Warburton, and Malone, are at variance whether the quarto, 1622, reads *Judean* or *Indian*, but there can be no doubt that *Indian* is there the word. The meaning is very clear, the allusion obscure ; and the probability is that Shakespeare referred to some known fable of the time, now lost. Theobald contended for a reference to the story of Herod and Mariamne. It was formerly thought that the balance of the old texts was equal, the folio being *Judean*, and the quarto, 1622, *Indian*, and it is somewhat surprising that in a question of the kind, no resort was ever had to the other contemporary authority, differing in many places from the folio, 1623, and from the quarto, 1622, and printed from some separate manuscript. Had *Judean* of the folio, 1623, been right, the word would hardly have been printed *Indian*, in the quarto, 1630, supposing the editor to have referred to the folio.—*Collier.*

The first quarto reads distinctly, *Indian*—the first folio, *Judean*. We might have thought that there was only a substitution in this reading of *u* for *n*, had we not turned to all the passages in that edition where *Indian* occurs, and found it invariably spelt *I-n-d-i-a-n*. The controversy as to reading *Indian*, or *Judean*, and who was *the base Judean*, occupies six pages of the variorum editions. Theobald maintained that he was “ Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him.” Steevens brings forward an old story of a Jew, which he has read in some book, who threw a pearl into the Adriatic. This story looks excessively like a forgery, in which art Steevens dabbled. Steevens will not have the *Indian*, because he thinks *base* is an improper epithet. Malone rejects him, because the word *tribe* appears to have a peculiarly Hebrew signification. To show how far conjecture may be carried, we may mention that a correspondent wishes to impress upon us that the allusion was to Judas Iscariot. Boswell, in a very sensible note, shows that *tribe* meant in Shakspeare's day *kindred* ; that *base* is used in the sense of ignorant ; and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspeare have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. The preference of Coleridge for *Indian* has great weight with us. He says, “ Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word ‘*base*,’

which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character; but as the momentary representative of Othello's.—*Knight*.

The folio has, *Judean*, the quarto, *Indian*; and as the typographical error, in whichever copy it may be, is very slight, and might easily occur in a well printed book nowadays, there is a very fair question as to which reading should be adopted. There appears to me not a doubt that the folio is right, and that Othello is made by Shakespeare to allude to the murder of Mariamne by Herod, the story of which was well known to the public of that day, and was made the subject of a tragedy by Lady Elizabeth Carew, which was published in 1613. The question is discussed at much length in the Variorum Edition. The preponderance, both of arguments and disputants, is largely in favour of “Judean.” But this subject has been so ably handled by the Hon. George Lunt, that I cannot do better than give my readers the benefit of his argument, which merits preservation in a less ephemeral form than that in which it was first given to the public.

“Of all the old commentators there actually appears to be nobody left, but Boswell, to favor the Indian claim! To such authority his adherents are heartily welcome. But to show the value of his criticism, he says that the word *tribe* (which, as Malone truly remarks, is in favor of the reading, in the text, as applicable more especially to the Jewish nation) is ‘constantly used, at this day, in speaking of the Indians!’ Unluckily, however, it was so used, in his day, as applicable particularly to the North American Indians, who never had any *pearls* to throw away, and of whom Shakespeare and his contemporaries could have known little or nothing. And we are not aware that the word ‘tribe’ had been then, or is now, familiarly applied to the people of the East Indies, to whom the allusion must, of course, have been made, if at all.

“But apart from this weight of testimony from the older commentators, we are of those who think there is quite enough in the expression itself to make it perfectly clear how Shakespeare wrote it. The expression is one of generalization, demanding, as must be the case in all good poetry, the ready sympathy and understanding of the reader. Whether he understand the particular allusion or not, at least, it should be of that character that he might, or ought to have known it; and not drawn from a source so remote as to be out of his reach, or so insignificant as to be beneath his notice. On this ground, we are willing to set up any possible *Judean* against any *Indian* that can be imagined.

“But to pursue the question of internal evidence somewhat further, we are of the opinion that there is much in the passage itself to aid us in forming a right conclusion. In the first place, the word *tribe*, as we remarked above, is one peculiarly appropriate to the Jewish people, so constantly used, in his time, as in ours, and so familiarly applied by Shakespeare; as, for instance, in the mouth of Shylock.

“The epithet ‘base’ affords us also a very fair opportunity of speculation on this subject. This term, in the times of Shakespeare and those long antecedent and subsequent, would be held peculiarly descriptive of the Jewish people. The word, in the common understanding, would unquestionably fit any Jew and all Jews. So far from there being any propriety, there would have been a manifest impropriety in using the epithet, as denoting the characteristics, so far as understood, of East Indians in general. Then, as to any special story of an individual Indian throwing ‘a pearl away,’ and of such a feat being popularly known, or known at all,—where is it?

“We believe, therefore, that we must come back to the general faith on this point, that the allusion is to the tragic story of Herod and Mariamne. Mr. Steevens objects to this theory, on the ground that it would not constitute a good poetical

figure, and would be, in fact, unworthy of Shakespeare, to make Othello compare his own desperate act with another act resembling it in essential particulars. That as, for instance, it would be no figure to say 'crystal resembles crystal'—so, for Othello to liken this his murder of Desdemona to the murder of Mariamne by Herod, would be equally no figure, since it would be comparing transactions in themselves essentially identical. The mistake of Steevens will be apparent, by considering that Shakespeare makes no comparison in any such sense. He introduces a *medius terminus*. He makes Othello say, that he, in the one case, as Herod in the other, not—killed his wife,—but, *threw a pearl away*. And this metaphorical comparison of the two acts, by likening them to a third, which is itself figurative, vindicates, as it constitutes, the propriety of the similitude. As, in the example above cited, the figure would be complete to say,—

Like mine, beneath the sun's diffusive rays,
Your crystal half reflects the diamond's blaze.

“In order, therefore, to give some plausible account of the allusion, Steevens relates, and, as some uncharitably assert, invents a story of a Jew, who, not being able to obtain the price he claimed for a certain precious pearl, hurled it into the sea. But a difficulty would here arise as to the propriety of applying the epithet 'base' to the supposed Jew, on account of this transaction. The pearl was apparently his own, to dispose of as he saw fit; and, viewing it in one light, the act would seem rather to raise him above the merely mercenary spirit popularly attributed to his race. This conduct might be extravagant and desperate; but no more *base* than the act of Cleopatra, in swallowing the pearl dissolved at her table; or than the destruction of her books, by the Sibyl, in the presence of Tarquinius Priscus; and we never heard the epithet used in connection with her very extraordinary conduct.

“But we would modestly suggest what may, perhaps, tend to throw light upon this point, and which seems hitherto to have escaped notice,—that the word 'Judean' in reality means something more than *Jew*. A Judean is, in fact, an *inhabitant of Judea*; and thus, in correspondence with Shakespeare's common mode of expression, the word might naturally, and with more force would refer to Herod, King of Judea, as *the Judean, par excellence*,—as representing the State.”

Thus far Mr. Lunt; and in addition to his remarks I will only point out, what appears to have escaped the observation of all who have written upon this passage, that the very phraseology implies,—absolutely requires, an allusion to a particular story. The words are all particular and definite. Boswell quotes a passage from Habington, in which “the unskilfull Indian,” “'mong the waves scatters” bright gems; and another from Howard, in which “Indians” “cast away” a pearl; and these passages Mr. Dyce thinks “prove decidedly that *Othello* alludes to no particular story, but to “the Indian, as generally described.” To Boswell's quotations, he adds the following, from Drayton's Legend of Matilda:—“The wretched Indian spurnes the golden Ore.” But in this, as in the others, not only is the Indian “generally described,” but the act. No specific deed is referred to; there is a mere allusion to a characteristic of the Indian. Not so in *Othello's* speech. In that, a particular person and a particular act must be alluded to, because *Othello* likens himself not to the Indian who *throws* a pearl away, but to “*the base Judean*” who “*threw* a pearl away richer than all his tribe.” The reference is to some particular story, specific and unmistakable; and as the American Indians, who alone had tribes, had no pearls, and as the story of the base Judean, Herod, who says of Mariamne, in the old play,—

I had but one inestimable *jewel*—
 Yet I in suddaine choler *cast it downe*
 And dasht it all to pieces,

—as this story had marked affinities with Othello's position, and was well known to Shakespeare's public, can there be a shadow of a doubt that it was the story referred to, and that we should not disturb the reading of the authentic folio?—
R. Grant White.

²³ *Their medicinal gum.*

The gum is probably that called Bernix, of which the following account is given in the Great Herbal:—"Bernix is the gomme of a tre that groweth beyond the see. For this tre droppeth a gommy thicknesse that hardeneth by heat of the sonne." Its uses in medicine are then described.—*Hunter.*

Antony and Cleopatra.

INTRODUCTION.

THE tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra was most likely produced in 1607 or 1608, the earliest notice of it that has been discovered being the following entry of the copyright of it to Edward Blount in May, 1608, in the books of the Stationers' Company—"20 May—Edw. Blunt—Entred also for his copie by the lyke auctoritie a booke called Anthony and Cleopatra." The "like authority" refers to the sanction of Sir George Buck and the Warden and the Company, as appears from the previous entry in the register, so that Blount was no doubt in possession of the copyright of the authentic play. If he printed it in 1608, no copy of the impression is now known to exist, the earliest edition which has been preserved being that in the collective edition of 1623, of which Blount was one of the publishers. I do not think it likely that it was printed separately by Blount, for it is included in the list of tragedies "as are not formerly entred to other men" in the entry of the copyright of the folio of 1623. An entry might be forgotten, while an edition would hardly have been. The story of Cleopatra was dramatised by Samuel Daniel as early as the year 1594, and Mary, Countess of Pembroke, translated from the French of Garnier the Tragedie of Antonie, 1595. Neither of these productions was used by Shakespeare, who, so far as we are aware, was solely indebted for his materials to the Life of Antonius in North's translation of Plutarch, 1579. This original has been followed as a rule with singular fidelity. It would

appear as if Shakespeare had North's Plutarch on his desk, and, at the least amount of trouble, wove out of an inartistic prosaic history the wonderful drama of Antony and Cleopatra. There is an indication in the old copy of the tragedy either that the poet originally intended to introduce personages named by Plutarch not now to be found in the tragedy, or that the latter has descended to us in a somewhat imperfect state. One of the stage-directions in the folio edition of 1623 runs as follows,—
“Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.” Lamprias is mentioned by Plutarch as authority for one of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria, a tale which is alluded to by Shakespeare. That the great dramatist could ever have seriously intended to introduce him as one of his characters seems improbable. If Antony and Cleopatra were printed from the author's manuscript, it is possible that this and some other names were placed suggestively in the margin, and in that way found a place in the stage-directions.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS,	}	<i>Friends to Cæsar.</i>
Taurus, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>		
Canidius, <i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>		
Silius, <i>an Officer under Ventidius.</i>		
Euphronius, <i>Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>		
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i> <i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>		
CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>		
OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>		
CHARMIAN, IRAS,	}	<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, renegues all temper,¹
And is become the bellows, and the fan,²
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains ;
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world³ transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.⁴

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :⁵
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, “ Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform’t, or else we damn thee.”

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer ; your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where’s Fulvia’s process ?⁶ Cæsar’s, I would say ?—Both ?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt’s queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar’s homager ;⁷ else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu’d Fulvia scolds.—The messengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang’d empire fall !⁸ Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth⁹ alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do’t, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

[*Embracing.*]

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I’ll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr’d by Cleopatra.¹⁰—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let’s not confound the time with conference harsh :
There’s not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion¹¹ fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir’d.

No messenger ;¹² but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets,¹³ and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,¹⁴ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN,¹⁵ IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you
praised so to the queen ? O ! that I knew this husband, which,
you say, must charge his horns with garlands !¹⁶

Alex. Soothsayer !

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough, Cleopatra's
health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.¹⁷

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:¹⁸ find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved a fairer former fortune, Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.¹⁹ Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.²⁰

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be, drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm²¹ be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune,²² his fortune.—O! let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee: and let her die too, and

give him a worse ; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee !

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded : therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden,
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas ?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius ?²³

Mess. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar ;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.²⁴

Ant. Well, what worst ?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates;²⁵
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Iona; whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still;²⁶ and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering,²⁷ does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back,²⁸ that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchancing queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hateh.—Ho, Enobarbus!²⁹

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir! no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters,³⁰ sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report:³¹ this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth:³² comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion,³³ that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience³⁴ to the queen, And get her leave to part:³⁵ for not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too, Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people— Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past—begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair,³⁶ hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us,³⁷ requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does: I did not send you.—If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly, You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, forbear :
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall :
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman ?—You may go :
Would, she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O ! never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words ; no going then :
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven :³⁸ they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches ; thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,³⁹
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die ?⁴⁰

Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ;⁴¹ at the last, best,
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill⁴²
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : by the fire
That quickens Nilus's slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.⁴³

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her ;

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,⁴⁴
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty⁴⁵
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me,⁴⁶ when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here,⁴⁷ go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.⁴⁸ From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel;⁴⁹ is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,⁵⁰
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;⁵¹
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed,⁵²
Whom these things cannot blemish—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,⁵³ when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't;⁵⁴ but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,⁵⁵
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being laek'd.⁵⁶ This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, laekeying the varying tide,⁵⁷
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Meneerates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind : many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel ean peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy laseivious wassails.⁵⁸ When thou once⁵⁹
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,⁶⁰
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st : on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on ; and all this—

It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy check
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council:⁶¹ Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.⁶²

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian—

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.⁶³—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,⁶⁴

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.⁶⁵

Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be ehok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,⁶⁶
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Reneagues all temper.*

Reneages, ed. 1623. The orthography in the text is adopted, on the suggestion of Coleridge, to indicate the right pronunciation. So, in Sylvester's *Dubartas*, *reneg'd* is made to rhyme with *leagued*,—

All Europe nigh, all sorts of rights reneg'd,
Against the truth and thee unholy leagued.

² *And is become the bellows, and the fan.*

In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:—

—— is become the bellows and the fan,
To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust.—*Johnson.*

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: “Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections.”—*Steevens.*

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of *wind*, without attending to the domestic use to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

Then, with her *windy* sighs, and golden hairs,
To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks.

The following lines in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. ix. at once support and explain the text:—

But to delay the heat, lest by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
A huge great payre of *bellowes*, which did styre
Continually, and *cooling breath* inspyre.—*Malone.*

Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his reasons for it ill founded. The bellows and the fan have the same effects. When applied to a fire, they increase it; but when applied to any other warm substance, they *cool* it.—*M. Mason.*

“Gipsy's lust.” *Gipsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*.—*Johnson.*

³ *The triple pillar of the world.*

Triple is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world.—*Warburton.*

So, in *All's Well That Ends Well*:—

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
He bade me store up as a *triple eye*.—*Malone.*

To sustain *the pillars of the earth* is a Scriptural phrase. Thus, in Psalm 75:—“The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved. I bear up *the pillars of it*.”—*Steevens.*

⁴ *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

They are but beggars that can count their worth.
Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.—*Mart.* l. vi. ep. 36.

Again, in the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*; as translated by Golding, p. 172:—*Pauperis est numerare pecus*.—“Tush! beggars of their cattel use the numbers for to know.”—*Steevens.*

Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—“I were but little happy, if I could say how much.”—*Malone.*

⁵ *Nay, hear them, Antony.*

That is, hear the *news*. This word, in Shakspeare's time, was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*:—“*Antonius hearing these newes*,” &c.—*Malone.*

⁶ *Where's Fulvia's process?*

Process here means *summons*. “The writings of our common lawyers sometimes calls that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more.” *Minsheu's Dict.* in v. *Processe*.—“To servè with *processe*. Vide to *cite*, to *summon*,” *Ibid.*—*Malone.*

⁷ *Is Cesar's homager.*

And all *homagers* of the realme to resigne to hym all the homages and fealties dewe to him as kyng and soveraigne.—*Hall's Union*, 1548.

⁸ *The wide arch of the rang'd empire fall!*

Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories.—Extremely noble.—*Warburton.*

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabric standing on pillars. The modern editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given.—*Johnson.*

Capell, the most neglected of the commentators, properly explains this—“*Orderly ranged*—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices.” He refers to a passage in *Coriolanus*,—

— Bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
In heaps and piles of ruin.—*Knight.*

Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. II. : “Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine.”—*Steevens*.

The term *range* seems to have been applied, in a peculiar sense, to mason-work, in our author’s time. So, in Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. ix. :—

It was a vault y-built for great dispencc,
With many *raunges* rear’d along the wall.—*Malone*.

What, in ancient masons’ or bricklayers’ work, was denominated a *range*, is now called a *course*.—*Steevens*.

As *range* signifies *compass, extent*, so the verb seems to be used, rather licentiously, in the present instance, in the sense of *spread, extended*. It may be doubted, at least, whether there be any allusion to a triumphal arch, as Warburton supposed, or even of a fabric standing on pillars, according to Johnson. The *wide arch* may refer to the vast concave of the Roman world, its wide domains covered by *the arch of heaven*, which has been beautifully styled by some oriental writer “the star-built arch of heaven.” See *The tales of Inatulla* by Dow, vol. i. p. 78.—*Douce*.

⁹ *Our dungy earth.*

The idea is, that the productions of the earth are so much indebted to *dung* for their perfection, that they may fairly be called so. The critics have happily illustrated this by other quotations, as this from *Timon of Athens* :—

— The earth’s a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement.

And this from the *Winter’s Tale* :—

— The face to sweeten
Of the whole *dungy* earth.

And yet more elegantly by the observation of the Æthiopian King in *Herodotus*, B. iii. who, hearing of the culture of corn, said, he “was not surprised if men who fed upon *dung*, did not attain a longer life.”—*Nares*.

¹⁰ *But stirr’d by Cleopatra.*

But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. “Antony, (says the queen,) will recollect his thoughts. *Unless* kept, (he replies,) in commotion by Cleopatra.”—*Johnson*.

What could Cleopatra mean by saying “Antony will recollect his thoughts?” What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy in which she wished to keep him. By “Antony will be himself,” she means to say, “that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia.” To which he replies, “If but stirr’d by Cleopatra;” that is, “if moved to it in the slightest degree by her.”—*M. Mason*.

In the following passage it has been supposed to mean *unless*, yet it appears to have no unusual signification. Cleopatra says “Antony will be himself.” To which he replies, “*But* stirr’d by Cleopatra;” which may either mean, “*but* Cleopatra will have the merit of moving him to be so;” or moved *only* by Cleopatra. *Ant. and Cl.* i. 1. So again in Act iii. sc. 9. “*But* your comfort makes the rescue.” I understand, “your comfort *only* can make,” &c.—*Nares*.

¹¹ *Whose every passion.*

The folio of 1623 reads—*who*. It was corrected in ed. 1632; but “*whose* xv. 28

every passion" was not, I suspect, the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt.—*Malone*.

"Whose every," is an undoubted phrase of our author. So, in the *Tempest*, Act II. Sc. I. :—

A space, *whose every* cubit
Seems to cry out, &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. VII. :—

—— this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, &c.—*Steevens*.

¹² *No messenger &c.*

Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation.—*Malone*.

¹³ *To-night we'll wander through the streets.*

But now againe to Cleopatra, Plato writeth that there are foure kinds of flatterie; but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she, were it in sport, or in matters of earnest, still devised sundrie newe delights to have Antonius at commaundement, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drinke with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activitie of body. And sometime also, when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens windowes and their shops, and scold and braule with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and downe the streetes with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mockes and blowes. Now, though most men misliked this maner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jolity, and liked it well, saying very gallantly, and wisely, that Antonius shewed them a comicall face, to wit, a merie countenance; and the Romaines a tragicall face, to say, a grimme looke.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

¹⁴ *That he approves the common liar.*

Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.—*Malone*. So, in *Hamlet*:—"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it."—*Steevens*.

Shakespeare uses *approve* here and elsewhere in the sense of *gain credit for*; as in this passage, and in *King Lear*, "Good King, thou must *approve* the common saw;" and again in *Hamlet*, "He may *approve* our eyes and speak to it." It is an intermediate stage between the original sense of *prove* and the modern sense of the word *approve*.—*Hunter*.

¹⁵ *Enter Charmian, &c.*

The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Soothsayer, *Rannius*, *Lucilius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas." Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely over-looked, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction. It is not impossible, indeed, that *Lamprius*,

Rannius, Lucilius, &c., might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakspeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance.—*Steevens*.

¹⁶ *Must charge his horns with garlands.*

Change, old eds. The true reading evidently is:—"must *charge* his horns with garlands," that is, make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands.—*Warburton*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, "change *for* horns *his* garlands." I am in doubt whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes of garlands*.—*Johnson*.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "— with a cloak of some pyed colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *variety* of them. Coriolanus says that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians, Act. II. Sc. I.

That to *change with*, "applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other," is the language of Shakspeare, Malone might have learned from the following passage in *Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. VI. i. e. the Queen's speech to Pisanio:—

————— to shift his being
Is to *exchange* one misery *with* another.

Again, in the 4th book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 892:—

——— where thou might'st hope to *change*
Torment *with* ease.—*Steevens*.

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated; but an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was sometimes omitted both in manuscript and print, in abbreviated syllables, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *charge* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change with*, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in the *Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraseology—*change for*:—"To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions."

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of the age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our author, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported. Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Theobald, and adopted by Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none: for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? This substantive *change* being formerly used to signify *variety*, as *change* of clothes, of honours, &c., proves nothing: *change of clothes* or *linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to show that it signified to *dress*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at present*, for garlands, or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should *change* or part with

them, for garlands; but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns “charged with garlands” is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton’s Leasures*, 8vo. 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to “hold his *velvet horns* as high as the best of them.”

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head*; a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So, *Sidney*:—“A *garland* made, on *temples* for to wear.”

It is observable that the same mistake as this happened in *Coriolanus*, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:—

And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak.

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—“to change with,” in *Lyly’s Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600:—

The sweetness of that banquet must forego,
Whose pleasant taste is *chang’d with* bitter woe.

I am still, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons already assigned.—*Malone*.

“To change his horns *with* (i. e. for) garlands” signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says *Benedick*, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—“There is no staff more honourable than one tipt with *horn*.”—We are not to look for serious argument in such a “skipping dialogue” as that before us.—*Steevens*.

¹⁷ *I had rather heat my liver with drinking.*

So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:—“And let my *liver* rather *heat* with wine.”—*Steevens*.

To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.—*Johnson*.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson’s observation:—

He’ll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,
To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
For heating’s liver; which some may suppose
Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*.—*Malone*.

The *liver* was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, “She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated.”—*M. Mason*.

¹⁸ *To whom Herod of Jewry may do homage.*

Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that “Herod of Jewry” became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, *Hamlet* says of a ranting player, that he “*out-herods Herod*.” And, in this tragedy, *Alexas* tells *Cleopatra*, that “not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;” i. e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this

explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.—*Steevens*.

¹⁹ *Then, belike, my children shall have no names.*

If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose “I shall never name children,” that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, “how many boys and wenches?”—*Johnson*.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father’s family. Thus says Launce, in the third Act of the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—“That’s as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their father, and therefore *have no names*;—.”—*Steevens*.

A line in our author’s Rape of Lucrece confirms Steevens’s interpretation:—“Thy issue blurr’d with *nameless bastardy*.”—*Malone*.

A *fairer fortune*, may mean “a more prosperous fortune.” So Launcelot, in the Merchant of Venice, “Well, if any man in Italy have a *fairer table*.”—*Boswell*.

²⁰ *And fertile every wish, a million.*

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretell* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. “If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I *should* foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.” It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation: “I should shame you, and tell all;” that is, “and if I should *tell all*.” *And is* for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially, used for *if*.—*Johnson*.

I have not hesitated to receive Dr. Warburton’s emendation, the change being so slight, and so strongly supported by the context. If every one of your wishes, says the Soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise *fertile*, you then would have a million of children. The merely supposing each of her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the Soothsayer to pronounce that she should have *any* children, much less a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to “the sterile curse.” The word *fertile*, therefore, is absolutely requisite to the sense. In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, “I should shame you and tell all,” *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced.—*Malone*.

The epithet *fertile* is applied to womb, in Timon of Athens:—“Ensear thy *fertile* and conceptionous womb.” I have received Dr. Warburton’s most happy emendation. The reader who wishes for more instruction on this subject, may consult Goulart’s Admirable Histories, 4to. 1607, p. 222, where we are told of a Sicilian Woman who “was so *fertill*, as at thirty birthes she had seaventie three children.”—*Steevens*.

²¹ *Nay, if an oily palm, &c.*

So, in Othello,—

—— This *hand* is moist, my lady:—
This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart.

Again, in Venus and Adonis:—

With that she seizeth on his *sweating palm*,
The precedent of pith and livelihood.—*Malone*.

Antonio, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, has the same remark:—"I have a moist, sweaty palm; the more's my sin."—*Steevens*.

²² *Alexas,—come, his fortune.*

In the old copy, the name of *Alexas* is prefixed to this speech. Whose fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipt the observation of all the editors; especially of Pope, who has made this declaration, "That if, throughout the plays, had all the *speeches* been printed without the very *names* of the persons, he *believes* one might have applied them *with certainty* to every speaker." The fact is evidently this: *Alexas* brings a fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and says himself, "We'll know all our fortunes." Well; the Soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in *Alexas's* fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to *Charmian*. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observations which *Alexas* immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused.—*Theobald*.

²³ *Against my brother Lucius.*

Now *Antonius* delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother *Lucius* and *Fulvia* his wife fell out first betwene themselves, and afterwards fell to open warre with *Cæsar*, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to flie out of Italy. The second newes, as bad as the first; that *Labienu*s conquered all Asia with the armie of the Parthians, from the river of *Euphrates*, and from Syria, unto the countries of *Lydia* and *Ionia*. Then beganne *Antonius* with much a do, a litle to rouse him selfe as if he had bene wakened out of a deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, comming out of a great drunkennesse. So, first of all he bent himselfe against the Parthians, and went as farre as the country of *Phœnicia*; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife *Fulvia*. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred saile; and as he went, tooke up his friends by the way that fled out of Italie, to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife *Fulvia* was the only cause of this warre; who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uprore in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from *Cleopatra*. But by good fortune, his wife *Fulvia*, going to meete with *Antonius*, sickned by the way, and died in the citie of *Sicyone*; and therefore *Octavius Cæsar* and he were the easilier made friends together. For when *Antonius* landed in Italie, and that men saw *Cæsar* asked nothing of him, and that *Antonius* on the other side laide all the fault and burden on his wife *Fulvia*; the friendes of both parties would not suffer them to unrippe any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this warre, fearing to make matters worse betwene them; but they made them friendes together, and devided the Empire of Rome betwene them, making the sea *Ionium* the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces Eastward unto *Antonius*; and the countries Westward unto *Cæsar*; and left *Africke* unto *Lepidus*; and made a law that they three one after an other should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

²⁴ *Upon the first encounter drave them.*

Drave is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus, in Joshua, xxiv. 12: “— and *drave* them out from before you.” Again, in Chapman’s version of the 24th Iliad:—

—— to chariot he arose,
Drave forth—.—*Steevens*.

Thou seest me, Lord, not now a mortall man,
But dead now to delights, I live in dole;
When my hard starre, and fortune ominous,
Drave me into places so uncouth and strange.

The Passenger of Benvenuto, 4to. 1612.

²⁵ *Extended Asia from Euphrates.*

That is, widened or extended the bounds of the Lesser Asia.—*Warburton*.

To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize*; I know not whether this be not the sense here.—*Johnson*.

I believe Dr. Johnson’s explanation is right. So, in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:—

Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*,
From the south pole unto the northern bear.

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:—

This uncivil and unjust *extent*
Against thy peace.

Again, in Massinger’s *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the Extortioner says:—
“This manor is *extended* to my use.”

Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson’s explanation is just; “for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia.” To *extend* is a law term used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: “Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized,” Savile’s translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. And then observes, that “Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As You Like It*:—

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an *extent* upon his house and lands.—*Steevens*.

²⁶ *When our quick minds lie still.*

The old copy reads, ‘quick *winds*’; an error which has occurred elsewhere. Warburton made the correction. ‘Our *quick* minds’ means our *lively apprehensive* minds; which, when they lie idle, bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; to tell us of our faults is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, and is the way to kill these weeds.—*Singer*.

The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good.—*Johnson*.

An idea, somewhat similar, occurs also in the First Part of King Henry IV.: “— the cankers of a *calm world* and a *long peace*.” Again, in the Puritan: “— hatched and nourished in the *idle calms* of peace.” Again, and yet more appositely, in King Henry VI. Part III.:—“For what doth *cherish weeds*, but *gentle air*?”

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read *minds*. Dr. Johnson, however, might,

in some degree, have countenanced his explanation by a singular epithet that occurs twice in the Iliad—*wind-nourished*. In the first instance, l. xi. 256, it is applied to the tree of which a spear had been made; in the second, l. xv. 625, to a wave, impelled upon a ship.—*Steevens*.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word, signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in p. 204. So, in Genesis, c. xlv.: “Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest.”—*Blackstone*.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds* I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*. *Wind-rows* likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage.—*Steevens*.

Steevens’s description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context. Dr. Johnson hath considered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *he*, figuratively, is the *idle soil*; the *malice* that *speaks home*, the *quick*, or cutting *winds*, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our *ills* (that is *the truth* faithfully) *told us*; a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—“is as our *earing* ;” serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop. When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, *in a mild winter*, those weeds which “the tyrannous breathings of the north” would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow.—*Henley*.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I must say that I received it from an Essex farmer; observing, at the same time, that in different counties the same terms are differently applied.—*Steevens*.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: “When our pregnant *winds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them.” The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick winds lying still*, is little better than nonsense.—*M. Mason*.

The words—*lie still*, appear to have been technically used by those who borrow their metaphors from husbandry. Thus Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 32: “— as a ground which is apt for corne, &c. if a man let it *lye still*, &c. if it be wheate it will turne into rye.”—*Steevens*.

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:—“The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good.” This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because “the

ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows*;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"not ventilated by quick winds," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited. Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive." Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians," &c.

It is, however, proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds*, in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning; and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in King John, Act V. Sc. VII. where we have, in the only authentic copy:—

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
Against the *wind*.

Again, in Troilus and Cressida, folio, 1632:—"Let it be call'd the *mild* and wand'ring flood."—*Malone*.

Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*; and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earing."—*Knight*.

²⁷ *By revolution lowering.*

The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the *east*, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes *the opposite of itself*.—*Warburton*.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps, Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain.—*Johuson*.

I rather understand the passage thus: "What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable."—*Tollet*.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to

remove every difficulty from the passage.—“The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.”—*Steevens*.

²⁸ *The hand could pluck her back.*

The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, “the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.”—*Heath*.

Could, *would*, and *should*, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance.—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *Ho, Enobarbus!*

It would be impossible, I presume, to point out, in any old writer, an instance of “How now!” used as *the exclamation of a person summoning another into his presence*. Here the right reading is indubitably,—“*Ho, Enobarbus!*” I have already shown that *ho* was very frequently spelt *how*; and the probability is, that in the present passage the author’s manuscript had *how*; to which either some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added *now*, making the line over-measure.—*A. Dyce*.

³⁰ *We cannot call her winds and waters, &c.*

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. “We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears; they are greater storms,” &c.—*Malone*.

³¹ *Greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report.*

O, here, *St. Swithin’s, the 15 day, variable weather, for the most part rain, good! for the most part rain*: why, it should rain forty days after, now, more or less, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two days no rain; ha! it makes me muse. We’ll see how the next month begins, if that be better. *August 1, 2, 3, and 4, days, rainy and blustering*; this is well now: *5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, rainy, with some thunder*; Ay marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: *the 10 and 11, great store of rain*; O good, good, good, good! *the 12, 13, and 14 days, rain*; good still: *15, and 16, rain*; good still: *17 and 18, rain, good still*; *19 and 20, good still, good still, good still, good still, good still!* *21, some rain*; some rain! well, we must be patient, and attend the heavens’ pleasure, would it were more though: *the 22, 23, great tempests of rain, thunder and lightning.*—*Ben Jonson’s Every Man out of his Humour*.

³² *It shows to man the tailors of the earth.*

I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—“*They show* to man the tailors of the earth; comforting *him therein*,” &c. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus—“It shows to *men* the tailors of the earth, comforting them,” &c.—*Johnson*.

When the deities are pleased to take a man’s wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth; affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another.—*Malone*.

The meaning is this—“As the gods have been pleased to take away your

wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.”—*Anon.*

³³ *The tears live in an onion.*

So, in the Noble Soldier, 1634: “So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough,” &c. i. e. your sorrow should be a forced one. In another scene of this play we have *onion-eyed*; and, in the Taming of a Shrew, the Lord says:—

—— If the boy have not a woman’s gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An *onion* will do well.

Again, in Hall’s Vigidemiarum, lib. vi. :—

Some strong-smeld *onion* shall stirre his eyes
Rather than no salt tears shall then arise.—*Stevens.*

³⁴ *The cause of our expedience.*

Expedience, for *expedition*. So, in King Henry IV. First Part, Act I. Sc. I. :—

————— Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear *expedience*.—*Malone.*

³⁵ *And get her leave to part.*

“And get her lone to part,” ed. 1633. The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra’s permission to depart, and in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer :—

————— I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect’st.

I have lately observed that this emendation had been made by Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*. The same error has happened in Titus Andronicus, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that *leave* was Shakspeare’s word. In that place we find:—“He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,” instead of—“He *leaves*,” &c.—*Malone.*

I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards :—“’Would she had never given you *leave* to come!”—*M. Mason.*

The old reading may mean—“And prevail on her love to consent to our separation.”—*Stevens.*

When hardly any sense can be brought, with the utmost refinement of conjecture, from the word as it is, and when a very easy and obvious one is produced by so slight a change, no one surely who is acquainted with the inaccuracy even of the best printing, need hesitate at inserting it in the text.—*Pye.*

³⁶ *Which, like the courser’s hair, &c.*

Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.—*Pope.*

So, in Holinshed’s Description of England, p. 224: “—A *horse-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living

creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. Again, in Churelyard's Discourse of Rebellion, &c. 1570 :—

Hit is of kinde much worsse then *horses heare*
That lyes in donge, where on vyle *serpents* brede.—*Steevens*.

Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.—*Tollet*.

There was an old superstition that horse-hair laid in water turned to serpents. Coleridge, in his Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 145, informs us that a notion of the kind still prevails in Cumberland and Westmoreland. "This," he says, "is so far true to appearance, that a horse-hair laid, as Holinshed says, in a pail of water, will become the supporter of, seemingly, one worm, though probably of an immense number of small, slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round the finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmoreland."—*Collier*.

³⁷ *To such whose place is under us.*

Say to those whose place is under us, that is, to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—"whose places under us," and "*require*." The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio.—*Malone*.

I learn, from an ancient Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, &c. published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1790, that it was the office of "Gentlemen Ushers to give the whole house warning upon a remove."—*Steevens*.

I believe we should read:—"Their quick remove from hence." Tell our design of going away to those who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste.—*Johnson*.

³⁸ *But was a race of heaven.*

Warburton and Johnson consider this as meaning a taste or flavour of heaven, as we say, the race of wine; but I am inclined to think with Malone, that it may mean of heavenly origin.—*Pye*.

³⁹ *Should safe my going.*

That is, should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Theobald, instead of *safe*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*.—*Malone*.

— *safe* my going, is the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene, a soldier says to Enobarbus:—"Best you *safed* the bringer—Out of the host."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁰ *Can Fulvia die?*

That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be: "Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?" She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says.—*Steevens*.

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it.—*Ritson*.

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning.—*Malone*.

⁴¹ *The garboils she awak'd.*

“*Garbouil*, a garboyle, hurlyburly, great stirre, monstrous rambling, horrible rumbling,” Cotgrave, ed. 1611. “Then *garboils* did within their gates abound,” *Drayton's Harmonic of the Church*, 1591.

The shepherds, finding no place for them in these *garboyles*, to which their quiet hearts had at all no aptnes.—*The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadiu*, 1593.

Raign'd seventeene yeares; him Phillip King of France
Invades, in Arthur Duke of Britton's name,
Whose powers the English John surprisd by chance,
Imprisoning Arthur; whence these *garboyles* came.

Heywood's Troia Britanica, fol. 1609.

Whereby it happened afterward, that the same Arsaces was taken prisoner alive, and the Parthians among these dissentions and troublous *garboyles*, went away with the greatest side of Armenia, confining upon the Medes, together with Artaxata.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, translated by Holland, 1609.

Those for the cause that then impris'ned were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set;
Whose purpose frustrate, by their enemies care,
New *garboiles* doth continually beget.—*Drayton*.

⁴² *Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill.*

Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, of bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend.—*Johnson*.

So, in the first Act of the Two Noble Kinsmen, said to be written by Fletcher, in conjunction with Shakspeare:—

Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials, fill'd with tears.—*Stevens*.

These vials are now known to be unguent bottles. The annexed examples are from Roman cemeteries in England.

⁴³ *So Antony loves.*

That is, uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony.—*Stevens*.

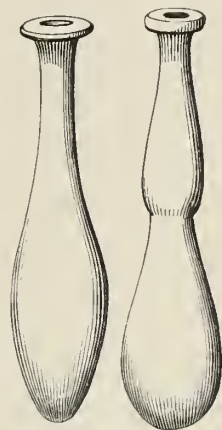
I believe Stevens is right; yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be—“My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me.” *So, for so that.* If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus:—

I am quickly ill,—and well again,
So Antony loves.

Thus, in a subsequent scene:—

—— I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd.—*Malone*.

This passage is usually pointed with a colon after “well;” and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, “such is Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health.” We follow the punctuation of the original, which is



more consonant with the rapid and capricious demeanour of Cleopatra—I am quickly ill, and I am well again, so that Antony loves.—*Knights*.

⁴⁴ *O, my oblivion is a very Antony.*

My oblivious memory is a very Antony, who is oblivion in the abstract, and by whom I am entirely forgotten. Man in Arabic is called *ensauna*, oblivion, from his forgetfulness of God's commands. Thus Abi Teman in Pocock's *Carmen Tograï*, p. 190, sings, 'Don't forget, O man! these precepts, for your very name man is oblivion, because you are forgetful.'—*Anon*.

She compares her memory to Antony, and says she is treacherously abandoned and neglected by *both*. Steevens's explanation of the first line is satisfactory; but one cannot well agree with him or Mason, that "I am all forgotten" can possibly mean, "I forget myself, or every thing."—*Douce*.

⁴⁵ *But that your royalty &c.*

That is, but that your charms hold me, who am the *greatest* fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the *greatest*. That this is the sense is shown by her answer:—

'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such *idleness so near the heart*,
As Cleopatra this.—*Warburton*.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarse one. The sense may be:—But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself. So Webster, who was often a close imitator of Shakspeare, in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:—

— how *idle* am I
To *question* my own *idleness*!

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself.—*Steevens*.

Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps *your subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding;" to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being.—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *Since my becomings kill me.*

There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her—

— wrangling queen,
Whom every thing *becomes*.

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. Or she may mean—that conduct, which, in my own *opinion*, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a shock to my sensibility.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁷ *That thou, residing here, &c.*

This conceit might have been suggested by the following passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book i. :—

She went they staid; or, rightly for to say,
She staid with them, they went in thought with her.

Thus also, in the Mercator of Plautus: "Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁸ *Our great competitor.*

One, ed. 1623; *our*, Johnson conj. Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read—"Our great competitor," as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. So Menas says:—

These three world-sharers, these *competitors*
Are in thy vessel.

And again, Cæsar, speaking of Antony, says—

That thou my brother, my *competitor*,
In top of all design, my mate in empire.—*M. Mason*.

One competitor is any one of his great competitors.—*Boswell*.

⁴⁹ *And wastes the lamp of night in revel,*

Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great warres, and much a doe with Cæsar for his affaires, and that the armie of the Parthians (the which the kings Lieutenantes had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, readie to invade Syria; yet, as though all this had nothing touched him, he yeilded himselfe to goe with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend, as Antiphon saith; and that is, time. For they made an order betwene them, which they called Amimetobion (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it) one feasting each other by turnes, and in cost, exceeding all measure and reason.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

⁵⁰ *Seem as the spots of heaven.*

If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:—

— spots on *ermine*,
Or *fires*, by night's blackness.—*Johnson*.

The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues. That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous. It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and *splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in Hamlet, where a similar thought is less equivocally expressed:—

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fire off indeed.

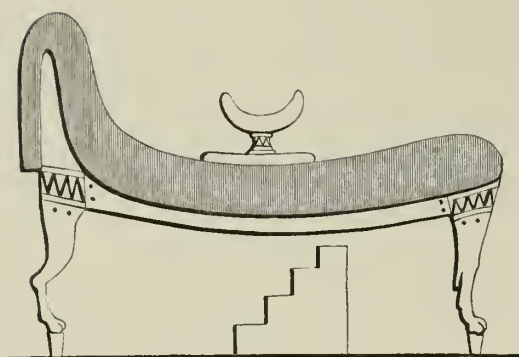
A kindred thought occurs in King Henry V. :—

— though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. :—

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.—*Malone.*

⁵¹ *The bed of Ptolemy.*



The following note was sent me by Mr. Fairholt,—“the form of the royal bed of ancient Egypt is admirably given in the wall-paintings of the tomb of King Remeses III. at Thebes. The crescent-shaped stand on the cushion of the couch is the pillow, or head-stool, which was carved in wood; and is used in Nubia at the present day. The steps for ascending the bed, are curious for their exact resemblance to those in use among ourselves. Remeses reigned, according to Wilkinson, B.C. 1219—1189.”

⁵² *As his composure must be rare indeed.*

This seems inconsequent. I read :—“*And* his composure,” &c. Grant that this becomes him, *and* if it can become him, he must have in him something very uncommon, *yet*, &c.—*Johnson.*

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As You Like It* we meet with the same kind of phraseology :—

— what though you *have* beauty,—
As by my faith I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you therefore be proud and pitiless?—*Malone.*

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

But say that he or we, (*as neither have*),
Receiv'd that sum, &c.

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605 : “I force not of such fooleries : but if *I have any* skill in sooth-saying, (*as* in sooth I have *none*,) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king.”—*Malone.*

⁵³ *No way excuse his soils.*

The old copy has—*foils*. For the emendation now made I am answerable. In the MSS. of our author's time *s* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regularly used

this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in Hamlet :—

— and no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch,
The virtue of his will.

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost :—

The only *soil* of his fair virtue's gloss.

Again, in Measure for Measure :—

Who is as free from touch or *soil* with her,
As she from one ungot.

Again, *ibid* :—

My *unsoil'd* name, the austereness of my life.

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II. :—

For all the *soil* of the achievement goes
With me into the earth.

In the last Act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous :—

— His *taints* and honours
Wag'd equal in him.

Again, in Act II. Sc. III. :—“ Read not my *blemishes* in the world's reports.”—*Malone*.

If *foils* be inadmissible, (which I question,) we might read—*fails*. In the Winter's Tale, we meet with this substantive, which signifies omission, or non-performance :—

Mark, and perform it. See'st thou? for the *fail*
Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, &c.—*Stevens*.

Our reading is that of the folio, 1623, and of all the subsequent editions in that form. *Malone* and modern editors have altered “ foils” to *soils*, without sufficient necessity: the “ foils” of Antony are his vices, his foibles, which injure the beauty of his character, and *foil* or defeat the exercise of his virtues. At the same time it must be allowed, that “ foils” for *soils* would be a very easy misprint, the long *s* and the *f* being frequently mistaken.—*Collier*.

⁵⁴ *Call on him for't.*

Call on him, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar—If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*.—*Johnson*.

⁵⁵ *Who, being mature in knowledge.*

For this *Hanmer*, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconsistent idea, has put :—“ — who, *immature* in knowledge:” but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though *Dr. Warburton* has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*.—*Johnson*.

⁵⁶ *Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.*

Old copy—*fear'd*. Let us examine the sense of this (as it stood) in plain prose. “ The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted

by them, becomes to be *fear'd* by them." But do the multitude *fear* a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:—"Comes *dear'd*, by being lack'd," i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:—"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*."—*Warburton*.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd till *ne'er* worth love?" I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till *not* worth love.—*Malone*.

⁵⁷ *Lackeying the varying tide.*

"Lackeying" is Theobald's change, for *lacking* of the old copies, and not for *lashing*, as he erroneously asserts: no folio has *lashing*. The corruption of *lacking* for "lackeying" was very easy. Southern, in his folio, 1685, altered *lacking* to *backing*; but we much prefer Theobald's emendation.—*Collier*.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:—

—— who would willingly
Lacky along so vast a lake of brine?

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:—

"My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side." Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Melilda*, 1602:—

O that our power
Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!

Again, in the Whole Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, &c. March 15, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "The minutes (that *lackey* the heeles of time) run not faster away than do our joyes." Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news.—*Steevens*.

Then seating himself on the back of good steed Founder-foot, a hors not to bettered in Phœbus stable for the flownce or the frisk, and all the fashions of a prauncing palfray, he appointed Soto to *lacquey* by his side.—*Don Zara del Fogo*, a *Mock-Romance*, 1656.

⁵⁸ *Leave thy lascivious wassails.*

The question here is, whether *vassailes*, as the word is printed in the folios, 1623 and 1632, be meant for "wassails," or merely for *vassals*. Either reading may be right; but *vassal* was not usually, though sometimes, spelt *vassaile*, and nothing is more likely than that the old compositor should use *v* for *w*. Cæsar has previously accused Antony of "tippling with a slave," and "reeling the streets at noon," which countenances "wassails" as an old drinking term.—*Collier*.

⁵⁹ *When thou once &c.*

Cicero on the other side being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed yong Cæsar sergeants to cary axes before him, and such other signes as were incident to the dignity of a consull or prætor; and moreover sent Hircius and

Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battel; but both the consuls were slaine there. Antonius flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once; but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversitie, and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himselfe. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by vertue and discretion what he should doe; but when in deede they are overlayed with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much lesse to avoide that they reprove and mislike. But rather to the contrary, they yeeld to their accustomed easie life; and through faint heart, and lacke of eorage, doe change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers, to see Antonius, that was brought up in all finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drinke puddle water, and to eate wild fruites and rootes; and moreover it is reported, that, even as they passed the Alpes, they did eate the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

⁶⁰ *And the gilded puddle.*

See the preceding extract from Plutareh. There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers.—*Henley*.

I conceive it to be an epithet formed upon a minute observation of a common phenomenon. On all puddles where there is much mixture of urine, as in stable-yards, &c., there is formed a film, which reflects all the prismatic colours, and very principally yellow, and other tinges of a golden hue.—*Nares*.

⁶¹ *Assemble we immediate council.*

Old copy—*assemble me*. Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: “Assemble *we*,” &c. So, afterwards:—“—Haste *we* for it:”—*Malone*.

I adhere to the reading of the second folio. Thus, in King Henry IV. Part II. King Henry V. says:—“Now call *we* our high court of parliament.”—*Stevens*.

⁶² *Give me to drink mandragora.*

A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in Othello:—

Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep.—*Johnson*.

So, in Webster's Dutchesse of Malfy, 1623:—

Come violent death,
Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.—*Stevens*.

Gerard, in his Herbal, says of the *mandragoras*: “Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.” In Adlington's Apuleius (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, p. 187, lib. x.: “I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of

such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead.”—*Percy*.

See also Pliny's Natural History, by Holland, 1601, and Plutarch's Morals, 1602, p. 19.—*Ritson*.

It is most dangerous to receive into the body the juyce of the roote of this herbe, for if one take never so little more in quantitie, than the just proportion which he ought to take, it killeth the body. The leaves and fruit be also dangerous, for they cause deadly sleepe, and peevisk drowsiness, like opium.—*Lyte's Dodoens*, p. 438, ed. 1578.

⁶³ *With his tinct gilded thee.*

Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The Alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.—*Johnson*.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:—“O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.” And on this passage he has the following note: “The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes.” Thus, in the *Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 16,330:—

—— the philosophre's stone,
Elixir cleped, we seken fast eche on.

See *Tempest*, last Scene, near the end.—*Steevens*.

⁶⁴ *And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed.*

That is, a steed as thin as one's arm, one worn lean and thin by excessive service in war. Chaucer has a similar compound, *arm-grete*, as large as the arm,—

His long here was kemped behind his bak,
As any ravenis fethre't shone for blak.
A wrethe of gold, *arm-grete*, of huge weight
Upon his hede set full of stonis bright.

It is still not unusual to speak of things as being as long or as thick as one's arm. I do not believe that the text is croneous, but so much doubt has been expressed as to its correctness, some of the notes of the critics are here added.

Arm-gaunt, that is, his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:—“His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode.”—*Warburton*.

On this note Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Seward, in his preface to *Beaumont and Fletcher*, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:—“*arm-girt* steed.”—*Johnson*.

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his *Venus and Adonis*. Dr. Johnson must have looked into some early edition of

Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: "I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—gaunt *quoad* armos."—*Malone*.

I suppose there must be some error in the passage, and should amend it by reading:—

And soberly did mount a *termagant* steed,
That neigh'd, &c.

Termagant means *furious*. So Douglas, in Henry IV. is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted composedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded post-horse, would not have done.—*M. Mason*.

When I first met with Mason's conjecture, I own I was startled at its boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it, its appearance in the present text of Shakspeare will sufficiently prove. It ought to be observed, in defence of this emendation, that the word *termagant* (originally the proper name of a clamorous Saracenic deity) did not, without passing through several gradations of meaning, become appropriated (as at present) to a turbulent female. I may add, that the sobriety displayed by Antony in mounting a steed of temper so opposite, reminds us of a similar contrast in Addison's celebrated comparison of the Angel:—"Calm and serene he drives the *furious* blast."

Let the critic who can furnish a conjecture nearer than *termagant* to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt*, or can make any change productive of sense more apposite and commodious, displace M. Mason's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered among the *feliciter audentia* of criticism, and meets at least with my own unequivocal approbation.—*Steevens*.

If Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation *arm-girt* should not be adopted, I know not what to make of this difficult passage. Till some instance shall be produced of the epithet *termagant* being applied to a steed, I apprehend Steevens will have few followers in the sanction he has given to this wild alteration; which would at the same time destroy the measure of the verse. May I be permitted to throw out a conjecture, as to which I myself have no great confidence. *Gaunt* is certainly *thin*; but as it is generally used in speaking of animals made *savage by hunger*, such as a *gaunt* wolf, a *gaunt* mastiff, it is possible that it may derivatively have acquired the sense of *fierce*, and an *arm-gaunt* steed may signify a steed looking fierce in armour. The reader need scarcely be informed that formerly the horse was often protected by armour as well as his rider.—*Boswell*.

Arm-gaunt, a word peculiar to Shakespeare, of which the meaning has been much disputed. Some will have it *lean-shouldered*, some *lean with poverty*, others *slender as one's arm*; but it seems to me that Warburton, though he failed in his proof, gave the interpretation best suited to the text, *worn by military service*. This implies the military activity of the master; all the rest of the senses are reproachful, and are therefore inconsistent with the speech which is made to display the gallantry of a lover to his mistress.—*Nares*.

The old copy reads 'an *arm-gaunt* steed,' upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of 'a *termagant* steed,' with high commendation. A striking objection to that reading, which escaped Steevens in adopting it, is that *an* could never stand before *termagant*. The epithet *arrogant* now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Boaden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article *an* retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical

authority. In the *Auraco Domado* of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage:—

Y el *cavallo arrogante*, en que subido
El hombre parecia
Monstruosa fiera que sics pies tenia.

Termagant, it should be observed, is *furious*; *arrogant*, which answers to the Latin *ferox*, is only *fierce, proud*. Our great poet ‘of imagination all compact,’ is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS., might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*.—*Singer*.

Thus the text of the original folio, with an evident error in *armegaunt*. This has been changed to *termagaunt*,—the most common reading—*arm-girt, arrogant*, and *war-gaunt*. Of all these, *arm-girt*, proposed by Hammer, seems to me the most suitable word, by far. But is it not possible that the compositor made a transposition of the first two letters, and adding the very easy mistake of *g* for *q*, printed “armegaunt” for *rampaunt*? This sorts well with what Alexas says of the high neighing of the horse.—*R. G. White*.

⁶⁵ *Was beastly dumb'd by him.*

The old copy has *dumbe*. The correction was made by Theobald. “Alexas means (says he) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could not have been heard.”—*Malone*.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:—“Deep clerks she *dumbs*,” &c.—*Steevens*.

Shakspeare wrote:—“Was beastly *done* by him,” i. e., the sense of what I would have spoke, the horse declared, though in inarticulate sounds. The case was this: Alexas came to take leave of Antony, who recommended a message to him to his mistress; Alexas then had no more to do but to make his compliments: but in that instant Antony mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master’s weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance (such a one as poet’s and romancers, when they speak of their hero’s adventures, never fail to improve,) Alexas is made to turn to a compliment on Antony, which could not but please Cleopatra. I was going (says he,) to pay my farewell compliments to Antony, to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, showed him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest.—*Warburton*.

But why did the Manuscript-corrector alter *beastly* to *boastfully*, which I should have thought nobody *could* “read as a dissyllable,” had not Mr. Collier declared that it *must* be read as such? Merely because he happened not to perceive the meaning which Shakspeare evidently intended *beastly* to convey, viz. *in the manner of a beast*,—i. e. *by inarticulate sounds*, which rendered vain all attempts at speaking on the part of Alexas. The adverb *beastly* occurs in the *Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 2, and in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 3.—*A. Dyce*.

⁶⁶ *Cold in blood.*

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. “Those, (says she,) were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.”—*Warburton*.

Old copy:—

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood
To say as I said then.

Warburton's reading is more spirited, but *cold* and *green* seem to be suggested by the metaphor *sallad* days.—*Boswell*.

Boswell would make these words apply to Cleopatra, as if she had been "cold in blood" when she was young, and hot in blood now she had grown older: "cold in blood" is clearly addressed to Charmian, by way of reproof, and so Warburton considered, varying judiciously from the old punctuation, which affords, not only a tame and spiritless, but an inconsistent, meaning.—*Collier*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in POMPEY'S House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*¹

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are erecent,² and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!³
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.⁴—How now, Varrius!

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,⁵
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square⁶ between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon,⁷ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.**Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.⁸

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here,⁹ to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.¹⁰

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet, if you there
Did practise on my state,¹¹ your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you ;¹² you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business : my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did enquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,¹³
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ?¹⁴ Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,¹⁵
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :¹⁶
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pae easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go
to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too—I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted : then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning ; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :
The honour's sacred¹⁷ which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
'To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you
may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it
again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore, speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.¹⁸

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,¹⁹
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd²⁰ of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar ; let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims

No worse a husband than the best of men,
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"
 To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
 Further this act of grace, and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Meeænas!—my
honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made
the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole²¹ at a breakfast, and but
twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more
monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to
her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,²² she pursed up his
heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well
for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in,²³ like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;²⁴
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion,—cloth of gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.²⁵

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nercides,
 So many mermaids,²⁶ tended her i' the eyes,²⁷
 And made their bends adornings ; at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city east
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,²³
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper : she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of " No " woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street ;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale²⁹
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her,³⁰ when she is riggish.³¹

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report;
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
 Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.]

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but
 yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or
 mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatched,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear,³² as being o'erpower'd : therefore,
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.— [*Exit* Soothsayer.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,³³
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,³⁴ at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia : your commission's ready ;
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same.* *A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter.
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling;³⁵ when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then, put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.³⁶—

Enter a Messenger.

— O! from Italy?—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.³⁷

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold,³⁸ and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like “but yet,” it does allay
The good preedenee; fie upon “but yet!”
“But yet” is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr’ythee, friend,
Pour out the paek of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He’s friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say’st; and, thou say’st, free.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:
He’s bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i’ the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he’s married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilenee upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Henee,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I’ll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I’ll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp’d with wire,³⁹ and stew’d in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Graeious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the mateh.

Cleo. Say, ’tis not so, a provinee I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty ean beg.

Mess. He’s married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv’d too long. [Draws a Dagger.]

Mess. Nay, then, I’ll run.—

What mean you, madam! I have made no fault. [Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innoeent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunder-bolt.⁴⁰—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;⁴¹ since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O! I would, thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A eistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Nareissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offense, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of?⁴²—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas [To MARDIAN.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum
and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY,
ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And earry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods.—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,⁴³
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honoured, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails ;
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :⁴⁴
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.⁴⁵

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer ; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune easts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand:
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becoms thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:⁴⁶
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.⁴⁷

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate

author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is : he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On Board POMPEY'S Galley, lying
near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.*⁴⁸

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants⁴⁹ are ill-rooted already ; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.⁵⁰

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more ;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no serviee, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere,⁵¹ and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile⁵²

By certain seales i' the pyramid : they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze seatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept : I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises⁵³ are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear : what is't ?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth ; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs ; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so ; and the tears of it are wet.⁵⁴

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang ! Tell me of that ? away !

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for ?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter ?

[*Walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say ?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;⁵⁵
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour,
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man: see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, he is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.⁵⁶

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,⁵⁷ ho !
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer ; but I had rather fast
From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor ! [To ANTONY.]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music ;
The while I'll place you : then, the boy shall sing ;
The holding every man shall bear,⁵⁸ as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :⁵⁹
In thy fats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.—Good
brother,
Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks ; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony!

You have my father's house.—But what? we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd! sound out!

[*A Flourish.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! come.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

The persons are so named in the first edition ; but I know not why Menecrates appears ; Menas can do all without him.—*Johnson.*

All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which must stand for *Menecrates*. The course of the dialogue shows that some of them at least belong to Menas ; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions ; or, rather, a syllable (*Men.*) has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence.—*Malone.*

² *My powers are crescent.*

Every old copy has “*are crescent,*” which modern editors arbitrarily change to “*a crescent :*” thus we say, the moon *is* crescent, and will come to the full.—*Collier.*

Theobald printed, “*My power’s a crescent,*” which appears to me a very hasty alteration ; our old writers frequently make *it* refer to a preceding plural substantive.—*A. Dyce.*

³ *Soften thy wan’d lip.*

Whether the word be written *wand* or *wan’d*, it is evidently the past participle of the verb *wane* : Cleopatra herself has previously touched on the decrease of her beauty ;—

— think on me,
That am with Phœbus’ amorous pinches black,
And *wrinkled deep in time.*

A passage, though a comic one, of Fletcher’s *Queen of Corinth* may be cited here ;—

— oh, ruby *lips,*
Love hath to you been like wine-vinegar,
Now you look *wan* and pale, lips’ ghosts ye are !—*A. Dyce.*

Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra, that is, that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover: or, as Ritson expresses the same idea, that "her *lip*, which was become *pale* and *dry* with *age*, may recover the *colour* and *softness* of her *sallad* days." The epithet *wan* might indeed have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations.—*Steevens*.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here? If this, however, should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e., *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full.—*Percy*.

⁴ *Even till a Lethe'd dulness.*

I suspect our author wrote:—"That sleep and feeding may prorogue his *hour*," &c. So, in *Timon of Athens*:—

— let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*.

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays. What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still *remain* with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object. "To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at least any precise notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind.—*Malone*.

"Even *till* a Lethe'd dulness," i. e., *to* a Lethe'd dulness. That *till* was sometimes used instead of *to*, may be ascertained from the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighteenth Iliad:—

They all ascended, two and two; and trod the honor'd shore
Till where the fleete of myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore.

And in George Cavendish's *Metrical Visions*, p. 19:—"I espied certeyn persons coming me *tyll*." Again, in *Candlemas Day*, 1512, p. 13:—"Thu lurdeyn, take hed what I sey the *tyll*."

To "prorogue his honour," &c. undoubtedly means, 'to delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish.'—*Steevens*.

⁵ *I cannot hope.*

Hope, to expect, to think. "Some hoped he war the fend of hell," *Sevyn Sages*, 2812. "Our manciple I hope he wol be ded," *Chaucer*. Yet from the following passage in *Puttenham*, it would seem to have been considered as a blundering expression in the days of Queen Elizabeth: "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, said thus with a certaine rude repentance:—"I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow!" For, I feare me I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his *ill-shapen terme*."—*Boswell*.

⁶ *They should square.*

That is, *quarrel*. So, in the Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft, 1600:—

What? *square* they, master Scott?

—— Sir, no doubt:

Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.—*Steevens*.

⁷ *It only stands our lives upon.*

That is, to exert our utmost force, is the only *consequential* way of securing our lives. So, in King Richard III. :—

—— for it *stands me much upon*

To stop all hopes, &c.

i. e., is of the utmost consequence to me. See Richard III. Act IV. Sc. II.—*Steevens*.

⁸ *I would not shave't to-day.*

I believe he means, 'I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.'—*Johnson*.

Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts.—*Malone*.

⁹ *If we compose well here.*

That is, if we come to a lucky *composition, agreement*. So afterwards:—"I crave our *composition* may be written—" i. e., the terms on which our differences are settled.—*Steevens*.

¹⁰ *Sit, sir.*

"Sit, sir!", *Steevens*' ed. Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, "Nay, then;" i. e., if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this, as well as the preceding speech.—*Steevens*.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen *Steevens*'s opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, "Conde de Lemos, be covered." And being asked, by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, "I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian."—*Johnson*.

I believe, the author meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated: "Sit." To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: "Sit, sir. "Nay, then," rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by *Steevens* at the end of Antony's speech, undisturbed.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *Did practise on my state.*

To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595:—

— nothing kills me so
As that I do my Cleopatra see
Practise with Cæsar.—Steevens.

¹² *Their contestation was theme for you.*

The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:—

— and their contestation
Was *them'd* for you.

i. e., the pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection.—*Warburton.*

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation: *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:—

— their contestation
Had theme *from* you, you were the word of war.

'The dispute derived its subject from you.' It may be corrected by mere transposition:—

— their contestation
You were theme for, you were the word.—*Johnson.*

"Was theme for you," I believe, means only, 'was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan;' as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. I.:—

— throw forth greater *themes*
For insurrection's arguing.

Sicinius calls *Coriolanus*, "— the *theme* of our assembly."—*Steevens.*
So, in *Macbeth*:—

— Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial *theme*.

And, in *Cymbeline*:—

— When a soldier was the *theme*, my name
Was not far off.—*Henley.*

Steevens's interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shows that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow*, what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—"you were the word of war;" i. e., your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, "their contestation *derived* its *theme* or subject from you; you were their word of war," affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the sense desired, we should read—"Was *them'd from* you.—" So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

She is a *theme* of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds.

Again, in Hamlet :—

—— So like the king,
That was and is the *question* of these wars.

In almost every one of Shakspeare's plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from*, appears by Antony's answer ;—

You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act.

i. e., never made *me* the *theme* for "insurrection's arguing."—*Malone*.

I should suppose that some of the words in this sentence have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus :—

—— and for contestation
Their theme was you ; you were the word of war.—*M. Mason*.

This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evidently is, 'You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation ; you were the word of war.' Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus :—

————— and for contestation
Their theme was you ; you were the word of war.—*Singer*.

¹³ *From some true reports.*

Reports for *reporters*. Tollet observes that Holinshed, 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers* ; and in King Richard II. our author has *wrongs* for *wrongers* :—
"To rouse his *wrongs* and chase them to the bay."—*Steevens*.

¹⁴ *Having alike your cause.*

The meaning seems to be, "having the same cause as you to be offended with me." But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar ? May it not be read thus :—

—— Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomaeh,
Hating alike *our* cause?—*Johnson*.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.—*Steevens*.

"Having alike your cause?" That is, *I* having alike your cause. The meaning is the same as if, instead of "against *my* stomach," our author had written—"against *the* stomach of me." Did he not, says Antony, make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself ? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *he* having, and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation.—*Malone*.

¹⁵ *As matter whole you have not to make it with.*

The original copy reads :—"As matter whole you *have* to make it with,"—without doubt erroneously ; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken.—*Johnson*.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar ; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him.—*Steevens*.

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made by Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence, "*As* matter," &c. proves decisively that

not was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent.—*Malone*.

The meaning seems to be, "Do not find out a cause of quarrel where none exists: do not patch a quarrel when no patching is required, because the matter is whole." Rowe put a negative into the line, "You have *not* to make it with;" but Southern seems to have found no deficiency, and therefore made no correction, in his folio, 1685. All the folios, subsequent to the first, corruptly read, "to take it with."—*Collier*.

¹⁶ *I would you had her spirit in such another.*

Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter. By the words, "you *had* her spirit," &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant, "you were *united to*, or possessed of, *a woman with* her spirit." Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that Antony wished Augustus to be *actuated* by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I proposed to read—*e'en* such another, *in* being frequently printed for *e'en* in these plays. But there is no need of change.—*Malone*.

Such, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it: The compositor's eye might have caught the here superfluous *such*, from the next line but one, in which *such* is absolutely necessary both to the sense and metre. The plain meaning of Antony is—"I wish you had my wife's spirit *in* another wife;"—i. e. *in* a wife of your own.—*Steevens*.

Steevens should have recollected that spirit was generally pronounced as a monosyllable. So, in Hamlet:—"Be thou a *spirit* of health, or goblin damn'd." Again:—"My father's *spirit* in arms! all is not well."—*Boswell*.

¹⁷ *The honour's sacred.*

Sacred, for *unbroken, unviolated*.—*Warburton*.

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus: "The honour which he *talks* of me as *lacking*, is *unviolated*. I never lacked it. This, perhaps, may be the true meaning; but, before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies—"No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of *honour on which he now speaks*, on which this conference is held now, *is sacred*, even supposing that I lacked honour before."—*Johnson*.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.—*Malone*.

I do not think that either Johnson's or Malone's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this:—"Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midst of dissipation, neglected to send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement."—The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on*; and the line should be pointed thus:—

The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—*M. Mason*.

¹⁸ *Your considerate stone.*

This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:—"Go to then, *you considerate ones.*" You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business.—*Johnson.*

I believe, "Go to then; your considerate stone," means only this:—If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. "As silent as a stone," however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1598:—

Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be *a stone.*

Mido.] *A stone*, how should that be,

Rebecca.] I meant *thou should'st nothing say.*

Again, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl. l. no date:—

Guy let it passe *as still as stone*,
And to the steward word spake none.

Again, in Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. I.:—

A stone is silent and offendeth not.

Again, Chaucer:—

To riden by the way, *dombe as a stone.*

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part I. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subs. 15, is the following quotation from Horace:—

—— *statua taciturnior* exit,
Plurumque et risum populi quatit.

The same idea, perhaps, in a more dilated form, will be found in our author's King Henry VIII.:—

——— If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion should be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

Tollet explains the passage in question thus: "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions."—*Stevens.*

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):—"—— your consideratest one." I doubt, indeed, whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned.—*Blackstone.*

As Enobarbus, to whom this line belongs, generally speaks in plain prose, there is no occasion for any further attempt to harmonize it.—*Ritson.*

It may be a question, whether Enobarbus means to call Antony 'a considerate stone,' or to say merely that he will be silent as a stone. If the former, we must, with Johnson, change 'your' of the folios to *you*; but the latter affords a clear meaning without any alteration of the ancient text.—*Collier.*

Enobarbus call Antony a *stone!*—he would as soon have ventured to throw one at him. Johnson's proposed alteration, of which Mr. Collier cites only a part, bad as it certainly was, did not involve such an absurdity.—*A. Dyce.*

¹⁹ *Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.*

The frendes of both parties would not suffer them to unrippe any olde matters,

and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this warre, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them frendes together, and devided the empire of Rome betwene them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the contries westward unto Cæsar, and left Africke unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their frendes consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsell; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bonde, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeede she was a noble ladie, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who dyed not long before; and it seemed also that Antonius had bene widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. Thereuppon everie man did set forward this mariage, hoping thereby that this ladie Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honestie, joynd unto so rare a bewtie when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a ladie deserveth) she should be a good meane to keepe good love and amitie betwext her brother and him.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

²⁰ *Your reproof were well deserv'd.*

Proof, old eds., which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approval*, which he explains *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.—*Johnson*.

"*Your reproof*," &c. That is, you might be reprov'd for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—*Your reproof*, means, the reproof you would undergo. The expression is rather licentious: but one of a similar nature occurs in the Custom of the Country, where Arnol'do, speaking to the Physician, says:—

— And by your success
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world.

Here, *your* opinion means, the opinion conceived of you.—*M. Mason*.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine* nightingale, instead of *my* nightingale; in *Coriolanus*, news is *coming*, for news is *come in*; in the same play, *higher* for *hire*, &c.—*Malone*.

²¹ *Eight wild boars roasted whole.*

I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a phisition, borne in the citie of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied phisicke; and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius cookes, he tooke him with him to Antonius house, being a young man desirous to see things, to shew him the wonderfull sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchin, and saw a world of diversities of meates, and, amongst others, eight wilde boares rosted whole, he began to wonder at it, and sayd,—sure, you have a great number of ghests to supper. The cooke fell a laughing, and answered him,—no, quoth he, not many ghestes, nor above twelve in all, but yet all that is boyled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight; for Antonius peradventure will suppe presently, or it may be a pretie while hence, or likely enough he will deferre it longer, for that he hath dronke well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand, and therefore we doe not dresse one supper only, but many

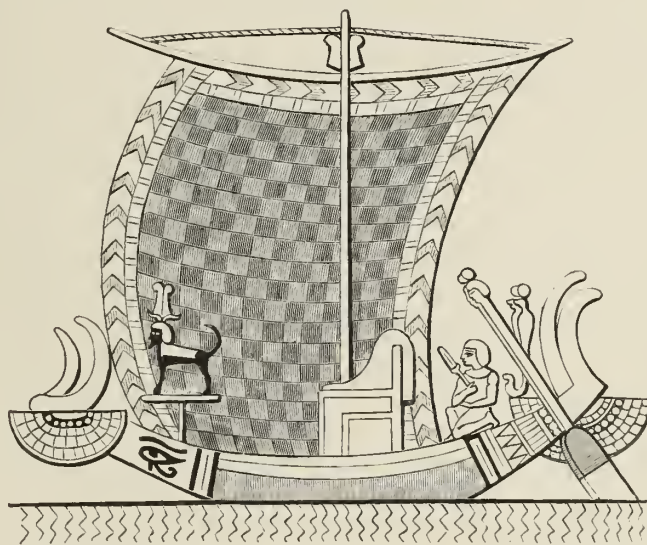
suppers, because we are uncerteine of the houre he will suppe in.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

²² *When she first met Mark Antony.*

The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius, going to make warre with the Parthians, sent to commaunde Cleopatra to appeare personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to aunswere unto suche accusations as were layed against her, being this, that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their warre against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her was called Dellius; who, when he had throughly considered her beawtie, the excellent grace and sweetnesse of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would doe any hurte to so noble a ladie, but rather assured himselfe that within few dayes she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he did her great honor, and perswaded her to come into Cilicia as honorably furnished as she could possible, and bad her not to be affrayed at all of Antonius, for he was a more curteous lord then any that she had ever seene. Cleopatra on thother side beleving Dellius wordes, and gessing by the former accesse and credit she had with Julius Cæsar and Cneus Pompey only for her beawtie, she began to have good hope that she might more easely win Antonius; for Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the worlde ment; but nowe she went to Antonius at the age when a womans beawtie is at the prime, and she also of best judgement. So she furnished herselfe with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthie and rich a realme as Ægypt was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherein she trusted more then in herselfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beawtie and grace.—*North's Plutarch*; 1579.

²³ *The barge she sat in.*

“The state-barges of the ancient Egyptian sovereigns,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “are best depicted on the walls of the Tomb of the Great King Remeses III. at Thebes. The sails were painted in rich colors, or embroidered with devices; the hull painted and gilded. In that here engraved, the colours of the sail are chequered red and blue, with an enriched border of yellow, red, and blue. The royal seat is placed beside the mast, behind it kneels the fan-bearer, in attendance on the sovereign.”



The reader may not be displeas'd with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden:—

Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,

The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
 Where she, another sea-born Venus lay.—
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
 As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
 Neglecting she could take 'em : Boys, like Cupids,
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
 That play'd about her face : But if she smil'd,
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad ;
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
 But hung upon the object : To soft flutes
 The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more ;—
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crouds,
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice.—*Reed.*

She made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdain'd to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus ; the poepe whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musieke of flutes, howboyes, cytherns, vyolls, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe ; she was laide under a pavillion of cloth of golde of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture ; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters doe set forth god Cupide, with litle fans in their hands, with the which they fanned winde upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the myrmaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropcs of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all amongst the rivers side ; others also ranne out of the citie to see her comming in. So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after an other to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate, to give audience ; and there went a rumour in the peoples mouthes, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the generall good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper with him. But she sent him worde againe, he should doe better rather to come and suppe with her. Antonius, therefore, to shew himselfe eurteous unto her at her arrivall, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her ; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can expresse it. But amongst all other things, he most wondered at the infinite number of lightes and torches hanged on the toppe of the house, giving light in every place, so artificially set and ordered by devises, some round, some square ; that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discern, or that ever bookes could mention. The next night, Antonius feasting her, contended to passe her in magnificence and finenes ; but she overcame him in both. So that he himselfe began to scorne the grosse service of his house, in respect of Cleopatraes sumptuousnes and finenes. And when Cleopatra found Antonius jeasts and slents to be but grosse, and souldier like, in plaine manner she gave it him finely, and without feare taunted him throughly. Now her beautie (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatched of other women, nor yet such, as

upon present viewe did enamor men with her ; but so sweete was her companie and conversation, that a man could not possible but be taken. And besides her beautie, the good grace she had to talke and discourse, her curteous nature that tempered her words and deedes, was a spurre that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant ; for her tongue was an instrument of musicke to divers sportes and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answeere her selfe, or at the least the most part of them ; as the Æthiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrues, the Syrians, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

²⁴ *The poop was beaten gold.*

Compare the following description of a similar vessel in the old Englis metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion,—

Swylk on ne seygh they never non ;
 All it was whyt of huel-bon,
 And every nayl with gold begrave :
 Off pure gold was the stave ;
 Her mast was of yvory ;
 Off samyte the sayle wytterly.
 Her ropes wer off tuely sylk,
 Al so whyt as ony mylk.
 That noble schyp was al withoute,
 With clothys of golde sprede aboute ;
 And her loof and her wyndas,
 Off asure forsothe it was.

In that schyp ther wes i-dyght,
 Knyghts and ladyys of mekyll myght ;
 And a lady therinne was,
 Bryght as the sunne thorough the glas.

²⁵ *And what they undid, did.*

It might be read less harshly :—“ And what they did, undid.”—*Johnson*.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool ; and “ what they undid ;” i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seemed to produce.—*Malone*.

²⁶ *So many mermaids.*

“ I have the greatest difficulty,” observes Coleridge, “ in believing that Shakespeare wrote the first *mermaids*. He never, I think, would have so weakened by needless anticipation the fine image immediately following.” The correctness of the original text will be at once perceived on reference to North's Plutarch,—“ her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were appalled like the nymphes Nereides, which are the myrmaides of the waters, and like the graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge.”



The old English notion of the mermaid may be gathered from the following extract. "There is in this see plenty of other fysshie the which have hedes and bodyes lyke unto a mayde, and have fayre tresses made of theyre here, the shape of theyre bodyes unto a mayde, and the remenaunt is lyke the body and tayle of a fyshe; and some have wynges lyke foules, and theyre songe is so swete and so melodious that it is mervayle to here; and they be called seraines or mermaydens, of whom some say that they be fysshes, and other say that they be foules which flee by the see," Myrroure and Dyscrypeyon of the Worlde, *L. Andrewe*, n. d., with the annexed woodcut.

²⁷ *Tended her i'the eyes, &c.*

Perhaps "tended her *by th' eyes*," discovered her will by her eyes. So, Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. iii. :—

— he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd;
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And by her looks conceited her intent.

Again, in our author's 149th Sonnet :—"Commanded by the motion of thine eyes." The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress.—*Malone*.

Perhaps this expression, as it stands in the text, may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation. Shakspeare has a phrase as uncommon, in another play :—"Sweats *in the eye* of Phœbus—." After all, I believe that "tended her in th' eyes," only signifies waited before her, in her presence, in her sight. So, in *Hamlet* :—

If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall *express our duty in his eye*,

i. e., in our personal attendance on him, by giving him ocular proof of our respect. Henley explains it thus : "obeyed her looks without waiting for her words."—*Steevens*.

This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus :—Her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves; at which time, the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole, therefore, conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote :—"And make their bends *adorings*." They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus.—*Warburton*.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch : "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of silver, &c."—*Steevens*.

There are few passages in these plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators seem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, "tended her

i' the eyes," be just, the obvious meaning of the succeeding line will be, that in paying their obeisance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was so graceful, that it added to their beauty. Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, instead of *adornings*, would make the passage less poetical, and it cannot express the sense he wishes for, without an alteration; for although, as Steevens justly observes, the verb *adore* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic writers in the sense of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to adorn* was reciprocally used in the sense of *to adore*. Tollet's explanation is ill imagined; for though the word *band* might formerly have been spelled with an *e*, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the scene, they would be more likely to eclipse than to increase the charms of their mistress. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is just as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add lustre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man must have felt; and it must be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* must necessarily refer to her gentlewomen; and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings. But all these explanations, from the first to the last, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a supposition that the passage is correct, and that the words, "tended her i' the eyes," must mean, that her attendants watched her eyes, and from them received her commands. How those words can, by any possible construction, imply that meaning, the editors have not shown, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if such arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we shall be able to extort what sense we please from any combination of words.—The passage, as it stands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading, *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:—

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the *guise*,
And made their bends, adornings.

"In the guise," means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says:—

————— at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers.—*M. Mason*.

In many of the remarks of M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion, I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him. His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the guise *of a shepherd, of a friar, or of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her "in *the guise*," without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorised by the practice of any writer I have met with. In *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says:—

To shame *the guise of the world*, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakspeare would most probably have said—

“tended her in *that* guise:”—at least, he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—“in the *guise*” seems unreduceable to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar.—Besides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished? Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of labouring into a *graceful curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expence of providing characteristic tails for any set of mimic Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so “as to render them a grace instead of a deformity.” In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour. It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene, though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus, has styled Cleopatra his Thetis, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanic and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid’s tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:—

— ut *turpiter* atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel was likewise a mermaid or nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a mermaid is introduced. For reasons like these, I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra’s Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimic tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil’s snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor’s fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over their unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress. The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty. The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images—*bows, groups, eyes, and tails*.—*Stevens*.

A passage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us :—

The naked nymphs, some up, some downe descending,
Small scattering flowres one at another flung,
With *pretty turns* their lymber bodies *bending*—.

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the *bends* or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty. See the 149th Sonnet. In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first Act of this play :—

—— those his goodly *eyes*
—— now *bend*, now turn, &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :—

Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
Of the king's looks.

Again, more appositely, in *Julius Cæsar* :—“And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth awe the world.”

Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that “*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings.” Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were the cause* of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakspeare's language,) this their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have in every part of this author such diction. But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*. *Bend* being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Tollet idly supposes that the word has that meaning here.—*Malone*.

I had determined not to enter into a controversy with the editors on the subject of any of my former comments; but I cannot resist the impulse I feel, to make a few remarks on the strictures of Steevens, both on the amendment I proposed in this passage, and my explanation of it; for if I could induce him to accede to my opinion, it would be the highest gratification to me.

His objection to the amendment I have proposed, that of reading *in the guise* instead of *in the eyes*, is, that the phrase *in the guise* cannot be properly used, without adding somewhat to it, to determine precisely the meaning; and this, as a general observation, is perfectly just, but it does not apply in the present case; for the preceding lines,—

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many *mermaids*,

and the subsequent line,—

A seeming *mermaid* steers;

very clearly point out the meaning of the word *guise*. If you ask *in what guise?* I answer in the *guise of mermaids*; and the connection is sufficiently clear even for prose, without claiming any allowance for poetical licence. But this objection may be entirely done away, by reading *that guise* instead of *the guise*, which I should have adopted, if it had not departed somewhat farther from the text.

With respect to my explanation of the words, *and made their bends adornings*, I do not think that Steevens's objections are equally well founded. He says that

a mermaid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign posts. That such a being as a mermaid did never actually exist, I will readily acknowledge; but the idea is not of modern invention. In the oldest books of heraldry you will find *mermaids* delineated in the same form that they are at this day. The crest of my own family, for some centuries, has been a *mermaid*; and the Earl of Howth, of a family much more ancient, which came into England with the conqueror, has a *mermaid* for one of his supporters. Boyse tells us, in his Pantheon, on what authority I cannot say, that the Syrens were the daughters of Achelous, that their lower parts were like fishes, and their upper parts like women; and Virgil's description of Scylla, in his third *Æneid*, corresponds exactly with our idea of a *mermaid*:—

Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pubc tenus, postrema immani corpore pristin.

I have, therefore, no doubt but this was Shakspeare's idea also. Steevens's observations on the awkward and ludicrous situation of Cleopatra's attendants, when involved in their fishes' tails, is very joeular and well imagined; but his joeularity proceeds from his not distinguishing between reality and deception. If a modern fine lady were to represent a *mermaid* at a masquerade, she would contrive, I have no doubt, to dress in that character, yet to preserve the free use of all her limbs, and that with ease; for the mermaid is not described as resting on the extremity of her tail, but on one of the *bends of it, sufficiently broad to conceal the feet*.—*Mason*.

There is undeniable obscurity in the text here, and no attempt to dissipate it has been successful, to my apprehension. To interpret "tended her i' the eyes" 'waited upon her in *her sight*,' is to attribute a deplorably feeble use of language to Shakspeare in one of his finest descriptive passages; and to suppose, with Johnson and Steevens, that it means 'discovered her will by her eyes,' is not much better. Monck Mason would read, *i' the guise*,"—of mermaids, of course; and would construe "their bends" to mean the curves of their tails, which they managed so gracefully as to make them ornamental. Warburton would read,—*"And make their bends adorings."* But were Cleopatra's attendants under any necessity to bend at all, except in obeisance to her, that they should "*make their bends adorings*?" These two lines are doubtless corrupted, and hopelessly. As to the remainder of the passage, Mr. Collier asks, "Why or how, was the silken tackle to 'swell with the touches of flower-soft hands?'" and adds that "we ought undoubtedly, with the old corrector (of his folio of 1632), to amend the text to, "*Smell* with the touches of those flower-soft hands." Such a typographical error would be easily made, if it be necessary to suppose any error at all. But, if Mr. Collier must be literal, does he not know that cordage will swell with handling? And besides, though it may be a very pretty compliment to suppose that the tackle would "smell" (sweetly, of course) with the touches of the hands of Cleopatra's ladies, the word will thrust upon me the profoundly true observation, *Mulier recte olet ubi nihil olet*, which I shall never forget having found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, under the head of *Artificial Allurements of Love*; but what author furnished it, I cannot say; which, by the way, is the confession that many a better scholar must make with regard to the larger number of the quotations in that wise, quaint, most learned, and fantastic book.—*R. G. White*.

Few passages in Shakspeare have excited more controversy than this, the effort of the commentators apparently being, to render what was plain obscure, and to adopt almost any sense but that which is presented by the words of the poet: "tended her i' the eyes" seems to mean nothing else but tended *in her*

sight: Mr. Barron Field truly remarks, that in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* we have the expression "gambol in his eyes," for gambol in his sight: "made their bends adornings" is probably to be understood, that they bowed with so much grace as to add to their beauty.—*Collier*.

²⁸ *Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates this note,—“ the large brass coin of Trajan, here engraved, will convey a perfect idea of this public inthronization as practised by the Emperors of Rome. In this instance the Emperor is superintending gifts to the citizens; they ascend by a ladder to the steward who presents them.”



²⁹ *Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale.*

Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments. To *stale* is a verb employed by Heywood, in the *Iron Age*, 1632:—"One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at home."—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *The holy priests bless her.*

In this, and the foregoing description of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have emulated Shakspeare:—

— she's dangerous:

Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,
The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then, she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And while I curse desire it.

Be it remembered, however, that, in both instances, without a spark from Shakspeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled.—*Reed*.

³¹ *When she is riggish.*

Rigg is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:—

Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove.

Again:—

Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde.

Again, in Churchyard's Dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593 :—

About the streets was gadding, gentle *rigge*,
With clothes tuckt up to set bad ware to sale,
For youth good stufte, and for olde age a stale.—*Steevens*.

Again, in J. Davies's Scourge of Folly, printed about the year 1611 :—

When wanton *rig*, or lecher dissolute,
Do stand at Paules Cross in a—suite.—*Malone*.

There are in the world divers women, both honest, vertuous and wittie, who carrie the name of matrones, and yet in their outward behaviour, they shew themselves foolish, *riggish*, and retchlesse.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo, by Pettie*, 1586.

³² *Becomes a Fear.*

Upton reads :—“*Becomes afear'd*——.” The common reading is more poetical. A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where *Aspasia* is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work :—

—— and then a *Fear* :
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench——.

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Fairy Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person :—“*I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt.*”—*Exodus*.

Our author has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly :—

—— I say again, *thy spirit*,
Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him.

We have this sentiment again in *Macbeth* :—

—— near him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.

The old copy reads—“*that thy spirit.*” The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the corresponding passage in *Plutarch*, but I doubt whether it is necessary.—*Malone*.

³³ *His cocks do win the battle
still of mine.*



The representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived by Mr. Fairholt from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman Lamp in terra-cotta.

This barbarous amusement is thus curiously defended by Bancroft, 1639, in an epigram addressed to Master William Latkins, in which the writer affects to deduce a moral from the barbarous exhibition.—

Some, that dislike whate'er their betters
love,
This pastime as a cruell sport reprove.

But why should not man, of all creatures lord,
 So use them as they pleasure may afford?
 Is it more eruelty for fowles to fight,
 Than beasts by th' butcher's knife to die outright?
 But I can raise good from *the Pit*, and call
 To mind at every sound sad Peter's fall;
 And, while they fight that are so neare of kinne,
 Spurre up mine anger 'gainst (mine inmate) sinne,
 That crowes against me, &c.

This pastime, it seems, was prohibited by one of Oliver's Acts, dated March 31, 1654.

³⁴ *His quails ever beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.*

Inhoop'd, that is, inclosed in a hoop. This passage has been the subject of many conjectures. These are not, perhaps, worth relating, since it appears now to be made out, that cocks or quails were sometimes made to fight within a broad hoop, to keep them from quitting each other. Douce has found a Chinese print, in which two birds are so represented. The substance of this is from North's *Plutareh*, as well as much more of the same drama; but the *inhooped* is the addition of our poet. No trace of such a mode of fighting has been found, except in J. Davies's Epigrams, quoted by Dr. Farmer, where it is said that—"Cocking *in hoops* is now all the play." Yet R. Holmes, who gives a list of terms and eustoms used in cock-fighting, has no mention of *hoops*. See his *Aead. of Armory*, B. ii. ch. 11. Nor is any trace of the *hoops* to be found in any book on cock-fighting. If this eustom of fighting coeks within *hoops* could be thoroughly proved, it would also afford the best explanation of the phrase *cock-a-hoop*; the cock perching on the *hoop*, in an exulting manner, either before or after the battle. This would give exactly the right idea; but I fear our proofs are not suffieient.—*Nares*.

So in Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, 1654,—

— Never did you see
 'Mongst quailles or coeks in fight a bloodier heel,
 Than that your brother strikes with.

Antonius after this agreement made, sent Ventidius before into Asia to stay the Parthians, and to keepe them they should come no further; and he himselfe in the meane time, to gratifie Cæsar, was contented to be chosen Julius Cæsars priest and saerificer, and so they joyntly together dispatched all great matters concerning the state of the empire. But in all other maner of sports and exerises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other; Antonius was ever inferior unto Cæsar, and alway lost, which grieved him much. With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Ægypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of mens nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, tolde Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether bleamished and obscured by Cæsars fortune; and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon, said he, that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee, is affraide of his; and being eoragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearefull and timerous when he commeth neere unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Ægyptians words true. For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they plaid at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quailles that were taught to fight one with

an other, Cæsars cockes or quailles did ever overcome. The which spighted Antonius in his mind, although he made no outward shew of it; and therefore he beleved the Ægyptian the better.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

It may be doubted whether quail-fighting was practised in Shakspeare's time, though Dr. Farmer appears to have thought so; but when our poet speaks of



their being *in hoop'd*, he might suppose that Cæsar's or Antony's quails, which he found in Plutareh, were trained to battle like game cockes in a *ring* or *circle*. Hanmer plausibly reads *in-coop'd*, but no change is necessary.—Quail combats were well known among the ancients, and especially at Athens. Julius Pollux relates that a eirele was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was driven out of this circle lost the stake which was sometimes money, and occasionally the quails themselves. Another prae-tice was to produce one of

these birds, which being first smitten or filliped with the middle finger, a feather was then plucked from its head: if the quail bore this operation without flinching, his master gained the stake, but lost it if he ran away. The Chinese have been always extremely fond of quail-fighting, as appears from most of the accounts of that people, and particularly in Bell's excellent relation of his travels to China, where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject. See vol. i. p. 424, edit. in 8vo. We are told by Marsden that the Sumatrans likewise use these birds in the manner of game cockes. The annexed copy from an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *in hoop'd*.—*Douce*.

³⁵ *When you wager'd on your angling.*

But to reckon up all the foolish sportes they made, revelling in this sort, it were too fonde a part of me, and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was an angrie as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commaunded the fisher men, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hooke which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling rodde, and brought up fish twice or thrise. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondred at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by her selfe among her owne people, she tolde them how it was, and bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher boates to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius men, and to put some old salt fish upon his baite, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hong the fish on his hook, Antonius thinking he had taken a fish

in deede, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him; leave us (my Lord) Ægyptians (which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus) your angling rod; this is not thy profession; thou must hunt after conquering of realmes and countries.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

"Fishing," observes Mr. Fairholt, "was a favorite amusement with the ancient Egyptians, and is often represented in their sculptures and paintings; sometimes as practised in the Nile, at other times in the tanks connected with the river, formed in the gardens of the wealthier classes. In one of the Theban tombs is the accompanying representation of an Egyptian gentleman fishing, with eastern indolence, in such a tank; he is seated in a high-backed chair, and has a thick mat placed beneath his feet for security against damp."



This incident, which, as Steevens has already remarked, was borrowed from Plutarch, probably suggested a story related by Nashe, "of a scholler in Cambridge, that standing angling on the towne bridge there, as the country people on the market day passed by, secretly bayted his hooke wyth a red herring wyth a bell about the necke, and so conveying it into the water that no man perceived it, all on the sodayn, when he had a competent throng gathered about hym, up he twicht it agayne, and layd it openly before them, whereat the gaping rurall fooles, driven into no lesse admiration than the common people about London some few yeares since were at the bubbling of Moore-ditch, sware by their christendomes that as many dayes and yecres as they had lived, they never saw such a myracle of a red herring taken in the fresh water before."—*Lenten Stufe, or Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, 4to, p. 60. But Cleopatra's trick was of a different nature. Antony had fished unsuccessfully in her presence, and she had laughed at him. The next time therefore he directed the boatman to dive under the water and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt-fish* on his hook.—*Douce*.

³⁶ *I wore his sword Philippan.*

We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment *à posteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi:—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romances are made to give their swords pompous names.—*Theobald*.

³⁷ *Not like a formal man.*

“A formal man,” I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:—“The very devil assum’d thee *formally*,” i. e. assumed thy form.—*Malone*.

³⁸ *I’ll set thee in a shower of gold.*

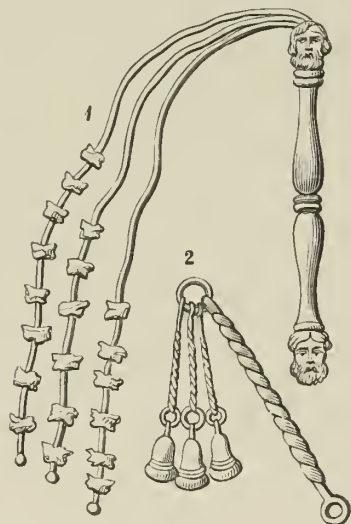
That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. So, Milton:—

—— the gorgeous east with liberal hand
Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.

In the *Life of Timer-buc, or Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i.: “Les princes du sang royal et les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d’or et de pierres selon la coutume.”—*Warburton*.

³⁹ *Thou shalt be whipp’d with wire.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The cruel severity with which household slaves were treated by the ancients, may be gathered not only from their paintings and sculptures, but the actual implements used. The engraving exhibits two Roman whips; the thongs of Fig. 1 are set with a series of bones obtained from the feet of sheep, and must have inflicted dreadful bruises and contusions. Fig. 2 is a whip of thick bronze wire, having knobs attached to the ring on its summit by metal chains; and must have literally “pounded the flesh” of a slave as described by classic writers. Several of these cruel whips have been found at Herculaneum, proving their familiar use.”



⁴⁰ *Some innocents scape not the thunder-bolt.*

This alludes to a superstitious notion among the ancients, that they who were stricken with lightning were honoured by Jupiter, and therefore to be accounted holy. Their bodies were supposed not to putrify; and after having been shown for a certain time to the people, were not burned in the usual manner, but buried on the spot where the lightning fell, and a monument erected over them. Some, however, held a contrary opinion. See the various notes on the line in *Persius*,—“Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental,” *Sat. ii.* The ground also that had been smitten by a thunderbolt was accounted sacred, and afterwards inclosed: nor did any one presume to walk on it. This we learn from *Festus*, “fulguritum, id quod est fulmine ictum; qui locus statim fieri putabatur religiosus, quod cum Deus sibi dicasse videretur.” These places were therefore consecrated to the gods, and could not in future become the property of any one.—*Douce*.

⁴¹ *A meaner than myself.*

This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior.—*Steevens*.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's enquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots.—*Malone*.

It appears from Segar on Honor, Military and Civil, fo. 1602. p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or, if challenged, might refuse the combat.—*Reed*.

Stay; understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
 Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?
 Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
 Bastard, or bastinado'd? Is thy pedigree
 As long, as wide as mine? for otherwise
 Thou wer't most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
 In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:
 If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal.
 And, by strict laws of duel, I am excus'd
 To fight on disadvantage.—*Albumassar*.

⁴² *That art not what thou'rt sure of!*

I should strongly protest against any deviation from the old eds. here. "That art not what thou'rt sure of" may mean, 'That art not the evil tidings of which thou givest me such assurance.'—*A. Dyce*.

⁴³ *Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted.*

Uncommon as this verb is, it has been found in a prose writer:—"Ask not, with him in the poet, *Larvæ hunc, intemperiæ, insaniæque agitant senem?* What madness *ghosts* this old man, but what madness *ghosts* us all? For we are *ad unum omnes*, all mad," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.—*Nares*.

⁴⁴ *Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.*

At land, indeed, thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered*, but had *over-reached*, him. The circumstance here alluded to our author found in the old translation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them." Again: "Whereupon Antonius asked him (Sextus Pompeius), And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of oars: that said he is *my father's house* they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because *he had his father's house*, that was Pompey the Great."—*Malone*.

⁴⁵ *Our targes undinted.*

Targes, shields. From the Anglo-Norman.

Tho that suffir so her wyfes, God let hem never thryf,
 Hyt makyth hem to ley to wed bothe bokolar and targe.

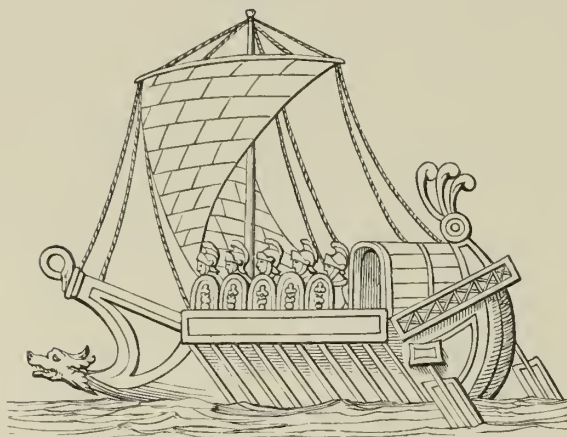
MS. Laud. 416, f. 71.

I wolde sey thee yit a worde of the *targe*. Ther is no wight weel armed ne wight defended ne kepte withowten *taarge*, for the *taarge* defendethe the tother harneys from empeyring; by hit is boothe the body and the toother herneys ekepte withouten empeyring.—*Romance of the Monk, Sion College MS.*

After I tooke the gaynepaynes and the swerd with which I gurde me, and sithe whane I was thus armed, I putte the *targe* to my syde.—*ibid.*

⁴⁶ *Aboard my galley I invite you all.*

“The famous manuscript known as the Vatican Virgil,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “furnishes the representation of a Roman war-galley here engraved; this Latin manuscript, one of the earliest known, is believed to have been executed in the fourth or fifth century. This galley occurs in the scene where the Trojans, favored by Neptune, pass rapidly by the alluring shores of Circe.”



⁴⁷ *Conversation.*

That is, behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So, in Psalm xxxvii. 14: “— to slay such as be of upright

conversation.” ‘He useth no vertue or honest *conversation* at all: Nec habet ullum cum virtute *commercium.*’—*Baret.*—*Steevens.*

⁴⁸ *With a banquet.*

A banquet, in our author’s time, frequently signified what we now call a dessert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in Lord Cromwell, 1602: “Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner.” Again, in Heath’s Chronicle of the Civil Wars, 1661: “*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*, in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner.”—*Malone.*

⁴⁹ *Some o’ their plants.*

Plant, a foot; from *planta*, Latin. He speaks of persons rendered unsteady by liquors. Coles has; “The *plant* of the foot, *planta*, &c. *pedis.*” So Jonson:—

Knotty legs, and *plants* of clay,
Seek for ease, or love delay.—*Masq. of Oberon.*—*Nares.*

So, in Thomas Lupton’s Thyrd Booke of Notable Things, “Grinde mustarde with vineger, and rubbe it well on the *plants* or soles of the feete,” &c. Again, in Chapman’s version of the sixteenth Iliad:—“Even to the low *plants* of his feete, his forme was altered.”—*Steevens.*

“*Plante*, the sole of the foot,” Cotgrave, ed. 1611.

⁵⁰ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*

A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another’s share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony’s admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.—*Warburton.*

⁵¹ *To be called into a huge sphere.*

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, but are not, which *empty* sockets, or holes without eyes, painfully disfigure the countenance. "The sphere in which the eye moves" is an expression which Shakspeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:—"How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted," &c. Again, in Hamlet:—"Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their *spheres*."—*Malone*.

⁵² *They take the flow o' the Nile.*

Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says: "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it feelth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." Philemon Holland's translation, 1601, b. v. c. ix.—*Reed*.

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: "Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a foure-square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cisterne there is erected a certaine *pillar*, which is *marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth*. And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveyed by the said sluice into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said *pillar*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but mean: if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that corn will be solde ten ducates the bushel."—*Malone*.

⁵³ *Pyramises.*

Pyramis for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's Poems, 1647:—

Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*
Above the host and altar reared is.

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:—"My country's high *pyramides*—." Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's Poems, 1658:—

Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,
To take a view of the *pyramides*.

Again, in Braithwaite's Survey of Histories, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air."—*Malone*.

⁵⁴ *And the tears of it are wet.*

The common proverbe also, *Crocodili lachrimæ*, the crocodiles teares, justifieth the treacherous nature of this beast, for there are not many brute beasts that can weepe, but such is the nature of the crocodile, that to get a man within his danger, he will sob, sigh and weepe, as though he were in extremitie, but suddenly he destroyeth him. Others say, that the crocodile weepeth after he hath devoured a man. How-soever it be, it noteth the wretched nature of hypocriticall harts, which before-hand will with fayned teares endeavour to do mischief, or els, after they have done it, be outwardly sorry, as Judas was for the betraying of Christ, before he went and hanged himselfe. — *Topsell's History of Serpents*, 1608. The popular sixteenth century notion of the form of the crocodile is seen in the annexed



engraving, a copy of an old woodcut of one.

⁵⁵ *Let me cut the cable.*

Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey having pawsed a while upon it, at length answered him: thou shouldest have done it, and never have told it me, but now we must content us with that we have. As for my selfe, I was never taught to breake my faith, nor be counted a traitor.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁵⁶ *Increase the reels.*

Here is some corruption, and unless it was originally *revels*, the sense is irretrievable. In all events Steevens has erred in saying that "*reel* was not, in our author's time, employed to signify a dance." The following passage in a book with which the learned editor is well acquainted, and which had escaped his excellent memory, proves the contrary:—"Agnis Tompson was after brought againe before the king's majestie and confessed that upon the night of Allhollon even last, she was accompanied with a great many witches to the number of two hundreth; and that all they together went by sea each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine making merrie and drinking by the waye in the same riddles or cives, to the kerke of North Barrick in Lowthian, and that after they had landed, tooke hands on the land, and daunced this *reill* or *short daunce*, singing all with one voice,—

Commer goe ye before, commer goe ye,
Gif ye will not goe before, commer let me.

At which time she confessed, that Geilles Duncane did goe before them playing this *reill* or *daunce* upon a small trump, call a Jewes trump, untill they entered into the kerk of North Barrick."—*Newes from Scotland declaring the damnable life and death of doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer, who was burned at Edenbrough in January last, 1591 sign. B iij.*—*Douce*.

Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which I must confess I see none. Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels, i. e. turn round or change.' To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase *the reels*,' i. e. increase its giddy course.—*Singer*.

⁵⁷ *Strike the vessels, ho!*

In the last scene of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, we meet with a passage which leaves no doubt, as Weber has observed, that to *strike* the vessels means to *tap* them:—"Home Launce, and *strike a fresh piece of wine*, the town's ours."—*Boswell*. Compare also Love's *Pilgrimage*, act ii. se. 4 (by the same poet); "*Strike* me the oldest sack."—*A. Dyce*.

⁵⁸ *The holding every man shall bear.*

In old editions;—"The holding every man shall *beat*——." The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles the *holding*. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides*? I am persuaded the poet wrote:—

The holding every man shall *bear*, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can.—*Theobald*.

Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* might have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In Henry VIII. we find a similar expression:—"let the musick *knock* it."—*Steevens*.

"The holding every man shall *beat*." Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause.—*Johnson*.

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading. To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day. The passage quoted by Steevens from King Henry VIII. relates to instrumental musick, not to vocal. "Loud as his sides can volley," means, "with the utmost exertion of his voice." So we say, he laughed till he split his sides.—*M. Mason*.

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, and the change is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Steevens, in his edition. The meaning of *the holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called the *Serving Man's Comfort*, 4to. 1598:—"— where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all."—*Malone*.

⁵⁹ *With pink eyne.*

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says a *pink eye* is a *small* eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes*: eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in Julius Cæsar:—"such *ferret* and such *firy eyes*." So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-Catching*, 1592:—"— like a *pink-ey'd ferret*." Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:—

Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,
And me have *pinky eyne*, most brave and jolly wine!—*Steevens*.

It should be observed, however, that from the following passage in P. Holland's translation of the 11th book of Pliny's *Natural History*, it appears that *pink-eyed* signified the smallness of eyes:—"— also them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie small eies, they termed *ocellæ*."—*Steevens*.

In Fleming's Nomenclator we have, "Ocella, lucinius, *qui exiles habet oculos*, Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath litle eyes; *pink-eyed*." Bishop Wilkins also has, "*pink-ey'd*, narrow eyed."—*Nares*.

Also them that were *pink-eyed*, and had very small eies, they termed ocellæ.—*P. Holland's Pliny*, B. 11.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest,¹ with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.²
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction.³ Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens ; whither, with what haste
 The weight we must convey with us will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What ? are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey : he is gone ;
 The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
 To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
 With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ! the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no farther.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,⁴ cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.⁵ So,—

[*Trumpets.*

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band⁶

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter⁷

The fortress of it; for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee,⁸ and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;⁹
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe 't, till I wept too.¹⁰

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have : but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak : she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good : he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue, and dwarfish !—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps ;
Her motion and her station are as one :
She shows a body rather than a life ;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't.—There's nothing in her yet.—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.¹¹—
Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.¹²

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him.¹³ Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and siekly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,¹⁴
Or did it from his teeth.¹⁵

Octa. O my good lord!
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomaeh not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts:
 The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother.¹⁶ Make your soonest haste:
 So, your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
 As if the world should eleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other.¹⁷ Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; erics, “Fool, Lepidus!” And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;¹⁸ My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more, In Alexandria: here's the manner of it.¹⁹— I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,²⁰ And all the unlawful issue, that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,²¹ Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place,²² where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar ; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being that, we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change : for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*²³

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee east-away !

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not ; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.²⁴

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her : he hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Boeohus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadoeia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lyeaonia,
With a more larger list of seeptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities ;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,²⁵
 That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
 Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S *Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,²⁶
 And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not denoune'd against us,²⁷ why should not we
 Be there in person ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,
 The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear
 A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presenee needs must puzzle Antony ;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch,²⁸ and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne ?²⁹—You have heard on't, sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey ; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd ;
Your mariners are muliters,³⁰ reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress : in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare,³¹ yours, heavy : no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat th' approaching Cæsar : but if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse : we'll to our ship.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis !³²—How now, worthy soldier !

Sold. O, noble emperor ! do not fight by sea ;³³
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well.—Away !

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art ; but his whole action grows³⁴
Not in the power on't : so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea ;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes forth
Each minute some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniads, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty,³⁵ fly, and turn the rudder :
To sce't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost³⁶
With very ignorance : we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,³⁷
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,³⁸
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder ;—
The brize upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,³⁹
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O ! he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse : six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon't ;
It is asham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O !
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone : you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little ; 'pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Eros. Nay gentle madam, to him ; comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam : O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer,⁴⁰ while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,⁴¹ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war ; yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah ! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualified⁴² with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches :
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O ! whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails : I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after : o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S *Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.⁴³

Cæs. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.⁴⁴

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other, why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship;⁴⁵ at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The merced question.⁴⁶ 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
 To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,⁴⁷
 And answer me declin'd; sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the show,⁴⁸
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.⁴⁹

Cleo. What no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools,⁵⁰ does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.⁵¹

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In disputation⁵²
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there.—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and
devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd, “ho!”
Like boys unto a muss,⁵³ kings would start forth,
And cry, “Your will?” Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?⁵⁴

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't !—the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O ! is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out ; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, " God quit you !" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,

And plighter of high hearts!—O! that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan,⁵⁵ to outroar
 The horned herd, for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

I Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

I Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee;
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,⁵⁶
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure, whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
 Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon⁵⁷

Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear! if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,⁵⁸
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy, too,
 Have knit again, and fleet,⁵⁹ threat'ning most sealike.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night.⁶⁰—Call to me
 All my sad captains : fill our bowls ; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday :
 I had thought, to have held it poor ; but since my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force
 The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning.⁶¹ To be furious,
 Is, to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood,

The dove will peck the estridge :⁶² and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest.*

So Antonius lying al the winter at Athens, news came unto him of the victories of Ventidius, who had overcome the Parthians in battell, in the which also were slaine, Labienus and Pharnabates, the chiefest Captaine king Orodes had. For these good newes he feasted all Athens, and kept open house for all the Grecians, and many games of price were plaid at Athens, of the which he himselfe would be judge. Wherefore leaving his gard, his axes, and tokens of his Empire at his house, he came into the shew-place (or listes) where these games were plaide, in a long gowne and slippers after the Grecian fashion, and they caried tippestaves before him, as martials men do carie before the judges to make place; and he himselfe in person was a stickler to part the young men, when they had fought enough. After that, preparing to go to the warres, he made him a garland of the holy olive, and caried a vessell with him of the water of the fountaine Clepsydra, because of an oracle he had received that so commaunded him. In the meane time, Ventidius once againe overcame Pacorus, (Orodes sonne king of Parthia) in a battel fought in the country of Cyrrestica, he being come againe with a great armie to invade Syria; at which battell was slaine a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the kings owne sonne slaine. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romaines of the shame and losse they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians flie, and glad to keepe themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia, and Media, after they had thrise together bene overcome in severall battels. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his armie against them that had rebelled, and conquered them againe; amongst whom he besieged Antiochus, king of Commagena, who offered him to give a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius commaundement. But Ventidius made him answeare, that he should send unto Antonius, who was not farre off, and would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this litle exploit should passe in his name, and that they should not thinke he did any thing but by his lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew

very long, because they that were in the towne, seeing they could not be received upon no reasonable composition; determined valiantly to defende themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet received great shame, repenting him much that he tooke not their first offer. And yet at last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

² *When him we serve's away.*

Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our author's phraseology. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:—"I am appointed *him* to murder you." So also *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. V. :—

———— *Him* I accuse
The city ports by this hath entered —.

The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *he* we serve, &c.—*Malone*.

³ *Grants scarce distinction.*

Grant, for *afford*. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this: "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless." This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—*Warburton*.

We have somewhat of the same idea in *Coriolanus*:—"Who, sensible, *outdares* his senseless sword."—*Steevens*.

⁴ *Bards, poet's.*

Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend.—*Johnson*.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp: the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*. This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. So, in An Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :—

Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:
Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possest, my judgement, sence, and will;
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
Then greefe, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.

For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.—*Steevens*.

Again, in *Daniel's 11th Sonnet*, 1594 :—

Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell shee;
Flint, frost, disdain, weares, melts, and yields, we see.—*Malone*.

⁵ *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*

That is, they are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:—"the *shard-borne beetle*."—*Steevens*.

⁶ *And as my furthest band.*

Such as I will pledge my utmost bond that thou wilt prove; as I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct.—*Johnson*.

⁷ *The ram to batter the fortress.*

"The portable battering-ram of the Roman era," observes Mr. Fairholt, "is well represented in the sculptures of Trajan's column at Rome. Ultimately it became a tremendous engine, and was worked by the soldiery, in a strong shed moved upon wheels."



⁸ *The elements be kind to thee.*

There was a notion, that all the elements were combined in the atmosphere, which therefore was the element of elements. When Cæsar says to Octavia, "The *elements* be kind to thee," he probably means only, "May you have fair and favourable weather in your voyage."—*Nares*.

⁹ *Were he a horse.*

A horse is said to have a *cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. The same phrase occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 524: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of her selfe—thin leane, chitty face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c.—*Steevens*.

¹⁰ *Believe it, till I wept too.*

Weep, ed. 1623. I have ventured to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before.—*Theobald*.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than *Theobald's* alteration will afford us. "Believe it, says *Enobarbus*, that *Antony* did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, like his, will be tears of joy." I have replaced the old reading. Mr. *Theobald* reads—"till I *wept* too."—*Steevens*.

I should certainly adopt *Theobald's* amendment, the meaning of which is, that *Antony* wailed the death of *Brutus* so bitterly, that I (*Enobarbus*) was affected by it, and wept also. *Steevens's* explanation of the present reading is so forced, that I cannot clearly comprehend it.—*M. Mason*.

According to *Capell*, *Theobald's* correction introduces a violation of character, but *Enobarbus* is not altogether unused to the melting mood, for afterwards we find him saying,—“Look, they weep; and I, an ass, am onion-ey'd.”—*A. Dyce*.

¹¹ *They are foolish that are so.*

A popular notion formerly, as appears from the old writers on physiognomy. So, in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613: "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "the head *long* to be prudent and wary."—"a *low forehead*," &c. p. 218.—*Steevens*.

¹² *As low as she would wish it.*

The phrase employed by the Messenger is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival,—“that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them*.”—*Steevens*.

The passage in the text may, however, be ironical. *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled A Peerlesse Paragon:—

Her beetle brows all men admire,
Her *forehead wondrous low*.

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.—*The Tempest*.

¹³ *That so I harry'd him.*

“I harye, or mysse entreate or hale one, *je harie*; why do you harye the poore felowe on this facyon,” Palsgrave, 1530. “*Harier*, to harrie, hurrie, vex, trouble, disturbe, disquiet, molest, importune, annoy,” Cotgrave, 1611.

And spoiled and *harried* all abroad,
And on each side booties in brought.

The Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 18.

If this be all that they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I wil *harry* them out of this land, or else do worse.—*Summe and Substaunce of the Conference*, &c., 1604.

¹⁴ *He not look't.*

“He not look't,” ed. 1623; “he had look't,” ed. 1632. When the most favourable representations of my conduct were made to him, he heeded them not, or merely put on the appearance of attending to them. The corrector reads, *but looked*; yet, although the folio 1623 has “he *not looked*,” we may be pretty sure that the text, as given above, is the right reading, as it is assuredly the only one which makes sense.—*Anon*.

I have little doubt that Thirlby's much simpler emendation, *took't* for *look'd* (*which alters only a single letter,—the first folio having “look't”*) restores the genuine reading.—*A. Dyce*.

¹⁵ *Or did it from his teeth.*

Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine. A similar passage, however, occurs in a very scarce book entitled A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning Five Tragical Histories, &c. Translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: “The whyche the factor considering, incontinently made his reckning that it behoued him to speake clearely, and not *betweene his teeth*, if he would practise surely,” &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth Iliad:—“She laught, but merely *from her lips*:—” Again, in Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre, b. iv. ch. 17: “This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others.” Again, in P. Holland's translation

of the eleventh book of Pliny's Natural History: "—the noise which they make cometh but *from their teeth* and mouth outward."—*Steevens*.

Surely there is no difficulty here; the meaning is *to appearance only*, not *seriously*. So in Dryden's *Wild Gallant*, "I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outwards."—*Pye*.

¹⁶ *Shall stain your brother.*

If the old text be right, *stain* is equivalent to, *throw into the shade*, in which sense the word was formerly very common.—*A. Dyce*.

So, in some anonymous stanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt:—

— here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will *stain* you all.

Again, in Shore's Wife, by Churchyard, 1593:—

So Shore's wife's face made foule Browneta bluish,
As pearle *staynes* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

Again, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595:—"Whose beautie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece."—*Steevens*.

I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, "unless I am compelled in my own defence, I will do no act that *shall stain*," &c. After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother.—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *They'll grind the one the other.*

Old copy—"Then *'would* thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?" This is obscure; I read it thus:—

Then, *world*, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the *one the* other. Where's Antony?

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.—*Johnson*.

Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I have not, in the present instance, any scruples on that head. The passage, as it stands in the folio, is nonsense, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were easily confounded, and the omission in the last line, which Dr. Johnson has supplied, is one of those errors that happen in almost every sheet that passes through the press, when the same words are repeated near to each other in the same sentence. Thus, in a note on Timon of Athens, these words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honour* (i. e. the lordship of a place) in its legal sense." But the words—"in its common acceptation and" were omitted in the *proof* sheet by the compositor, by his eye (after he had composed the first *honour*) glancing on the last, by which the intermediate words were lost. In the passage before us, I have no doubt that the compositor's eye in like manner glancing on the second *the*, after the first had been composed, the two words now recovered were omitted. So, in Troilus and Cressida, the two lines printed in Italics, were omitted in the folio, from the same cause:—

The bearer knows not; but commends *itself*
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself;
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself, &c.

In the first folio edition of Hamlet, Act II. is the following passage: "I will leave him, *and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.*" But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italic character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were composed, glanced on the second *him*, and thus all the intervening words were lost.

I have lately observed that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. As, in a subsequent scene, Shakspeare, with allusion to the triumvirs, calls the world *three-nook'd*, so he here supposes it to have had *three chaps*. *No more* does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written—*and no more*. Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps, and *only* a pair.—*Malone*.

¹⁵ *More, Domitius.*

I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence.—*Johnson*.

¹⁹ *Here's the manner of it.*

And to confesse a troth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romains. For he assembled all the people in the shew-place, where young men doe exercise themselves, and there uppon a high tribunall silvered, he set two chaires of gold, the one for himselfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children; then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra Queene of Ægypt, of Cyprys, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the countrie; and unto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithall he brought out Alexander in a long gowne after the fashion of the Medes with a high coppedtanke hat on his head, narrow in the toppe, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians doe use to weare them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloke after the Macedonian maner, with slippers on his feete, and a broad hat, with a royal bande or diademe. Such was the apparell and old attire of the auncient kings and successours of Alexander the great. So after his sonnes had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother; presently a company of Armenian souldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of the Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only weare at that time, (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddessse Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome; he thereby stirred up all the Romains against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest pointes of his accusations he charged him with, were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicile, he did not give him his part of the ile. Secondly, that he did detayne in his hands the shippes he lent him to make that warre. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the Empire, and having deprived him of all honors: he rectayned for him selfe the lands and revenues thereof, which had bene assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner devided all Italy amongst his owne souldiers, and had left no part of it for his souldiers. Octavius Cæsar aunswered againe that, for Lepidus, he had in deede deposed him, and taken his part of the Empire from him, because he did overcruelly use his

authoritie. And secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of armes, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for his souldiers, they should seeke for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the Empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their Emperor and Captaine.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

²⁰ *Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates the following interesting note,—“Upon the external wall of the great temple at Dendera in Egypt, colossal figures are sculptured of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, offering sacrifices to the gods; they are peculiarly interesting as they are contemporary representations; the unmistakable Roman nose of the prince tells of his paternity, and establishes the fact that the Egyptian artists really attempted portraiture, though crippled by the conventional rules to which they thought it necessary to conform. The prince wears the conjoined crown of upper and lower Egypt; his tunic is embroidered with a representation of his victory over his enemies; the sacred hawk hovering above him. Cleopatra is crowned with the royal Asp, while a wreath of asps forms the base for the feathers, horns, and disc, attributes of Athor, the Egyptian Venus; here appropriated to the Queen. This portrait, though it fails to give an idea of the great beauty for which Cleopatra was famed, is by far the most agreeable of the contemporaneous delineations; those upon her coinage are often positively ugly. There is one piece, here copied, of much interest as it was coined while Antony was with her in Egypt; and gives portraits of both, as they appeared about the period of the action of Shakespeare's drama.”



²¹ *Lydia.*

For *Lydia*, Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thos. North, in folio, 1597, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake; “First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.”—*Farmer*.

The present reading is right: for afterwards, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus.—*M. Mason*.

²² *I' the common show-place.*

And after long deliberation, what he should doe? he determined in the end to adde somewhat to the ornaments of the citie, namely, to erect in the cirque, or *shew-place* that stood next, an obeliske, the originall and forme whereof I will shew in place convenient.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, tr. Holland, 1609.

²³ *With her train.*

So say the old copies, and there can be no possible reason for following the example of modern editors by omitting the words. It must have been a small train, she had not “an army for an usher,” as appears by what follows, but she was not wholly unattended, according to the practice of the stage when the folio, 1623, was printed.—*Collier*.

²⁴ *Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.*

Old copy—*abstract*. Antony very soon complied to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him. This is absurd. We must read:—"Being an *obstruct* 'tween his lust and him," i. e., his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.—*Warburton*.

I am by no means certain that this change was necessary. Henley pronounces it to be "needless, and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense." One of the meanings of *abstracted* is—*separated, disjoined*; and therefore our poet, with his usual licence, might have used it for a *disjunctive*. I believe there is no such substantive as *obstruet*: besides, we say, an obstruction *to* a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.—*Steevens*.

The change was made by Dr. Warburton from *abstract*, which he declares to be absurd; but, as an eminent critic has remarked, it has been made very unnecessarily. The canon somewhere laid down, viz. that where the old text is capable of a meaning, no alteration should be hazarded, ought to have been observed in this instance. The sense is obviously, "Octavia drew away or *abstracted* Cleopatra from Antony," and she might therefore be very properly called, in Shakspeare's bold language, an *abstract*.—*Douce*.

²⁵ *And gives his potent regiment to a trull.*

Regiment, is *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman. It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now.—*Johnson*.

Trull is used in the First Part of King Henry VI. as synonymous to *harlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679. There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here.—*Malone*.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the Schola Salernitana, is called the *Regiment* of Helth. Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—"Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*." Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. x.:—"Sowhen he had resign'd his *regiment*." *Trull* is not employed in an unfavourable sense by George Peele, in the *Song of Coridon and Melampus*, published in England's *Helicon*, 1600:—"When swaines sweete pipes are puft, and *trulls* are warme." Again, in *Damætas's Jigge in Praise of his Love*, by John Wootton; printed in the same collection:—

———— be thy mirth seene;
Heard to each swaine, seene to each *trull*.

Again, in the eleventh book of Virgil, Twyne's translation of the *virgins* attendant on Camilla, is—"Italian *trulles*——." Mæcenas, however, by this appellation, most certainly means no compliment to Cleopatra.—*Steevens*.

The *regiment* that they have, dependeth upon statute Lawe, and that is by Parliament, which is the highest Court, consisting of three severall sorts of people, the Nobility, Clergy, and commons of the Realm; so as whatsoever be among them enacted, the King striketh the stroke, allowing such things as to his Majesty seemeth best.—*Lylic's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

²⁶ *Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars.*

To *forespeak* here is to *speak against*, to *gainsay*, to *contradict*; as to *forbid* is to order negatively. The word had, however, the meaning, anciently, of to *charm* or *bewitch*, like *forbid* in *Macbeth*. Thus in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:—"Thy life *forspoke* by love." And in *Drayton's Epistle from Elinor*

Cobham to Duke Humphrey:—‘Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed.’ Steevens erroneously explains these instances: the first he makes to mean *contradicted*; the last, *to curse*. Substitute *bewitched* and *to bewitch*, and we have the true meaning. Thus Baret:—‘To forespeake, or *bewitch*; fascinare.’—*Singer*.

“*Abdico*, to deny or forsake, to *forspeke*, to cast of or renounce,” Eliotes Dictionarie, 1559.

²⁷ *If not denounc'd against us.*

Tyrwhitt proposed to read—*denounce*, but I am of opinion that the old reading is right. “If not *denounc'd*,” ‘if there be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not be there in person.’—*Malone*.

²⁸ *That Photinus an eunuch.*

Nowe after Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaymed open warre against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolishe the power and empire of Antonius, bicause he had before given it uppe unto a woman. And Cæsar sayde furthermore, that Antonius was not maister of himselfe, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the euenuke, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that friseled her heare and dressed her head), and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

²⁹ *And take in Toryne.*

To *take in* is to gain by conquest. So, in Chapman's version of the second Iliad:

—— for now 'Troy's broad-way'd towne
He shall *take in*.—*Steevens*.

I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the *taking in* of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!—*Every Man in his Humour*.

Now whilst Antonius rode at anker, lying idly in harbor at the head of Actium, in the place where the citie of Nicopolis standeth at this present; Cæsar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and taken a place called Toryne, before Antonius understoode that he had taken ship. Then beganne his men to be affraid, because his armie by land was left behind. But Cleopatra making light of it: and what danger, I pray you, said she, if Cæsar keepe at Toryne?—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

³⁰ *Your mariners are muliters.*

The old copy has *militers*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: “—for lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men out of Grece, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harvest men,” &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling of *muleteer*. So, in the Battell of Alcazar, 1594:—

Besides a number almost numberlesse,
Of drudges, negroes, slaves, and *muliters*.—*Malone*.

Now Antonius was made so subject to a womans will, that though he was a great deale the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatraes sake he would needes have this battell tryed by sea; though he sawe before his eyes, that for lacke of water-menne, his captaines did prest by force all sortes of men out of Grece that

they could take up in the field, as travellers, muletters, reapers, harvest men, and young boyes, and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his gallies; so that the most parte of them were emptie, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enowe. But on the contrairie side Cæsars shippes were not built for pompe, high and great, onely for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage; armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them al in readines in the havens of Tarentum, and Brundusium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy; and that for his owne part he would give him safe harbor, to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his armie from the sea, as farre as one horse could runne, until he had put his army a shore, and had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bravely sent him word againe, and chalenged the combat of him man to man, though he were the elder; and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battell with him in the fields of Pharsalia.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

³¹ *Their ships are yare.*

Yare is *quick, nimble, ready*. So in the *Tempest*, Act v. Sc. 1:—‘Our ship is tight and *yare*.’ The word seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly. ‘The lesser [ship] will come and go, leave and take, and is *yare*; whereas the greater is slow.’—*Raleigh*. ‘Cæsar’s ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c.; but they were light of *yarage*.’—*North's Plutarch*.—*Singer*.

Item, laid out for pitch to trim your boat about the middle of the last plague, because she might go tight and *yare*, and do her labour cleanly: xj. pence.—*A Knight's Conjuring*, 1607.

³² *Away, my Thetis!*

Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like *Thetis* surrounded by the Nereids.—*Steevens*.

³³ *O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.*

Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, and a valliant man, that had served Antonius in many battels and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out unto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the maine land, where we use to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himselfe.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

³⁴ *But his whole action grows.*

That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason.—*Johuson*.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his *land force*;) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson refers the word *ou't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the speech before us.—*Malone*.

³⁵ *With all their sixty.*

When he had visited the order of his army throughout, he tooke a litle pinnase, and went to the right wing, and wondred when he sawe his enemies lye still in the straight, and sturred not. For decerning them a farre off, men would have thought they had bene shippes riding at anker, and a good while he was so perswaded. So he kept his gallies eight furlong from his enemies: about noon there rose a litle gale of wind from the sea, and then Antonius men waxing angrie with tarying so long, and trusting to the greatnes and height of their ships, as if they had bene invincible; they beganne to march forward with their left wing. Cæsar seeing that, was a glad man, and began a litle to give backe from the right wing, to alure them to come farther out of the straight and gulfe, to the end that he might with his light shippes well manned with water-men, turne and environne the gallies of the enemies, the which were heavey of yarage, both for their bignes, as also for lacke of watermen to row them. When the skirmish began, and that they came to joine, there was no great hurt at the first meeting, neither did the ships vehemently hit one against the other, as they do commonly in fight by sea. For on the one side, Antonius ships, for their heaviness, could not have the strength and swiftnes to make their blowes of any force; and Cæsars shippes on the other side tooke great heede, not to rush and shocke with the forecastelles of Antonius ships, whose prooes were armed with great brasen spurres. Furthermore they durst not flancke them, because their points were easily broken, which way so ever they came to set upon his shippes, that were made of great maine square pieces of timber, bounde together with great ironne pinnes; so that the battell was much like to a battell by land, or to speake more properly, to the assault of a citie. For there were alwaies three or foure of Cæsars shippes about one of Antonius shippes, and the souldiers fought with their pikes, halberds and darts, and threwe pottes and darts with fire. Antonius ships on the other side bestowed among them, with their crosbowes and engines of batterie, great store of shot from their high towers of wood, that were upon their ships. Now Publicola seing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Cæsars armie, to compasse in Antonius shippes that fought; he was driven also to loofe off to have more roome, and going a litle at one side, to put those farther off that were affraid, and in the midst of the battell. For they were sore distressed by Antonius. Howbeit the battell was yet of even hand, and the victorie doubtfull, being indifferent to both; when sodainely they sawe the threescore shippes of Cleopatra busie about their yard masts, and hoysing saile to flie. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had bene placed behind the great shippes, and did marvellously disorder the other shippes. For the enemies them selves wondred much to see them saile in that sort, with ful saile towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not onely lost the courage and hart of an Emperour, but also of a valiant man, and that he was not his owne man; (proving that true which an old man spake in myrth, that the soule of a lover lived in another body, and not in his owne) he was so caried away with the vaine love of this woman, as if he had bene glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatraes shippe under saile, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five bankes of owers, to follow her that was already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

³⁶ *The greater cantle of the world is lost.*

Cantle is a *corner*. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.—*Johnson*. The word is used

by Chaucer, in the Knight's Tale, "Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." So, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act III. Sc. I. :—

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous *cantle* out.—*Malone*.

Cockeram, in his Dictionary of Hard Words, gives *cantle* as the explanation of *fragment*.—*Boswell*.

I bar a ridelle and a rake,
Poudurt with the brenyng drake,
And thre *cantels* of a cake.

The Turnament of Tottenham, MS. Cantab.

³⁷ *The token'd pestilence.*

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools, in seven Acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*." Again, in Herod and Antipater, 1622:—

His siekness, madam, rageth like a plague,
Once *spotted*, never cured.

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:—"For the *Lord's tokens* on you do I see."—*Steevens*.

³⁸ *Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt.*

The old copy reads, '*ribaudred nag*,' which was altered by Steevens and Malone into '*ribald-rig nag*,' but unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—"A *ribaudrous* and filthie tongue; os obscænum et impudicum. *Ribaudrie*, vilainie in actes or wordes, filthiness, uncleanness.' And in Horman's *Vulgaria*:—"Refrayne fro suche foule and *rebaudry* wordes."—*Singer*.

Nag, a jade, a hackney. "Know we not Galloway nags?" exclaims Pistol, alluding to Doll Tearsheet.—*A. Dyce*.

³⁹ *She once being loof'd.*

To *loof*, to bring a vessel close to the wind, now pronounced *luff* by seamen. It occurs in Wendover's *Chronicle*.

As soone as you doo see him preace to come up by your side, then *louffe* you from him, and so by this meanes he shall not be able to come neere any other place but your stearne.—*Bourne's Inventions or Devices*, 1578.

Thus Antonius, *loofing* from the lande, and sayling with safetic at his pleasure, soone after he sawe all the coastes full of shippewracks.—*North's Plutarch*, 1579.

⁴⁰ *His sword e'en like a daucer.*

In the *Morisco*, and perhaps anciently in the *Pyrrhic* dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.—*Johnson*.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practise at Christmas.—*Steevens*.

The Goths, in one of their dances, held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them?—*Tollet*.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the

scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. I. :—

— our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side.

It may also be observed, that the dancers represented in one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles, had weapons by their sides.—*Steevens*.

That *Steevens's* explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well That Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, says—

I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,
But one to *dance* with.

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhic, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward.—*Malone*.

⁴¹ *He alone dealt on lieutenancy.*

I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony.—*Johnson*.

“Dealt on lieutenantry,” I believe, means only,—“fought by proxy,” made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. So, in a former scene, Ventidius observes—

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person.

Again, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595 :—

— Cassius and Brutus ill betid,
March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,
But by my sole conduct; for all the time,
Cæsar heart-sick with fear and feaver lay.

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :—“You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :—

That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold
Men so ill arm'd, *upon* their bows so bold.

Upon their bows must here mean “on the strength of their bows, relying on their bows.” Again, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Nashe, 1506 : “At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intently.” Again, in *Othello* :—

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Again, in *King Richard III.* :—“are they that I would have thee *deal upon*.”—*Steevens*.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shakspeare represents him, in the next Act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself :—“Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.” Again :—“Go, charge, Agrippa.”—*M. Mason*.

In the *Life of Antony*, Shakspeare found the following passage : “— they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by

themselves ;” —which fully explains that before us.—The subsequent words also—“and no practice had,” &c., show that Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase to *deal on* is likewise found in Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil, by T. Nashe, 1592: “When dice, lust, and drunkenness, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for his penie, he sits melancholie in his chamber.”—*Malone*.

⁴² *He is unqualified.*

I suppose she means, he is *unsoldier'd*. *Quality*, in Shakspeare's age, was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage of Othello, in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service :—

— My heart's subdued
Even to the very *quality* of my lord.—*Malone*.

Perhaps, *unqualified*, only signifies *unmanned* in general, “disarmed of his usual faculties,” without any particular reference to soldiership.—*Steevens*.

⁴³ *To his grand sea.*

His for *its*. The grand sea is that which the morn-dew arose from. This is Capell's explanation.

⁴⁴ *Think, and die.*

Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hanmer reads “*drink* and die ;” Tyrwhitt proposes to read “*wink* and die.” We may here very safely trust to the original.—*Knight*.

⁴⁵ *Have nick'd his captainship.*

That is, set the mark of folly on it. So, in the Comedy of Errors :—

— and the while
His man with scissars *nicks* him like a fool.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁶ *The mered question.*

The *mered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except—“the *mooted* question—,” that is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary* ; and the *mered* question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.—*Johnson*.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, b. iii. 1582 :—“Whereto jointlye *mearing* a cantel of Itayle neereth.” Baret, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, interprets a *meere*-stone by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true reading. So, in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. I. :—

— the king
That was and is the *question* of these wars.—*Steevens*.

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that case, the *meered* question might mean, the only cause of the dispute—the only subject of the quarrel.—*M. Mason*.

⁴⁷ *To lay his gay comparisons apart.*

I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power.—*Johnson*.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote—“his gay *caparisons*,” Let him “unstate his happiness,” let him divest himself of the splendid trappings

of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat. *Caparison* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dress*. So, in *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. II. :—"though I am *caparison'd* like a man—." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. II. :—"With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*." The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth* :—

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with *self-caparisons*,
Point against point, rebellious.

His *gay caparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me. Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens* :—"Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

—— What the *declin'd* is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall.

Again, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1594 :—"Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd."—*Malone*.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour *Malone's* conjecture, that we should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech appears to countenance the present reading :—

—— that he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—*M. Mason*.

⁴⁸ *And be stag'd to the show.*

So, *Goff*, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631 :—"as if he *stag'd*—The wounded Priam——."—*Steevens*.

Be stag'd to show,—that is, 'exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.'—*Henley*.

⁴⁹ *A messenger from Cæsar.*

There withall he sent Thyreus one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that besides greatly liked her beautie, might easily by his eloquence have perswaded her. He was longer in talke with her then any man else was, and the Queene her selfe also did him great honour, in so much as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favoredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar; and bad him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himselfe proude and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angred, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, sayd he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce. From thenceforth, Cleopatra, to cleare her selfe of the suspition he had of her, she made more of him then ever she did. For first of all, where she did solemnise the day of her birth very meanelly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune; she now in contrary manner did keepe it with such solemnitie, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousnesse and magnificence: so that the guesstes that were bidden to the feasts, and came poore, went away rich.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

⁵⁰ *The loyalty, well held to fools.*

After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he

immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, stubbornly preserved to a master in his declined fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:—

Though loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly——.—*Theobald*.

I have preserved the old reading; Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald. Dr. Warburton retains the old reading.—*Johnson*.

⁵¹ *Further than he is Cæsar.*

Thus the second folio. The first folio has, ——'than he is Cæsar's,' which brings obscurity with it. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: 'Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.' I think with Malone that the previous speech, which is given to Enobarbus, was intended for Cleopatra.—*Singer*.

⁵² *In disputation.*

Warburton read *deputation*; but as a clear meaning is afforded by "disputation," in the sense of controversy, or contest, we adhere to the text of all the old editions. At the same time, the plausibility of Warburton's change is not to be disputed.—*Collier*.

⁵³ *Like boys unto a muss.*

Muss, a scramble; but there was a boys' game so called, and to the latter I believe Shakespeare here alludes. "*Arigatta*, striving, as children play at musse," Florio's *New World of Words*, ed. 1611. "*Mousche*, the play called musse," Cotgrave, ed. 1611. Rabelais mentions a muss as one of the games of Gargantua. The term in the sense of a scramble is not uncommon.

⁵⁴ *By one that looks on feeders.*

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets." Again, in the *Wits*, a comedy, by Sir W. D'Avenant:—

—— tall *eaters* in blcw coats,
Sans number.

"One who looks on feeders," is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:—

—— that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
The very scraps o' the court.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁵ *Upon the hill of Basan.*

As the Hill of *Basan*, so is *God's Hill*: even an high hill as the Hill of *Basan*.—Psalm, lxxviii.—Many oxen are come about me; fat bulls of *Basan* close me in on every side.—Psalm, xxii.

⁵⁶ *Look, thou say, &c.*

Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, because he showed him selfc prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now

specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁵⁷ *Our terrene moon.*

Philosophy is the food and medicine of the mind, affording it vertue as aliment, and healing all sorts of maladies and disturbances that are incident thereunto, making a perfect path-way to happiness. The reason is, because that then the mind shaketh off the *terrene* incumbrances that usually clog the body, and meditates upon things divine and cœstial.—*The Sage Senator*, p. 32.

⁵⁸ *By the discandying of this pelleted storm.*

Discandying, old eds. The idea is that, as the stones of the hail melted or discandied, a person should die for each.—*Nares*.

———— O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which by hot greefe *uncandied*,
Melts into drops.—*The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

⁵⁹ *And fleet.*

To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous. Thus Baret:—‘To *fleet* above the water: flotter.’ Steevens has adduced numerous examples from old writers.—*Singer*. Compare also Palsgrave, 1530,—“I flete above the water, as a borde or any lyght thyng doth.”

⁶⁰ *Let's have one other gaudy night.*

Gaudy night, a night of festivity. This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university.—*Steevens*.

Gawdy, or Grand days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. “The etymology of the word,” says Blount, in his Dictionary, “may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days, or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of courts *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*.”—*Reed*.

Days of good cheer, in some of the foreign universities, are called *Gaudeamus* days.—*Collier*.

We maye make our tryumphe, i. kepe our *gaudyes*, or let us sette the cocke on the hope, and make good chere within dores.—*Palsgrave's Acolastus*, 1540.

I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere.—*Ibid.*

———— A foolish utensill of state
Which, like old plate upon a *gaudy day*,
'S brought forth to make a show, and that is all.
The Goblins, a Comedy by Sir John Suckling, 1646.

⁶¹ *Now he'll out-stare the lightning.*

Our author, in many of the speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts; “He (Antony) used a manner of phrase in his speeche, called Asiaticke, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for *it was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaine ambition*.—*Malone*.

⁶² *The dove will peck the estridge.*

An *estridge* that iron barres could eat,
And strong beere out of sea-coales beat.

The Counter Rat, 4to. 1637.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp at Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter : AGRIPPA, MECENAS,
and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die,¹ mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
 May be, it is the period of your duty :
 Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
 A mangled shadow :³ perchance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay till death.
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd : for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
 Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense,
 For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their Posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage.*⁴

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise?⁵

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hereules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post.*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters!

All. How now!

How now! do you hear this? [*Speaking together.*

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others
attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my ehuek.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :⁶—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—false, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la ! I'll help. Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this,⁷ than thou. Despatch.—O, love !
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou should'st see

Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; weleome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
 So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
 Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me,
 This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable, [Kisses her.
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
 Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
 Determine this great war in single fight!
 Then, Antony,—but now,—well, on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier
meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!^s

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
 To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
 He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
 Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
 He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it :
 Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
 I will subscribe—gentle adieus, and greetings :
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master.—O ! my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men :—despatch.—Enobarbus !⁹ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
 and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
 Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world¹⁰
 Shall bear the olive freely.¹¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
 Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa.
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
 Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade¹²
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
 And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure,¹³ with
His bounty overplus : the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true : best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit* Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony !
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :¹⁴
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought ; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee ?—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With elouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes.¹⁵ I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.¹⁶—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine : you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand :

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world !
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.¹⁷

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled¹⁸
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;¹⁹
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O! bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace!

Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,²⁰
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the
drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea :
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is : our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us—order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven ; Further on,²¹
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd,²² we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage !

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost !
 This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me :²³
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore !²⁴ 'tis thou
 Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all.—Bid them all fly ; be gone. [*Exit* SCARUS.
 O sun ! thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels,²⁵ to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,²⁶—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast-and-loose,²⁷
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros ! Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits ;²⁸ and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.
 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
 If it be well to live ; but better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—

The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
 Aleides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;²⁹
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot ; she dies for't.—Eros, ho !

[*Exit.*]SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O ! he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so embossed.³⁰

Char. To the monument !
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument !

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE XII.—*The Same.* *Another Room.**Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;
They are black vesper's pageants.³¹

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns,³² and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost : she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar's, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.³³—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch : peace !
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then, in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros : the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; go.—[*Exit MARDIAN.*] Off, pluck
off :—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
 Crack thy frail case !—Apacc, Eros, apacc,—
 No more a soldier :—bruised pieces, go ;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.— [*Exit* EROS.
 I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture : since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—
 Eros !—I come, my queen.—Eros !—Stay for me :
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros ! Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
 I have liv’d in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter’d the world, and o’er green Neptune’s back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
 Than she,³⁴ which by her death our Cæsar tells,
 “ I am conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That when the exigent should come,—which now
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that on my command
 Thou then would’st kill me : do’t ; the time is come.
 Thou strik’st not me, ’tis Cæsar thou defeat’st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant. Eros,
 Would’st thou be window’d in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach’d arms,³⁵ bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel’d seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be eur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free,³⁶ swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then, let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his Sword.] Thus do I
Eseape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus [Falling on his Sword.]
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

I Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCEBAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The Same. A Monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian ! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise : our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ! is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !³⁷—darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony !
Antony ! Antony !—Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help ;
Help, friends, below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death a while, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; ³⁸ if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, ³⁹ shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! ⁴⁰—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mereury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools.—O! come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, ⁴¹ and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, ⁴²
Provok'd by my offenee.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end, ⁴³
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

[*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a styè ?—O ! see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—
O ! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen :⁴⁴ young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !—

Iras. Madam !—

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras* !

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ;⁴⁵ and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.⁴⁶—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel : all's but naught ;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ! good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian !
My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart :⁴⁷—
We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY'S Body.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *I have many other ways to die.*

Hanmer altered *I have* to *he hath*, the latter being the meaning of Plutarch, rightly translated; but Shakespeare misinterpreted here the ambiguous language of North's version.

So Cæsar came, and pitched his campe hard by the citie, in the place where they runne and manage their horses. Antonius made a saly upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen backe, fighting with his men even into their campe. Then he came again to the pallace, greatly boasting of this victorie, and sweetely kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was, when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of armes unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manlinesse, gave him an armour and head peece of cleane gold: howbeit the man at armes, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent againe to challenge Cæsar, to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, that he had many other wayes to dye then so. Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to dye, then fighting valiantly; he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper, as it is reported, he commaunded his officers and household servaunts that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could; for, sayd he, you know not whether you shall do so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serve an other maister; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so; to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, then valiantly to dye with honour. Furthermore, the selfe same night, within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre; it is sayd that sodainly they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they use in Bacchus feasts.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

² *Take all.*

Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death. So, in King Lear:—

—— unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, *take all.*—*Stevens.*

³ *Or if a mangled shadow.*

Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.—*Johnson.*

So being at supper, as it is reported, he commaunded his officers and household servauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could; for, said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve an other maister; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, then valliantly to dye with honor.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁴ *Music of Hautboys under the stage.*

This circumstance might have been suggested to Shakspeare by some of the machineries in masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious music of some fictitious nymphs, “which, (he adds,) surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] thereof, because it should come secretlie and strangelie *out of the earth.*”—Vol. iii. f. 1297.—*Stevens.*

⁵ *Peace, what noise?*

Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that sodainly they heard a marvelous sweete harmonie of sundrie sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movinges and turninges after the maner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁶ *Put thine iron on.*

“Antony,” says Mr. Collier, “enters calling for his armour; ‘Mine armour, Eros;’ and when the man brings it, Antony is made to say in the old copies, ‘Put *thine* iron on;’ but surely it ought to be as a manuscript note gives it, ‘Put *mine* iron on.’” Not at all; either word will do; but “thine” is more consonant with ordinary usage. A gentleman asks his butler, not “have you cleaned *my* plate?” but “have you cleaned *your* plate?” meaning, my plate of which *you* have the charge. Eros had the charge of Antony’s armour. We agree with the corrector, that the words “What is this for?” should be given to Cleopatra, who is assisting to buckle on Antony’s armour, and not to Antony, to whom they are

assigned in the *variorum* edition, 1785. “*Bear* a storm” for “*hear* a storm,” the common reading, is a very unnecessary change.—*Anon.*

⁷ *More tight at this.*

Tight is *handy, adroit*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “bear you these letters *tightly*.” In the country, a *tight* lass signifies a *handy* one.—*Stevens.*

⁸ *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*

’Tis evident, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land.—*Theobald.*

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next *two* speeches addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the Soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony’s words, “What *sayst thou?*” compared with what follows, show that the speech beginning, “Who? One ever near thee:” &c. belongs to the Soldier. This regulation was made by Capell.—*Malone.*

⁹ *Despatch:—Enobarbus!*

We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. That reading is “despatch Enobarbus.” It may possibly mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says “despatch;” and then, thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name. The second folio reads,—“Dispatch Eros.”—*Knight.*

¹⁰ *The three-nook’d world.*

So, in *King John*:—

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
And we shall shock them.

So, Lyly, in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: “The island is in fashion *three-corner’d*,” &c.—*Malone.*

Three-nooked, having three corners or angles. “A three-nooked field.”—*Craven Gloss.*

¹¹ *Shall bear the olive freely.*

“Shall *bear* the olive freely,” i. e., shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.—*Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive-branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus.—*M. Mason.*

I doubt whether M. Mason’s explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negotiation.—*Malone.*

My explanation of this passage is supported by the following lines in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* Act IV. Sc. IV. where Westmoreland says—

There is not now a rebel’s sword unsheath’d,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.—*M. Mason.*

¹² *There did persuade.*

The old reading, *dissuade*, is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are: "for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, *he persuaded* him to turne to Cæsar."—*Malone*.

¹³ *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure.*

Furthermore, he delt very friendly and curteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a litle boate to goe to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, he died immediatly after.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

¹⁴ *This blows my heart.*

All the latter editions have:—"This *bows* my heart:" I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. This generosity, says Enobarbus, *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, "if thought break it not, a swifter mean."—*Johnson*.

That to *blow* means to *puff* or *swell*, the following instance, in the last scene of this play, will sufficiently prove:—

— on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*.

Again, in King Lear:—"No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite—."—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *We'll beat 'em into bench-holes.*

The first either by prodigality wasts himself, or like a dogge in a *bench-hole* hords up his mony he knowes not for whom.—*Breton's Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1637.

How many volumes lye neglected, thrust
In every *bench-hole*, every heape of dust!

Fitzgeffrey's Elegies, 1618.

¹⁶ *And let the queen know of our gests.*

Guests, old ed. What guests was the Queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet said a word of marching to Alexandria, and treating his officers in the palace. We must restore *gests*, i. e. *res gestæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. It is a term that frequently occurs in Chaucer; and, after him, in Spencer; nor did it cease to be current for some time after our author's days.—*Theobald*.

¹⁷ *It was a kings.*

Then he came againe to the pallace greatly boasting of this victorie, and sweetely kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of armes unto her, that had valliantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manlines, gave him an armor and head-peece of cleane golde.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

¹⁸ *Were it carbuncled,*

In sable sheeld three gryffons golde,
Passant, *carbonkled* with eke golde,
This comely knight condignely bare
For his demerites many fold.

The Auncient Order of Prince Arthur, 1583.

¹⁹ *Make mingle with our rattling tabourines.*

A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne. "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy."—*Steevens*.

Tabourin de Basque, a kind of small and shallow drumme or tabor, open at one end, and having the barrell stucke full of small bells and other ginging knacks of latten, &c., which, together with the taborers fingers on the other end thats covered, make, in the ears of children and sillie people, a prettie noyse.—*Cotgrave*, ed. 1611.

²⁰ *Disponge upon me.*

That is, discharge, as a *sponge*, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it has imbibed. So, in Hamlet: "— it is but *squeezing* you, and, *sponige*, you shall be dry again." This word is not found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.—*Steevens*.

²¹ *Further on.*

These words, *Further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first.—*Johnson*.

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could best discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it." But if we add the words *Further on*, his speech will be consistent: "As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may see them better." And accordingly in the next page but one he says—

—— Where yonder pine does stand
I shall discover all.—*Mason*.

The defect of the metre in the old copy shows that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy, as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitred. The *haven itself* was not such a place; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I see, says he, they have not yet joined; but I'll now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all." A preceding passage in Act III. Sc. VI. adds such support to the emendation now made (*Let's seek a spot*), that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text:—

Set we our battles on yon side of the *hill*,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; *from which place*
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

Rowe supplied the omission by the words —*Further on*; and the four subsequent editors have adopted his emendation.—*Maloue*.

²² *But being charg'd.*

That is, unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*.—*Warburton*.

"But (says Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Flodden,) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. "*Boots but spurs*." Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots Proverbs: "— He could eat me *but salt*." Again: "He gave me whittings *but bones*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, "Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Samson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas*; absque falso, without a lie. Again, in the *Vintner's Play*, in the Chester Collection, British Museum, MS. Harl. 2013, p. 29:—

Abraham. Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,
I greeve my God, and that full ill.

See also Ray's *North Country Words*; and the MS. version of an ancient French romance, entitled *L'Histoire du noble, preux, et vaillant Chevalier Guillaume de Palerne, et de la belle Melior sa mye, lequel Guill. de Palerne fut filz du Roy de Cecille, &c.* in the library of King's College, Cambridge:—

I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,
Boute anker, or ore, or ani semlych sayle. P. 86.

In ancient writings this preposition is commonly distinguished from the adversative conjunction—*but*; the latter being usually spelled—*bot*.—*Steevens*.

²³ *This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.*

The next morning by breake of day he went to set these few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoyning unto the citie, and there he stode to behold his gallies which departed from the haven, and rowed against the gallies of his enemies, and so stode still, looking what exployte his souldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come neere unto them, they first saluted Cæsars men, and then Cæsars men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the citie. When Antonius sawe that his men did forsake him, and yeelded unto Cæsar, and that his footemen were broken and overthrowen, he then fled into the citie, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made warre for her sake.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

²⁴ *Triple-turn'd whore!*

She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony; and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author perhaps might have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand.—*Johnson*.

Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes.—*Malone*.

²⁵ *That spaniel'd me at heels.*

All the editions read:—"That *pannell'd* me at heels." Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the suppression; and Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough—"That *paged* me at heels—," in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot.—*Johnson*.

I *spanield* after Catechrysius foot,
A happie shaddow, to good a substance;

All like a flower as yet but in thee root,
Tending to future growth, and shone advance.

Copley's Fig for Fortune, 1596, p. 64.

In this passage, the confusion of metaphor is so great, that the "*spaniel'd* me at heels" is, as a single expression, a very plausible one, instead of *pannel'd*, the old reading. It is to be wished that something could be suggested in the place of those four words, which might appear to lead to the subsequent idea of *discandying*. *Hearts* that *spaniel'd* Antony at the heels, *melting their sweets* upon Cæsar, forms a masterpiece of incongruity, which, amidst the natural, though rapid transition of Antony's passionate state, we should not expect to find.—*Nares*.

²⁶ *This grave charm.*

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman, in his translation of Homer. So, in the 19th book:—

—— but not far hence the fatal minutes are
Of thy *grave* ruin.

Again, in the same translator's version of the 22d Odyssey:—

———— and then flew
Minerva, after every dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade;
Some beate the doores, and all acts rendred vaine
Their *grave* steele offer'd.

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *At fast-and-loose.*

There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. "Fast and loose" is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the gypsies in the time of Shakspeare.—*Sir J. Hawkins*.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirmed by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Thomas Freeman, 1614:—

In *Ægyptun suspensum*. *Epig.* 95.

Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by juggling could
Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoere he would;
Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
Who knit what he could not unkit againe.
You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
Seeming to loose indissoluble knots;
Had you been there, but to have seen the cast,
You would have won, had but you laid—'tis fast.—*Steevens*.

This game, to which our old dramatists are fond of alluding, is now better known by the vulgar appellation of "pricking i' the garter." There is both truth and humour in the following reference to it, by Butler:—

For when he'd got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
And forced his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at *fast and loose*.—*Gifford*.

Fast-and-loose is alluded to twice in the comedy of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

²⁸ *For poor'st diminutives, for doits.*

Diminutives appear to be used for very small pieces of money. Capell reads, "for doits," which would explain the former word; "*for doits*" is the original reading, which has been changed as above.—*Nares*.

The old copy has *dolts*, which was most likely a misprint for "doits:" the error would be a very easy one for a compositor to make, and the change much smaller than to suppose, with Tyrwhitt, that "for" was a printer's blunder for *to*; or with Malone, that "for," in both places, ought to be *fore*. Of course Shakespeare never paused to consider whether *doit* was an ancient Roman coin; and Warburton substituted "doits" for *dolts*, which makes the sense of the passage evident: Mr. Amyot truly observes, that "doits" is a word of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare. We therefore, without hesitation, adopt Warburton's amendment.—*Collier*.

²⁹ *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.*

This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.—*Warburton*.

Shakspeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, b. ix. edit. 1575:—

Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
He spied him: And as his griefe did all in furie work,
He sayd, art thou syr Lychas, he that broughtest unto mee
This plagye present? Of my death must thou the woorker bee?
Hee quak't and shaak't and looked pale, and fearfully gan make
Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him spake,
The furious Hercule caught him up, and swindging him about
His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out
Into th' Euboyan sea, with force surmounting any sling;
He hardened intoo peble stone as in the ayre he hing, &c.—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *Was never so emboss'd.*

The term *emboss'd*, properly a hunting phrase, seems here used with great licence for, foaming with rage.

³¹ *They are black vesper's pageants.*

The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell:—'I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is the show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks and ayre.'—*Singer*.

³² *Even with a thought, the rack dislimns.*

Chapman, in a marginal note to his translation of Homer, explains the use of "the *racke* or motion of the clouds, *for the clouds.*" To dislimn, to obliterate what was before limned.

Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the *rack*, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne supported by two beautiful peacocks; above her, the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top, (figuring the Heaven) brandishing his thunder.—*Ben Jonson's Masques.*

³³ *Unto an enemy's triumph.*

Dr. Warburton thinks that a quibble was intended, and that *triumph* may signify either *conquest* or *trump* at cards, which, says he, was then called the *triumph*. I do not think that a quibble was intended; but I am firmly persuaded that the word was presented to the poet's mind by the metaphor derived from cards. Who can be ignorant, that in other languages the *trump* at cards is the same word which expresses *triumph* or *victory*. It is *Triomphe* in French—*Trionfo* in Italian—and *Triunfo* in Spanish.—"Trionfo" (says Florio in his Dictionary, 1611) "is a *triumph*, also a *trump* at cardes, or the play called *trump* and *ruffe*." Cotgrave explains *Triomphe* to be the "Card-game called *Ruffe* or *Trump*; also the *ruffe* or *trump* at it." In Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, p. 67, *al triumphetto* is translated *at trump*, and enumerated among the games play'd at with cards. We find likewise, *A tarocchi* among a set of games, and translated *at terrestrial TRIUMPHS*. In Florio's Dictionary, *Tarocchi* is said to be a "kind of playing *cardes* called *Tarocs* or *Terrestriall TRIUMPHS*." The following passage, however, from Ben Jonson will probably convince us that he was not mistaken in so obvious and unquestionable a derivation.—

Except the four Knaves entertain'd for the Guards,

Of the Kings and the Queens, that *triumph* in the *Cardes*.—

Masque of the Fortunate Isles, 650.—Whiter.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*. The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591: "S. What a shouffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I *plaie fair playe*, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and set them."—*Malone.*

³⁴ *Less noble mind than she.*

Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute of even the courage of a woman, that he is *destitute of a less noble mind* than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary: that he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:—

— condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman; less noble-minded

Than she, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shown me that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend.

For these the poet, not his editor, must answer. We have the same inaccurate phraseology in the *Winter's Tale* :—

—— I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Again, in *Macbeth* :—

Who *cannot want* the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father?

Again, in *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. IV. :—

—— I have hope,
You *less* know how to value her desert,
Than she to *scant* her duty.

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare has here copied, shows that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: "When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned* to be *judged of lesse corage and noble MINDE* than a woman." Instead of "to be judged of less," which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with "*less noble mind*."—*Malone*.

³⁵ *With pleached arms.*

Arms folded in each other. A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1594:—

Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee,)
Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,
Before the victor; while thy rebel son
With crowned front triumphing follows thee.—*Steevens*.

Compare the *Lover's Complaint*,—

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd*.

³⁶ *When I did make thee free.*

Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare unto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it up, as though he had ment to have striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maisters foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valliantly done of thee, to shew me what I should doe to myself, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sworde and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe upon a litle bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: untill at last there came a secretarie unto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or

monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

³⁷ *Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!*

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night.—*Heath*.

³⁸ *Ever shall be brooch'd with me.*

Be brooch'd, i. e., *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*: "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News*:—"The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city." Again, in the *Magnetic Lady*:—"The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe." Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Floddon Field*, that *brooches*, in the North, are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped.—*Steevens*.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument, originally a spit, and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say, 'pin up the basket,' "*Brooch'd with me*," i. e. pinned up, completed with having me to adorn his triumph.—*Percy*.

Our author, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, speaks of the *brooch* and the tooth-pick, as at one time constantly worn by those who affected elegance.—*Malone*.

A *brooch* is always an *ornament*; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as *Darnton broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by *Steevens*.—*Ritson*.

³⁹ *And still conclusion.*

Cleopatra declares that she will never be led in triumph by Cæsar, as an object of scorn to the proud patrician dames. How good is that expression "still conclusion"! That lady of yours, looking demurely upon me with her modest eyes, and *drawing her quiet inferences*, shall acquire no honour from the contrast between my fate with her own.—*Anon*.

⁴⁰ *Here's sport, indeed!*

Steevens observes that Cleopatra here speaks with an affected levity. It would be truer to say that she speaks from that bitterness of heart which frequently finds a vent for itself in irony.—*Anon*.

⁴¹ *Give me some wine.*

Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonor; and that

chiefly she should trust Proculcius above any man else about Cæsar.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁴² *The false housewife Fortune break her wheel.*



Mr. Fairholt communicates the following note,—“the wheel was so peculiarly the attribute of Fortune, in all pictorial representations of the goddess during the middle ages, that no other symbol has been in use since. Yet it was not so usual with the Romans who originated figures of the goddess. Montfaucon remarks “it is somewhat surprising that the wheel which is so commonly ascribed to her, is so seldom seen upon her marbles, medals, or gems.” The wheel was also an attribute of Ceres and Nemesis. Fortune is most usually impersonated bearing a cornucopia, and guiding a rudder; but sometimes the wheel

is added, as in the large brass coin of Gordian.

⁴³ *The miserable change now at my end.*

As for himself, that she should not lament nor sorow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his dayes; but rather, that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romane by another Romane.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

⁴⁴ *The soldier's pole is fallen.*

He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation.—*Johnson*.

The *pole*, I apprehend, is the *standard*. Marlowe concludes his Doctor Faustus with a passage not unlike this:—

Cut is the branch that might have growne ful straight,
And burned is Apolloes laurel bough.—*Boswell*.

⁴⁵ *No more, but e'en a woman.*

Iras has just said,—Royal Egypt, *Empress!* Cleopatra completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by Charmian.)—*Empress* “no more; but e'en a woman,” now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in Julius Cæsar, Cassius says—

No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. *Am I not staid for, Cinna?*

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words (Am I not stay'd for?);—“I am glad on't,” i. e., I am glad that Casca is *incorporate to our attempts*. See also Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. I. The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. Thus, in Romeo and Juliet, quarto, 1599:—“Is it *in* so? then I deny yon stars.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *And does the meanest chares.*

That is, task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630: “She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*.” Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:—

———— spins,
Cards, and does *chare-work*——.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, ch. 91, Robin Goodfellow says—

And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from maid or dame,
To *do their chares*, as they suppos'd, &c.—*Stevens*.

His daughters I brought up to sacred spels,
And taught them *chares*, to sow, to weave, to sing;
No lady living these bright dames excels
In vertuous thewes, good graces, every thing.

Heywoods Troia Britanica, fol. 1609.

And drowze his swerde prively,
That the childe were not war
Ar he had done that *char*.

Cursor Mundi, MS. Coll. Trin. Cantab. f. 20.

One tooke the shape of an old Lady's cooke once
And dispatch'd two *chares* on a Sunday Morning.

Middleton's Game at Chess, H. 2.

The word *chore*, which has been thought peculiar to America, is without doubt the same as the word *char*, which, both as a verb and a noun, may be found in the English dictionaries. "In America," says Mr. Webster, "this word denotes small work of a domestic kind, as distinguished from the principal work of the day. It is generally used in the plural, *chores*, which includes the daily or occasional business of feeding cattle and other animals, preparing fuel, sweeping the house, cleaning furniture," &c. According to the English dictionaries, *char* means work done by the day, a single job or task; from which has arisen the words *char-man* and *char-woman*. In Jennings's Glossary of Somersetshire, is the word *choor*, a job, or any dirty household work; *choor-woman*, a woman who goes out to do any kind of odd or dirty work. In Wiltshire, it is pronounced *cheare*. This as well as the Somerset word is very near the American word in pronunciation.—*American Glossary*.

⁴⁷ *Good sirs, take heart.*

To these words is usually added a stage-direction, *To the guard below*; but by *sirs* does not Cleopatra mean Charmian and Iras? In the next act she says, "Sirrah Iras, go." That in former days women were frequently so addressed is proved by numerous passages of our old writers.—*A. Dyce*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA,¹ DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate,² tell him, he mocks³
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.⁴ [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou,⁵ that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas.
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar ! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : the round world should have shook⁶
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom : in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.⁷

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity ; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spæcious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ;—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies.⁸ I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine : we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcilable should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live⁹
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.¹⁰ Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*

All. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*¹¹

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar :
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will ; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,¹²
'The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and
Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculcius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find

A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[*Here PROCULEIUS,*¹³ *and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.¹⁴

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death!
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,¹⁵
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of eensuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,¹⁶
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To CLEOPATRA.*
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
 [*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony:
 O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
 A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
 The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
 Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,¹⁷
 That grew the more by reaping : his delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in : in his livery
 Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.¹⁸

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
 As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods :
 But, if there be, or ever were one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy ;¹⁹ yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight : would I might never
 O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of your's, a grief that smites²⁰
 My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know't.

Within. Make way there !—Cæsar !

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus : my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but, if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What! goest thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar !²¹ what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Pareel the sum of my disgraces by²²
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ; [*To SELEUCUS.*
Or I shall show the einders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance.—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do ; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.²³

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merehant, to make prize with you
Of things that merehants sold. Therefore be eheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us eounsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our eare and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey,²⁴ and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOL.] Now, *Iras*, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune:²⁵ the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness²⁶
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.²⁷—Now, Charmian?—

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen :—go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.²⁸—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? [*Exit IRAS.* *A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[*Exit* Guard.]

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.²⁹

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket.³⁰

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,³¹
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him ; but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal : those
that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.³²

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To exeuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire, and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian :—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*

Have I the asp in my lips ? Dost fall ?³³
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O ! could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied !³⁴

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?³⁵

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What should I stay— [Falls on a Bed, and dies.³⁶

Char. In this vile world ?³⁷—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;³⁸
I'll mend it, and then play.³⁹

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly ; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O ! come ; apace ; despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar : call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there ! a way for Cæsar !

Enter CÆSAR, and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir ! you are too sure an augurer :
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last :
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar !
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress : tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling ; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :⁴⁰
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail ; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, &c.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and [old copy] *MENAS, &c.* But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the Italian coast. We nowhere learn, expressly, in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony killed himself, anno U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade, in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony.—*Theobald.*

² *Being so frustrate.*

Frustrate, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in the *Tempest*:—

—— and the sea mocks
Our *frustrate* search by land.

So *consummate* for *consummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c. Again, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606: "But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and *frustrate* by reason of Piso his death."—*Malone.*

³ *Tell him, he mocks.*

So the original, Malone adding the words, *us by*, with the following observations,—The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre shows that somewhat was omitted, and the passage, by the omission, was rendered unintelligible.

When, in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those

who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drowned in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause*?

⁴ *Cæsar, I shall.*

I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.—*Theobald.*

⁵ *And what art thou, &c.*

As Antonius gave the last gaspe, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himselfe, as they caried him into the tombes and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his gard, called Dercetæus, tooke his sword with the which he had stiken himselfe, and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first newes of his death, and shewed him his sword that was bloudied. Cæsar hearing these newes, straight withdrew himselfe into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with teares, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had bene his friend and brother in law, his equall in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battels. Then he called for all his friendes, and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his aunsweres also sent him againe, during their quarrell and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other aunswered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this, he sent Proculeius, and commaunded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing least otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautifie and sette out his triumph.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

⁶ *The round world should have shook.*

Nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.—*Knight.*

⁷ *Waged equal with him.*

For *waged*, the reading of the first folio, the modern editions have *weighed*.—*Johnson.*

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello*, it occurs again:—"To wake and *wage* a danger profitless." It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, "*his taints and honours* were an equal match;" i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.—*Steevens.*

Read—*weigh*, with the second folio, where it is only mis-spelled *way*. So, in *Shore's Wife*, by A. Chute, 1593:—

—— notes her myndes disquyet

To be so great she seemes downe *wayed* by it.—*Ritson.*

⁸ *But we do lance diseases in our bodies.*

Old copy—*launch*. *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they

have difficulty in cutting teeth. "I have followed thee, says Cæsar, to this;" i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself,) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the same principle that we *lance* a disease incurable by gentler means.—*Steevens*.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet; and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together. *Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *lance*. See *Minsheu's Dictionary*, in v. So also Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:—

— sorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,
Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the sore.—*Malone*.

⁹ *For Cæsar cannot live.*

So the sense requires us to read; but the old folios all have *leave*, which was altered to *live* by Southern, in his copy of the fourth folio. He anticipated Pope in a change, which, if not made, would directly contradict the poet's meaning.—*Collier*. Mr. Dyce reads *learn*.

¹⁰ *Would be eternal in our triumph.*

Hanmer reads, judiciously enough, but without necessity:—"Would be *eternalling* our triumph." The sense is, "If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her *in triumph to Rome*, her memory and my glory *will be eternal*."—*Johnson*.

The following passage in the Scourge of Venus, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading:—

If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,
For her to hide herself *eternal in*.—*Steevens*.

¹¹ *A Room in the Monument.*

Our author, here, (as in King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. I.) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument.—*Malone*.

¹² *And never palates more the dug.*

Dung, ed. 1623; *dug*, Warburton. The sense I conceive to be,—and never more palates that dug which affords nourishment as well to the beggar as to Cæsar.—*A. Dyce*.

¹³ *Here Proculeius, &c.*

In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch: "Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were *some craneys through the which her voyce might be heard*, and so they *without* understood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her

answered unto Cæsar : who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, *whilst* Proeuleius *did set up a ladder against that high windowe by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate*, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proeuleius by ehaunce, as he came downe, and shreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proeuleius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proeuleius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the oecasion and opportunitie openly to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies eause to accuse the most courteous and noble princee that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mereillesse man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her.”—*Malone*.

¹⁴ *Guard her till Cæsar come.*

But Cleopatra would never put herselfe into Proculeius handes, although they spake together. For Proeuleius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some eranewes through the which her voyee might be heard, and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Ægypt for her sonnes; and that Proeuleius answered her, that she should be of good eheare, and not be affrayed to referre all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar. Who immediately sent Gallus to speake once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talke, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window, by the which Antonius was trised up, and came downe into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to heare what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monuments with her, saw Proeuleius by ehaunce as he came downe, and shreeked out; O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she saw Proeuleius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed her selfe in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proeuleius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the oecasion and oportunitie, openly to shew his bountie and mereie, and to give his enemies eause to accuse the most curteous and noble Princee that ever was, and to appeache him, as though he were a cruell and mereillesse man, that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word, he tooke the dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

In the folio, 1623, this speech is given to Proeuleius, and the editor of the folio, 1632, (not Rowe, nor Pope, as stated by Theobald, and repeated by others) perceiving that that must be an error, transferred it by another blunder to Charmian. It probably belongs to Gallus, to whom it was assigned by Malone.—*Collier*.

¹⁵ *If idle talk will once be necessary.*

“*I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.*” In eommon eonversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, ‘Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first.’—*Johnson*.

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and King Henry VIII. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this: If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts to produce a meaning from the words under consideration.—*Steevens*.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the word *I'll*, and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost. So, in Othello, quarto, 1622, Act III. Sc. I. :—

And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in.

In the folio the second line is omitted, by the compositor's eye, after the first word of it was composed, glancing on the same word immediately under it in the subsequent line, and then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage, which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import :—

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not so much as syllable a word ;
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin, &c.

The words, "I'll not sleep neither," contain a new and distinct menace. I once thought that Shakspeare might have written—I'll not *speak* neither ; but afterwards, Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, "feed, and *sleep* ;" which shows that *sleep*, in the passage before us, is the true reading.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *My country's high pyramides my gibbet.*

The poet designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in Doctor Faustus, 1604 :—

Besides the gates and high *pyramides*
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Again, in Tamburlaine, 1590 :—"Like to the shadows of *pyramides*." Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. e. lxxiii. :—"The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile." Tollet observes that Sandys, in his Travels, as well as Drayton, in the 26th Song of his Polyolbion, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable.—*Steevens*.

And who erects the brave *Pyramides*,
of Monarches or renowned warriors,
Neede bath his quill for such attempts as these,
in flowing streames of learned Maros showres.—

Drayton's Shepherds Garland, 1593.

There was a famous whore Rhodope nam'd,
Who for her gaine at such high price she gam'd,
That she (most liberall) did the charges beare,
A stately high *Piramides* to reare.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

¹⁷ *An autumn 'twas.*

Old copy—"an Antony it was." There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, designed here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty:—

— For his bounty,
There was no *winter* in't; an *autumn* 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had marked it in the margin of his book.—*Theobald.*

The following lines in Shakspeare's 53rd Sonnet add support to the emendation:—

Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year,
The one doth shadow of your bounty show;
The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.

By the *other*, in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the season of plenty. Again, in the *Tempest*:—"How does my bounteous sister (Ceres)?"—*Malone.*

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's *New Inn* on the subject of liberality:—

He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge:
Then show'd his bounties on me, like the hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men.—*Steevens.*

¹⁸ *As plates dropp'd from his pocket.*

Plates mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:—

What's the price of this slave, 200 crowns——?
And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*.

Again:—"Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?"—*Steevens.*

Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp. So Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. vii. st. v.:—

Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round *plates* withouten moniment,
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare,
The antique shapes of kings and kesars, straung and rare.—*Whalley.*

'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and *plates*, and fooleries molest me.

B. & Fl. Rule a W. ii. 2.—Nares.

¹⁹ *To vie strange forms with fancy.*

To *vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry*. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep.—*Singer*.

²⁰ *A grief that smites.*

“Smites” is printed *suites* in the folio, 1623, and the commentators have supposed that it was an error of the press for *shoots*; but surely, it is much more likely to have been a misprint for “smites,” which only varies in a single letter. The expression is then more natural, and it avoids the clash of *shoots* and “root.”—*Collier*. Capell first suggested *smites*.

²¹ *O Cæsar, &c.*

O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproche, that thou having vouchesaved to take the peines to come unto me, and hast done me this honor, poore wretch and eaitife creature, brought into this pitiefull and miserable estate, and that mine owne servaunts should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some juells and trifles meete for women, but not for me (poore soule) to set out myselfe withall; but meaning to geve some pretie presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that they making meanes and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favor and mercie upon me.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1579.

²² *Parcel the sum of my disgraces by.*

To *parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*.—*Johnson*.

The meaning, I think, either is, “that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;” or, “that this fellow should *lot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account.”

Parcel is here used technically. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: “That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reekoning.” There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*.—*Malone*.

²³ *Be it known, &c.*

“We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied.” *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure.—*Johnson*.

The plain meaning is this: “The greatest of us are aspersed for things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our own names for the actions of other people.” *Merit* is here used, as the word *desert* frequently is, to express a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punishment as well as reward.—*M. Malone*.

As *demerits* was often used, in Shakspeare's time, as synonymous to *merit*, so *merit* might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for *acts*, with which others, rather than we, *deserve* to be charged.—*Malone*.

²⁴ *Cæsar through Syria intends his journey.*

There was a young gentleman Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsars very great familiars, and besides did beare no evill wil unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Suria, and that within three daies he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead, unto the soule of Antonius. This being graunted her, she was caried to the place where his tombe was, and there falling downe on her knees, imbracing the tombe with her women, the teares running down her cheekes, she began to speake in this sort: O my deare Lord Antonius, not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman; and now I offer unto thee the funerall sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner, and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murthuring this captive body of mine with blowes, which they carefully gard and keepe, only to triumphe of thee; looke, therefore, henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me, for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carie her away. Whilest we lived together, nothing could sever our companies; but now at our death, I feare me they will make us chaunge our countries. For as thou, being a Romaine, hast bene buried in Egypt; even so wretched creature I, an Ægyptian, shall be buried in Italie, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authoritie, sith our gods here have forsaken us, snffer not thy true friend and lover to be caried away alive, that in me, they triumphe of thee; but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one selfe tombe with thee. For though my griefes and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could lesse beare withall, then this small time, which I have bene driven to live alone without thee. Then having ended these dolefull plaints, and crowned the tombe with garlands and sundry nosegayes, and marvellous lovingly imbraced the same; she commaunded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed her selfe, she fell to her meate, and was sumptuously served. Now whilest she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and tooke out the leaves that covered the figges, and shewed them that they were figges he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figges. The countryman laughed to heare them, and bad them take some if they would. They beleevved he told them truely, and so bad him carie them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commaunded them all to go out of the tombes where she was, but the two women, then she shut the doores to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himselfe; howbeit, he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sodaine. For those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, not understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they found Cleopatra starke dead, layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmion halfe dead, and trembling, trimming the diademe which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd unto her; is that well done, Charmion? Very well, sayd she againe, and meete for a Princesse discended from the race of so many noble kings. She sayd no more, but fell

downe dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspicke was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commaunded them to hide it under the figge leaves, that when she should thinke to take out the figges, the aspicke should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figges, she perceived it, and sayd, art thou here then? And so, her arme being naked, she put it to the aspicke to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspicke, being angerd withall, lept out with great furie, and bit her in the arme. Howbeit few can tell the troth.—*North's Plutarch*, ed. 1595.

²⁵ *Scald rhymers ballad us out o' tune.*

So, in the Rape of Lucrece:—

————— thou ———

Shalt have thy trespass cited up in *rhymes*,
And *sung* by children in succeeding times.—*Malone*.

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth.—*Johnson*.

So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Evans calls the host of the Garter “*scald*, scurvy companion;” and in King Henry V. Fluellen bestows the same epithet on Pistol.—*Steevens*.

Other news I am advertised of, that a *scald* trivial lying pamphlet is given out to be of my doing.—*Pierce Penilesse*, 1592.

²⁶ *Boy my greatness.*

The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.—*Hanmer*.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse* his Supplication, &c. 1595, says, “Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women’s parts,” &c. To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the Raging Turk, or Bajazat II. 1631, has no female character.—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *Their most absurd intents.*

Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar’s designs *absurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote, “Their most *assur’d* intents——.” i. e., the purposes which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing.—*Theobald*.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail.—*Johnson*.

²⁸ *Sirrah, Iras, go.*

From hence it appears that *Sirrah*, an appellation generally addressed to males, was equally applicable to females. Thus, in Arthur Hall’s translation of the sixth Iliad:—

Unto the *maid*es quoth Hector then, your mistresse where is she?

What, is not she now gone abroade some sister hers to see,

Or to my good sisters there hir grieffe to put away,

And so to passe the time with them? now *Sirs* do quickly say.—*Steevens*.

Coles, in his Dictionary, interprets *Sirra* by *heus tu*, according to which explanation it would be applicable to either sex.—*Malone*.

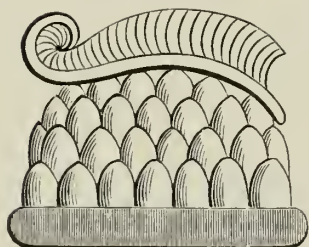
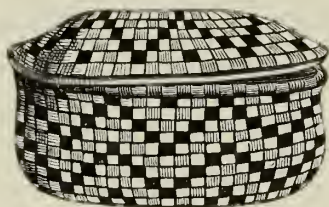
²⁹ *The fleeting moon no planet is of mine.*

Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis.—*Warburton.*

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, "I have nothing of woman in me," added, by way of amplification, that she had not "even the changes of disposition peculiar to her sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon;" or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in King Richard III.:—"I being governed by the watry moon," &c. Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is *inconstant*. So, in William Walter's *Guistard* and *Sismond*, 12mo. 1597:—"More variant than is the *flitting lune*." Again, in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1617:—"to show the world she was not *fleeting*."—*Steevens.*

Our author will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting*, and *inconstant* moon,—“That monthly changes in her circled orb.”—*Malone.*

³⁰ *A Clown bringing in a Basket.*

The following note is by Mr. Fairholt,—“Basket-weaving was an art that arrived at great perfection in ancient Egypt, and its artisans were celebrated for their skill. The most ordinary basket was woven with rushes dyed of various tints, as in the example here engraved, where yellow, red, and black, combine to form a picturesque pattern. Beneath it is a conventional representation of a simpler fruit-basket from a sculpture on the walls of the Palace-Temple of Remeses III. at Thebes. It contains an offering of fruit (apparently figs), made to the gods, the fruit being covered by a palm-leaf, as still practised in Egyptian villages.”

³¹ *Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there.*

Worm is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm*.—*Johnson.*

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:—

Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,
Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian worms
Yet lost their stings.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:—

I'll watch for fear
Of venomous worms.—*Steevens.*

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entitled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughes*, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs;

certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle. Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second Part of King Henry VI. :—"The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal."—*Percy*.

Again, in the old version of the New Testament, Acts xxviii. : "Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand," &c.—*Tollet*.

³² *The worm will do his kind.*

The serpent will act according to his nature. So, in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, 1633 :—"Good girls, they *do their kind*." Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, no date :—"He *dyd* full gently *his kinde*." Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 8th book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* ch. 42 : "—Queene Semiramis loved a great horse that she had so farre forth, that she was content hee should *doe his kind* with her."—*Steevens*.

He that made *kynde* may fulfille
Azeyn *kynde* what is His wille.

Cursor Mundi, Coll. Trin. Cantab. f. 68.

³³ *Dost fall?*

Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon.—*Steevens*.

I apprehend a mistake in the stage-direction,—that it should be, *Applying the asp to Iras*, in order to see the effect of the poison, and the pain she had to encounter in death. The asp might be applied to Iras, either with or without her consent. This opinion is strengthened by Cleopatra saying, "This calls me base," as it could not be base in Cleopatra, that Iras did it without her consent; but the baseness must be in her own want of resolution, and in the murder of Iras. When Cleopatra says, "Come thou mortal wretch," I should suppose that Cleopatra then applied the first asp to her own breast.—*Anon*.

³⁴ *Ass unpolicied.*

That is, an ass *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.—*Steevens*.

³⁵ *That sucks the nurse asleep.*

Before the publication of this piece, the Tragedy of Cleopatra, by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following address to the asp :—

Better than death death's office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
That open canst with such an easy key
The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away.—*Steevens*.

³⁶ *Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

Of the Picture describing the death of Cleopatra.—The picture concerning the death of Cleopatra with two asps or venomous serpents unto her arms, or breasts, or both, requires consideration; for therein (beside that this variety is not excusable) the thing it selfe is questionable; nor is it indisputably certain what manner of death she dyed. Plutarch in the life of Antony plainly delivereth, that no man knew the manner of her death; for some affirmed she perished by poyson, which

she alwayes carried in a little hollow comb, and wore it in her hair. Beside, there were never any asps discovered in the place of her death, although two of her maids perished also with her; only it was said, two small and almost insensible prickes were found upon her arm; which was all the ground that Cæsar had to presume the manner of her death. Galen who was contemporary unto Plutareh, delivereth two wayes of her death; that she killed her selfe by the bite of an asp, or bit an hole in her arm, and poured poyson therein. Strabo that lived before them both hath also two opinions; that she dyed by the bite of an asp, or else a poisonous ointment. We might question the length of the asps, which are sometimes described exceeding short; whereas the chersæa or land-asp, which most conceive she used, is above four cubits long. Their number is not unquestionable; for whereas there are generally two described, Augustus (as Plutareh relateth) did carry in his triumph the image of Cleopatra but with one asp unto her arm. As for the two prickes, or little spots in her arm, they rather infer the sex, then plurality; for like the viper, the female asp hath four, but the male two teeth; whereby it left this impression, or double puncture behind it. And lastly, we might question the place; for some apply them unto her breast, which notwithstanding will not consist with the history; and Petrus Victorius hath well observed the same. But herein the mistake was easie, it being the custom in capital malefactors to apply them unto the breast, as the author *De Theriaca ad Pisonem*, an eye witness hereof in Alexandria, where Cleopatra died, determineth: I beheld, saith he, in Alexandria, how suddenly these serpents bereave a man of life; for when any one is condemned to this kind of death, if they intend to use him favourably, that is, to dispatch him suddenly, they fasten an asp unto his brest; and bidding him walk about, he presently perisheth thereby.—*Browne's Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors.*

³⁷ *In this vile world?*

“Wilde world,” ed. 1623. The correction was made by Capell, who saw that *vilde* had been by mistake transformed into *wilde*.—*A. Dyce.*

³⁸ *Your crown's awry.*

This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—“Your crown's away.”—*Johnson.*

So, in Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra, 1594:—

And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
The diadem which on her head she wore;
Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
And hastes to right it as it was before;
For Eras now was dead.—*Steevens.*

The correction was made by Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutareh; “— They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head.”—*Malone.*

³⁹ *And then play.*

That is, play her part in this tragie scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her to “*play till doomsday.*”—*Steevens.*

⁴⁰ *And something blown.*

The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Bevys of Hampton,—

That with venim upon him throwen,
The knight lay then *to-blown*.

Again, in the romance of Syr Isenbras, bl. l. no date :—

With adders all your bestes ben slaine,
With venyme are they *blowe*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady :—

—— What is *blown*, puft? speak English.—
Tainted an' please you, some do call it,
She *swells* and so *swells*, &c.—*Steevens*.

⁴¹ *She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite.*

To *pursue conclusions*, is to *try experiments*. So, in Hamlet :—

—— like the famous ape,
To *try conclusions*, &c.

Again, in Cymbeline :—

I did amplify my judgment in
Other *conclusions*.—*Steevens*.

⁴² *No less in pity, than his glory.*

That is, the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings.—*Steevens*.

Cymbeline.

INTRODUCTION.

A MAN publicly boasts of the immaculate chastity of his wife. In most assemblages there are natures who disbelieve, or affect to disbelieve, in the possibility of a chastity which is secure against all trial; and a wager is offered and accepted, which depends upon the power of the sceptic to produce evidence that the virtue of the lady has been inaccurately as well as imprudently extolled. The libertine discovers to his surprise that she is inaccessible to all his arts, so he has recourse to stratagem to obtain apparent proof of her guilt, evidence which satisfies the husband. These incidents were popular with the romance writers of the middle ages. In the Anglo-Norman romance of *La Violette*, written in or about the year 1225 by Gilbert de Montreuil, the presumed evidence of the lady's infidelity is obtained by the villain of the story, one Lisiart, looking through a small hole in the door of her bed-room when she was taking a bath, and so discovering that she had on her right breast the figure of a violet, a mark only known to herself and to her lover Gerard, and which she had promised to keep secret from every one else. Similar incidents are to be met with in several other medieval works of fiction, and ultimately they were introduced into one of the novels of Boccaccio, whence they became familiar to Shakespeare, possibly through the medium of some translation not now extant. The story told by Boccaccio is thus admirably analysed by Skottowe.—Several Italian merchants met accidentally in Paris at supper, and conversed freely of

their absent wives. "I know not," one jestingly remarked, "how my wife conducts herself in my absence; but of this I am certain, that whenever I meet with an attractive beauty, I make the best advantage I can of the opportunity." "And so do I," quoth another; "for whether I believe my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases." A third said the same, and all readily coincided in the licentious opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who maintained that he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such indisputable chastity, that he was convinced if he were absent for ten years she would preserve her fidelity. A young merchant of Piacenza, Ambrogiulo, was extremely facetious on the subject, and concluded some libertine remarks by offering to effect the seduction of this modern Lucretia, provided opportunity were afforded him. Bernabo answered his confident boast by the proposition of a wager, which was instantly accepted.

According to agreement, Bernabo remained at Paris, while Ambrogiulo set out for Genoa, where his enquiries soon convinced him that Zinevra, the wife of Bernabo, had not been too highly praised, and that his wager would be lost without he could effect by stratagem what he had certainly no probability of obtaining by direct solicitation. Chance threw in his way a poor woman often employed in the house of Zinevra, whom he secured in his interest by a bribe. Pretending unavoidable absence for a few days, the woman entreated Zinevra to take charge of a large chest till she returned. The lady consented, and the chest, with Ambrogiulo secreted in it, was placed in Zinevra's bed-chamber. When the lady retired to rest, the villain crept from his concealment, and, by the light of a taper, took particular notice of the pictures and furniture, and the form and situation of the apartment. Advancing to the bed, he eagerly sought for some mark about the lady's person, and at last espied a mole and tuft of golden hair upon her left breast. Then taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he returned to his concealment, whence he was not released till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest conveyed home. Ambrogiulo hastily summoned the merchants in Paris, who were present when the wager was laid. As a proof of his success he produced the stolen trinkets; called them gifts from the lady, and described the furniture of the bed-room. Bernabo acknowledged the correctness of the account, and confessed that the purse and ring belonged to his wife; but added that, as

Ambrogiulo might have obtained his account of the room, and procured the jewels also, from some of Zinevra's servants, his claim to the money was not yet established. The proofs I have given, said Ambrogiulo, ought to suffice; but as you call on me for more, I will silence your scepticism at once;—Zinevra has a mole on her left breast. Bernabo's countenance testified the truth of this assertion, and he shortly acknowledged it by words: he then paid the sum he had wagered, and instantly set out for Italy. Arriving near his residence, he despatched a messenger for Zinevra, and gave secret orders that she should be put to death upon the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and declared his master's harsh instructions. The lady vehemently protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of her conductor, and promised to conceal herself in some distant and obscure abode. Her life was spared, and the servant returned to his master with some of Zinevra's clothes, reporting that he had killed her, and left her body to the ferocity of beasts of prey.

Zinevra disguised herself in the garments of a man, and entered into the service of a Catalonian gentleman, who carried her to Alexandria. Here she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the Sultan, who solicited her from her master. She soon became a favourite, and, under the name of Sicurano, was appointed captain of the guard. For the security of both Christian and Turkish merchants, who resorted to the fair of Acre, the Sultan annually sent an officer with a band of soldiers. Sicurano was employed on this service, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she cast her eye upon a purse and girdle, which she recognised as her own. Without declaring her discovery, she enquired to whom they belonged, and whether they were for sale. Ambrogiulo, who had arrived with a stock of merchandize, now stepped forward, and replied that the trinkets were his, and begged Sicurano, since he admired them, to accept of them. Sicurano asked him why he smiled; when Ambrogiulo related, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa, whose love he had enjoyed; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand against one thousand florins, that the virtue of his wife was incorruptible. The jealousy and revenge of Bernabo were now explained to Zinevra, and the base artificer of her ruin now stood before her. She feigned pleasure at Ambrogiulo's story, cultivated his acquaintance, and

took him with her to Alexandria. Her next care was to have Bernabo, now reduced to great distress, brought privately to Alexandria. Then, watching a favourable opportunity, she prevailed on the Sultan to compel Ambrogiulo to relate publicly every circumstance of his villany. Bernabo confessed that he had caused his wife to be murdered on the supposition of her guilt with Ambrogiulo. You perceive, said Sicurano to the Sultan, how little reason the unhappy lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver, and pardon the deceived, the traduced lady shall appear in your presenee. The Sultan assented; Sicurano fell at his feet, and, discarding her assumed demeanour, declared herself to be Zinevra: the display of the mole on her breast banished every doubt. Ambrogiulo was then put to a cruel death, and his immense wealth was given to Zinevra. The Sultan pardoned Bernabo, and making Zinevra a princely donation of jewels and money, provided a ship, and suffered her and her husband to depart for Genoa.

A vulgar but spirited adaption of this story, in which the evidence of guilt is afforded by the theft of a crucifix that the lady was accustomed to wear next to her heart, is included in a collection of tales entitled, *Westward for Smelts*, 4to., 1620, a work which was thus entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, 15 January, 1619-20,—“John Trundle—A booke called *Westward for Smeltes*, written by Kinde Kitt of Kingston.” Steevens asserts that the copy of this tract which was used by him bore the date 1603, but no copy of such an edition is now known to exist. That critic, however, is so particular in this statement, its accuracy cannot fairly be questioned, although the entry in the Stationers' registers would appear to lead to the opinion that the volume was first published in the year 1620. Upon the supposition that it originally appeared in 1603, and that Shakespeare may have been familiar with the story as there related, in which some of the incidents that differ from those in Boccaccio coincide with those in the play, the tale is here given at length,—

In the troublesome raigne of Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unpareleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe

so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.—Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London; being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner; his goodness and women's loyaltie will come both in one ycere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it. This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said,—Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answeere in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answeere for is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whol estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's slights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divelish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women, I doe freely give you leave to injoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth; and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise; for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for he deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came at the sight of her; at last he espied her in the

fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, I riding this way, to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepees him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend. In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come to his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters; therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to be free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himself to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined; for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same. With this resolution he went to her chambre, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herself to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same. At length the gentlewoman, being untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, took the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted; all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laide him downe to sleepe: happy had shee beene, had his bed proved his grave. In the morning so soon as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herself hastily, ('cause one tarried to speak with her,) missed not her crucifix. So, passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, he asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too young in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was

longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere, shewing him the crucifix, know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more. At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber and being weary of this world, seeing where he had put his only trust he was deceived, he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once; but his better genius persuaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said,—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need; I onely would have thee do a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, and yet money makes men valiant, pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her; I meane as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this.—Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will perform it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the earl of Warwicke, and placed in the throne again. George being come to Waltam, did his duty to his mistress, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner;—Mistress, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? Faith, mistress, said he, I think so to, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves

that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe; Mistris, you are this woman; you have so offended my master, you know best, how, yourselfe, that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde wordes, ill deserved at her hands, she looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, she at last spake these words; And can it be, that my kindness and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou only tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words; for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour, and without offence, whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet, George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life, yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience, ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. Pray Heaven blesse him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once. George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying.—Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and spotlesse breast; yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltless; which, I hope, will not be long. To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom he used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman, mistris of the house, in short time got man's apparel for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the pricke of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left, which she could well spare, to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde. In this time it chanced that king Edward, being come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take them at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there

in that private place? To whom she very wisely and modestly withall answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages: to whom she showed herself so dutiful and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last, as not long after it did fall out, to be reconciled to her husband. After the battel at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembring him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace; for she, remembring herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her. On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, "Good gentle youth, keep the same: for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horreur in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that long as I see it I shall never be at rest." Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectively as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, "Edmund," for so had she named herself, "thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battle of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denied the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes. She, seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had known the owner of it! It was my wife's, a woman virtuous till the divell, speaking to the other, did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie. With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he

answered with fearfull countenance. And it like your grace, I said so to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love. The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, "And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman." The king having given her leave, she said, "First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false." With that she discovered herselfe to be a woman, saying—"Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee! Speake, and if thou have any goodness left in thee, speak the truth." With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes persuaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—"Sir," speaking to her husband, "you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concerns me not, your wife shall be your judge." With that Mrs. Dorrill, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, "Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse." He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content.

In the novel of the *Lady of Boeme*, a translation from *Bandello* included in the second volume of *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, the story chiefly turns on the incident of two noblemen laying a heavy wager with the husband that they would seduce the wife. Beyond this, however, there is no connexion between the plot in *Bandello* and that in *Cymbeline*. *Whetstone* also translated this story in a work published in 1576, adding a poem entitled, "The complaint of the Lorde Alberto and Udislao, the two Hungarian barons, that unadvisedly wagered their land to winne the vertuous Ladie Barbara to wantonnesse; who, having the foyle, besides the losse of their livings, for their slaunderous opinions, were condemned to perpetual exile."

To interweave the romantic story of *Boccaccio* with the

gloomy history of the early British king, Cymbeline, was a task suited for no other hands but those of Shakespeare. Little more, however, than a few names are common to the dramatist and the historian, the former being clearly altogether indifferent to the accurate following of the latter. The names of the two sons of Cymbeline, Guiderius and Arviragus, are found in Holinshed, whose narrative, here given, will exhibit how slender are the hints derived from it by Shakespeare—"Kymbeline or Cimbeline, the son of Theomantius, was of the Britains made king, after the deceasse of his father, in the yeare of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, under whome he served in the warres, and was in such favour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. . . . Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbeline's reigne some writers doo varie, but the best approved affirme that he reigned thirty-five years and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Arviragus. But here is to be noted that, although our histories doo affirm that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continuallie to them paied the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cesar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Julius Cesar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to winke; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdome, at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Julius Cesar, which was about the thirteenth yeare of the said Theomantius, Augustus made provision to passe with an armie over into Britaine, and was come forward upon his journie into Gallia Celtica, or, as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France. But here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the countrie now called Hungarie, and the Dalmatians, whome now we call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebells neere home, rather than to seeke new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession, and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a tyme the warres of Britaine, whereby the land remained without

feare of any invasion to be made by the Romans till the yeare after the building of the citie of Rome 725, and about the nineteenth yeare of king 'Theomantius' reigne, that Augustus with an armie departed once againe from Rome to passe over into Britaine, there to make warre. But after his comming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certeine ambassadours to treat with him of peace, he staid there to settle the state of things among the Galles, for that they were not in verie good order. And having finished there, he went into Spaine, and so his journie into Britaine was put off till the next yeare, that is, the 726 after the building of Rome, which fell before the birth of our Saviour 25, about which time Augustus eftsoons meant the third time to have made a voiage into Britaine, because they could not agree upon covenants."

Cymbeline was first printed in the folio edition of 1623, and the only contemporary mention of the play, which has yet been discovered, occurs in a manuscript of Dr. Simon Forman in the Ashmolean collection. This notice of it is undated, but belongs no doubt either to 1610 or 1611, in which years Dr. Forman saw the other dramas which are described in the same manuscript. His words are,—“*Of Cimbalin King of England.* Remember also the storri of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius tyme; howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribut, and, being denied, after sent Lucius with a greate armie of souldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after wer vanquished by Cimbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of thre outlawes, of the which two of them were the sonns of Cimbalin, stolen from him when they were but two yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns twenty yers with him in a cave; and howe (one) of them slewe Clotan, that was the quens sonn goinge to Milford Haven to get the love of Innogen, the kinges daughter, whom he had banished also for lovinge his daughter; and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveyed himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the kinge; and in the dcepest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste, and came forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her lover; and in thend howe he came to the Remains into England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Innogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and

of Cymbelin King of England
Remembes also the story of Cymbelin King
of England in Lucius Wynn. How Lucius
Came from Octavius Cesar for Elizabeth and
being denied. after sent Lucius to a great
Army of Souldiers who landed at Milford
Haven and after was vanquished by Cym-
balin and Lucius taken prisoner and all
by means of 3 outlawes of the w^{ch} 2 of them
were the sons of Cymbelin taken from
him when they were but 2 yers old. by an
old man whom Cymbalin banished. and
he kept them as his own sons 20 yers so
him in Arabe. And howe of of them ston
Clochian heal was requered from young
to Milford Haven to get the love of Imogen
the Kinges daughter whom he had banished also
for lovinge his daughter. and howe he staled
heal from her love. sende him self
into Arabe and said it was a rhye of plah
sent from her love to be persued to the
Kinge. And in the desert he might see be-
ing asleep. he opened the rhye & came forth
of it. And viewed her in her bed and her
marke of her body. Cloke a way her beasle
& after arrivd her of admittory to her love
And in the end howe he came to the Romanes into
England & was taken prisoner and after
banched to Imogen. who had lured her
self into many apparrell & fled to nether
her love at Milford Haven & searchd to
fall on the Coast in the wode where her 2
bodies were howe by taking a sleeping
drum her thought he had bin dead & lay
her in the wode & the body of Cloke by her
in her lones apparrell & at the last he and him
& howe he was found by Lucius &c

fled to mete her love at Milford Haven, and chaused to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her two brothers were, and howe by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laie her in the wodes, and the body of Cloten by hir, in her loves apparrell that he left behind him, and howe she was found by Lucius, &c.”

The next recorded account of a performance of the drama of Cymbeline occurs in Herbert's manuscript diary, 1633-4,—“On Wensday night, the first of January, 1633, Cymbeline was acted at Court by the Kings players; well likte by the kinge.” The latter part of the note would hardly have been penned, had not Charles the First expressed his admiration of this beautiful drama in very warm terms. The judgment confers honour on the taste of that unfortunate sovereign, for the delineation of the exquisite character of Imogen would alone entitle this drama to a rank amongst the finest productions of Shakespeare.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *Husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, { *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and*
ARVIRAGUS, { *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailors.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.¹

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son,—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match ; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report ; and he that hath her,—

I mean, that married her,—alaek, good man!—
 And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think,
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
 Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.²

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;³
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
 But had his titles by Tenantius,⁴ whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their father—
 Then old and fond of issue—took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,—
 Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them;⁵ and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other,⁶ from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*⁷

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you:⁸ you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit QUEEN.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements⁹ from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*]
While sense can keep it on.¹⁰ And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
 I still win of you : for my sake, wear this :
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Imo. O, the gods !
 When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
 If after this command thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away !
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
 And bless the good remainders of the court !
 I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing !
 That should'st repair my youth,¹¹ thou heapest
 A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation :
 I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare¹²
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
 And did avoid a puttock.¹³

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made my throne
 A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
 A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir, it is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
 You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
 A man worth any woman ; overbuys me
 Almost the sum he pays.¹⁴

Cym. What ! art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
They were again together : you have done [To the QUEEN.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Besecch your patience.—Peace !
Dear lady daughter, peace !—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son, drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !
No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two Lords.*

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt : the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in ; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him ?

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt ; it went o' the back-side the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your own ; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies !

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.¹⁵

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd merey is.¹⁶ What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear¹⁷
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deek, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space¹⁸ had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.¹⁹

Enter a Lady.

The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO,²⁰ a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.²¹

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then
of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he
hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked
on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of
his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse
him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now
he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment.—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him ;²² be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.²³ But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you : it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even²⁴ with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which

may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching,—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified,²⁵ and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.²⁶

Iach. As fair, and as good, — a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe²⁷ she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or if there were²⁸ wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse ; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly : let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser.²⁹ If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue : you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unsex'd,—you not making it appear otherwise—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[Presenting a small Box.

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O ! content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio !—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended :
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs,
Then afterward up higher ; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,³⁰
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then,
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new-built ; nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her : do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ;³¹ but think
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king³²
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [*Exit PISANIO.*]—A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.³³—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet ;³⁴ and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my eloset.—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Pis. And shall do ;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd :—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons eomfort.³⁵—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir :
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich ! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] “ He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust³⁶—
“ LEONATUS.”

So far I read aloud ;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What ! are men mad ?³⁷ Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ;³⁸ and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other : nor i' the judgment ;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : nor i' the appetite ;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.³⁹

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running—ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir, desire

[*To PISANIO.*

My man's abode where I did leave him ; he
Is strange and peevish.⁴⁰

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

[*Exit PISANIO.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseeeh you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces⁴¹
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, eries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assur'd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him moek the Frenchman; but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreek discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ;⁴² this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ;⁴³ join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour—then by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous⁴⁴ as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charm this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition⁴⁵
Which your own coffers yield ! with discas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,⁴⁶
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd,

Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,⁴⁷
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew,⁴⁸ and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affianced
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one

The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :⁴⁹
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.⁵⁰ Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord,⁵¹ myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage ;—may it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety ; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men ; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O ! no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia

I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O ! I must, madam :
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night :
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me : it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *As does the king.*

Kings, old eds. *Our bloods* signify in this place, as well as many others of our poet, *our dispositions*: these are commonly supposed to be influenced by the weather, and, therefore, may properly be said to obey it. The sense, therefore, is,—Every one you meet appears to be displeased and out of humour; the heavens have no more influence on our dispositions, than they have on the courtiers. Both seem to be equally determined by the humour the king happens to be in. If he is cloudy, all are instantly cloudy too.—*Heath*.

The word *bloods* here, as *Heath* observes very properly, signifies, dispositions; influenced, as we know, by the *blood*, and that by the sky or “*the heavens* :” “*our*” is emphatical, importing—of us who have no dependance on a court: “*courtiers*” is a genitive, and should have its apostrophe.—*Capell*.

² *You speak him far.*

I don't know what consonancy our modern editors could find betwixt *speaking fair* and *extending*: no more, I believe, than they have authority for the reading—I have restored with the old books;—*You speak him far*—i. e., you speak widely, with latitude, in his praises: and then the other answers with great propriety, “Sir, as *widely* as I speak of him, I *extend* him within the lists and compass of his own merit.”—*Theobald*.

You praise him to a great extent indeed.—*Heath*.

You praise him *extensively*.—*Steevens*.

³ *I do extend him, sir, within himself.*

I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit.—*Johnson*.

My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene; “the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him.” Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: “The *report* of her is *extended* more than can be thought.”—*Malone*.

⁴ *Tenantius.*

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome, was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted King of Britain, A.M. 3659. The name of Leonatus he found in Sidney's Arcadia. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in King Lear. See Arcadia, p. 69, edit. 1593.—*Malone.*

Shakspeare, having already introduced Leonato among the characters in Much Ado about Nothing, had not far to go for Leonatus.—*Steevens.*

⁵ *A glass that feated them.*

A glass that *formed* them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners.—*Johnson.*

Feat Minsheu interprets, *sine, neat, brave.* See also Baret's Alvearie, 1580: "*Feat* and pleasant, *concinna et venusta sententiæ.*" The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more mature regulated their *dress* by that of Posthumus. A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished. We have nearly the same image in the Winter's Tale:—

————— I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a *glass.*

Again, more appositely in Hamlet:—

He was the mark and *glass*, copy and book,
That *fashion'd* others.—*Malone.*

⁶ *I' the swathing clothes the other.*

The ancient mode of wrapping infants in swathing clothes is well illustrated by Mr. Fairholt by a brass in Rougham Church, co. Norfolk, to the memory of two children, John Yelverton, who died in 1505, and Roger, who died in 1510; both in infancy.

⁷ *Imogen.*

Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of Brute, King of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall, and father of Mulmutius, whose laws are mentioned in Act III. Sc. I.—*Malone.*

⁸ *Evil-ey'd unto you.*

Evil-ey'd, that is, envious, malicious. Envy is denoted by an evil eye in the New Testament, and is warranted by the original,—“Is thine eye evil because I am good.”—*Nares*.

⁹ *And scar up my embracements.*

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloth* and *scar-cloth*. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *scar-cloth*. Shakespeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *While sense can keep it on.*

This expression, I suppose, means, “while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power.” That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of action, is evident from the following passage in Othello:—

————— *keeps due on*
To the Propontic, &c.

The general sense of Posthumus's declaration, is equivalent to the Roman phrase,—*dum spiritus hos regit artus*.—*Steevens*.

The modern editors from Pope have *thee* for *it*; the change is not violent, but it may be doubted whether it is necessary; that the expression is neater is granted; but is the ear perfectly satisfied with the concurrence of two open vowels in *thee* and *on*?—*Capell*.

That is, “whilst I have sense to keep you on;” the change of the person makes none in the sense, as Shakspeare takes the same liberty in numberless instances.—*Mason*.

¹¹ *That should'st repair my youth.*

Repair, that is, renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609: “— as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but *repair* it.” Again, in All's Well That Ends Well:—

————— it much *repairs* me,
To talk of your good father.—*Malone*.

Again, in Pericles:—“Thou giv'st me somewhat to *repair* myself.”—*Steevens*. “To *repair*, to restore to the first state, to renew,” Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

¹² *A touch more rare.*

A “touch more rare” is undoubtedly ‘a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.’ So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. II.:—

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.

Again, in the Tempest:—

Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions? &c.—*Malone*.

¹³ *And did avoid a puttock.*

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.—*Steevens*.

Some bileve that yf the kyte or the *puttock* fle ovir the way afore them that they should fare wel that daye, for sumtyme they have farewele after that they

see the *puttock* so fleyng; and soo they falle in wane by leve and thanke the *puttocke* of their welfare and nat God, but suche folcs take none hede howe often men mete with the *puttok* so fleyng and yet they fare nevir the better: for there is no folk that mete so oft with the *puttoke* so fleyng as they that begge their mcte from dore to dore.—Dialogue of Dives et Pauper, 1493.

¹⁴ *Overbuys me almost the sum he pays.*

Modestly under-rating herself, and enhancing the worth of Posthumus; who, she says, overbuys *her* by almost the whole of the sum that he pays for her. But what is it that Posthumus pays for her? Why himself, and his sufferings: which, if they were rated, and a price set upon them, a small part of it might make the purchase of her.—*Capell*.

¹⁵ *I have seen small reflection of her wit.*

Reflection, here means, token, or display, for light is chiefly manifested by being reflected. The sense is; She undoubtedly is a constellation of considerable lustre, but it is not displayed in her wit; for I have seen but little manifestation of that.—*Heath*.

¹⁶ *As offer'd mercy is.*

That is, should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offered mercy.—*Warburton*.

Whose loss I should feel as severely, as the condemned criminal would that of one that brought him a pardon.—*Capell*.

¹⁷ *With this eye or ear.*

Old copy—*his eye*, &c. But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:—

As he could make me with *this eye*, or ear,
Distinguish him from others——.—*Warburton*.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:—

————— for so long
As he could *mark* me with his eye, or *I*
Distinguish——

The reason of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the *ear*.—*Johnson*.

This description, and what follows it, seems imitated from the eleventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See Golding's translation, p. 146, b. &c.:—

She lifting up hir watrie eies beheld her husband stand
Upon the hatches making signes by becking with his hand:
And she made signes to him againe. And after that the land
Was farre removed from the ship, and that the sight began
To be unable to discerne the face of any man,
As long as ere she could she lookt upon the rowing keele.
And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weelc,
She looked still upon the sailes that flasked with the wind
Upon the mast. And when she could the sailes no longer find,
She gate hir to hir emtie bed with sad and sorie hart, &c.—*Steevens*.

¹⁸ *Till the diminution of space.*

In the English language the genitive case is frequently used to express the

cause as well as the object; Thus "the diminution of space" will be that diminution which is caused by space or distance.—*Heath*.

The diminution of space, is *the diminution* of which *space* is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning.—*Johnson*.

Diminution of space is properly the diminishing of space but means here, its diminishing power, when much of it intervenes between the eye and its object.—*Capell*.

¹⁹ *Shakes all our buds from growing.*

That is, our buds of love, as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, idly reads—"Shakes all our buds from *blowing*." The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakespeare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they *grow* :—

This *bud of love*, by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous *flower*, when next we meet.—*Malone*.

A *bud* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of anything incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits.—*Johnson*.

²⁰ *Iachimo.*

The name of Giacomo, a young prince, is found in the twenty-sixth novel, the *Two Gentlemen of Venice*, in the second tome of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

²¹ *A Dutchman and a Spaniard.*

— a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.] Thus the old copy; but Mynheer, and the Don, are mute characters. Shakespeare, however, derived this circumstance from whatever translation of the original novel he made use of. Thus, in the ancient story of *Frederyke of Jennen*, "Howe iij. merchauntes met all togyther in on way, whyche were of iij. dyverse landes," &c.—*Steevens*.

In the stage-direction of the original, we have "a Dutchman and a Spaniard" brought in, as well as a Frenchman. But these characters are mute; and may be therefore omitted here, and in the list of persons represented. It was no doubt the intention to show that the foolish wager of Posthumus was made amidst strangers who had resorted to Rome.—*Knight*.

²² *Are wonderfully to extend him.*

This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakespeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :—"The *posture* of your blows *are* yet unknown." The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*. *Extend* has here the same meaning as in a former scene.—*Malone*.

I perceive no inaccuracy on the present occasion. "This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,"—"and then his banishment;"—"and the approbation of those," &c. "*are* (i. e. all these circumstances united) wonderfully to extend him."—*Steevens*.

²³ *Without less quality.*

Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakespeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this incontestably, by

comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakespeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote.—*Malone*.

²⁴ *Rather shunned to go even.*

The meaning is—“*shunn'd* to assent to *what I heard* :” this he owns as a fault, and in travellers especially, which his youth might draw him into at that time; but, notwithstanding that, he cannot admit *even now* that his cause of quarrel was so *trivial* as the other would make it.—*Capell*.

Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been that time, and means to say, that he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience. To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption.—*Mason*.

²⁵ *Constant-qualified.*

Should be read as one word, *constant-qualified*, i. e., endowed with constancy; but what idea does *qualify'd* singly, when separated from *constant* give us?—*Capell*.

Admitting that these two words should form one compound one, yet to me it seems rather to signify “*constant* in respect to qualifications,” i. e., not variable, nor fluctuating. Perhaps the old division into two distinct words may stand, and *qualified* mean—endowed with, or possessed of, good and excellent qualities. Theobald, Hanmer, and Johnson read so with the old copies.—*Eccles*.

²⁶ *Not her friend.*

A *friend* in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. “Save you, *friend* Cassio!” says Bianca in Othello; and Lucio, in Measure for Measure, informs Isabella that her brother Claudio “hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child.” *Friend*, in short, is one of those “fond adoptious christendoms that blinking Cupid gossips,” many of which are catalogued by Helen in All’s Well That Ends Well, and *friend* is one of the number.—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *I could not but believe.*

What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, “I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho’ she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, though I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.”—*Warburton*.

Dr. Warburton’s alteration makes perfect sense, but the word *not* is not likely to have crept into the text without foundation. Printers sometimes omit, and sometimes misrepresent an author’s words, but I believe, scarcely ever insert words without even the semblance of authority from the manuscript before them; and therefore, in my apprehension, no conjectural regulation of any passage ought to be admitted, that requires any word of the text to be expunged, without substituting another in its place. Omissions in the old copies of our author, are, I believe, more frequent than is commonly imagined. In the present instance, I suspect he wrote:—I could not *but* believe, &c. Thus the reasoning is exact and consequential.—If she exceeded other women that I have seen, in the same proportion that your diamond surpasses others that I have beheld, I could not but

acknowledge that she excelled many; but I have not seen the most valuable diamond, nor you the most beautiful woman; and, therefore, I cannot allow that she excels all. As the passage now stands, even with Steevens's explanation, the latter member of the sentence—*but I have not seen, &c.* is not sufficiently opposed to the former.—*Malone.*

²⁸ *If there were.*

Old copy—*or* if—for the *purchases, &c.* the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word—*or*, which has just occurred. The correction was made by Rowe.—*Malone.*

²⁹ *You are afraid, and therein the wiser.*

“You are a friend,” old ed. I correct it:—“You are *afraid*, and therein the wiser.” What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:—“But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you *fear*.”—*Warburton.*

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your *religious* fidelity.—*Johnson.*

If this be the right reading, *the wiser* must mean the more cautious: but I am rather inclined to adopt Warburton's amendment, and read, “You are *afraid*, and that is a proof of your wisdom.”—*Mason.*

³⁰ *A time.*

So the old copy. All the modern editions—*for* a time. So, in Westward for Smelts, “She appointing the other to be at the court *the same time*.”—*Malone.*

³¹ *Think what a chance thou changest on.*

Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into—“Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on—;” And—“Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on—;” but unnecessarily. The meaning is: “Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.”—*Steevens.*

A line in our author's Rape of Lucrece adds some support to the reading—*thou chancest on*, which is much in Shakespeare's manner:—“Let there *bechance him* pitiful mis-*chances*.”—*Malone.*

³² *I'll move the king.*

Never was any mistake more visible than what we have in former editions; and there needed but a little attention to a line that comes after, to open the eyes of the blindest:—*and then myself, I chiefly, &c.*—*Capell.*

I think Capell's alteration a good one; but as a change is not absolutely necessary, I have not ventured to introduce any. The queen may be supposed to express an intention to solicit the king in his favour, and also to shew how much she thinks herself bound to befriend him in her own person, or by other preferments or good offices proceeding immediately from herself.—*Eccles.*

³³ *The hand-fast.*

That is, the contract. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher;—

Should leave the *handfast* that he had of grace.

The Woman-Hater, act iii. sc. 1.

I knit this holy *handfast*.—*Wit at Several Weapons*, act v. sc. 1. where the modern editors give wrongly, with the old eds., “hand fast.”—

A. Dyce.

³⁴ *Of liegers for her sweet.*

A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest.—*Johnson*. An example of the term has previously occurred in *Measure for Measure*.

³⁵ *Which seasons comfort.*

Here follows a wish that she had not been placed in so exalted a station, whose constant lot is unhappiness:—*most miserable*, &c. Whereas those of a lower, only in *having their honest wills* find the *seasoning* of every comfort that nature bestows on them.—*Capell*.

³⁶ *As you value your trust.*

Truest, Mason conj. Mason's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the *conclusion* of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth.—*Malone*.

³⁷ *What! are men mad?*

It has been thought that this artificial preparation to what the speaker is meditating, breaks out too soon, and that Pisanio should not have been present at it: as for the latter objection,—it is likely the poet intended to shew us a picture of villainy thrown off its guard, as is sometimes the case; and the speaker's clumsy expedient to get rid of him afterwards, confirms this opinion.—*Capell*.

³⁸ *Upon the number'd beach.*

Let us consider the bearing of the whole speech. It has a sinister reference to Posthumus, the husband of Imogen, the lady in whose presence the speech is uttered. "How can Posthumus," says Iachimo, "with such a wife as this—this Imogen—take up with the vile slut who now holds him in her clutches? Are men mad—with senses so fine that they can distinguish, or separate from each other, the fiery orbs above; and also so acute that they can distinguish between the 'twinned' (or closely resembling) stones which *can be counted* upon the beach; 'with spectacles'—that is, with eyes—so precious, are they yet unable (as Posthumus seems to be) to make partition 'twixt a fair wife and a foul mistress?" The words, "which can distinguish 'twixt the fiery orbs above and the twinned stones," do not mean that we have senses so fine that we can distinguish between stars and stones, but senses so fine that we can count, or distinguish from one another, the stars themselves; and can also perceive a difference in the pebbles on the beach, though these be as like to one another as so many peas. This interpretation brings out clearly the sense of the expression, "*numbered* beach;" it means the beach on which the pebbles can be numbered; indeed, are numerically separated by us from each other, in spite of their homogeneousness, so delicate is our organ of vision by which they are apprehended; "yet," concludes Iachimo, as the moral of his reflections, "with organs thus discriminating, my friend Posthumus has, nevertheless, gone most lamentably astray." This explanation renders the substitution of *unnumbered* not only unnecessary, but contradictory.—*Anon*.

³⁹ *Not so allur'd to feed.*

Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shown how the *eyes* and the

judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.—*Johnson*.

⁴⁰ *He is strange and peevish.*

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So, Holinshed, p. 735: “—brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*.”

Peevish anciently meant *weak, silly*. So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: “Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress.” Again, in his *Galatea*, 1592, when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, “let him alone, he is but *peevish*.” Again, in his *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: “In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*.” Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: “We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattle among us in Englande.” Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:—

How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,
No ship of Epidamnum stays for me.—*Stevens*.

⁴¹ *He furnaces the thick sighs from him.*

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: “—*furnaceth* the universall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world.”—*Stevens*.

So, in *As You Like It*:—

— And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.—*Malone*.

⁴² *To the oath of loyalty.*

There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. “The lord sate, while the vassal kneeling on both knees before him, *held his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord*, and swore to be faithful and loyal.” See Coke upon *Littleton*, sect. 85. Unless this allusion be allowed, how has *touching the hand* the slightest connection with taking *the oath of loyalty*?—*Holt White*.

The very touch of such a hand would make the *feeler swear to be true*.—*Boswell*.

⁴³ *As common as the stairs that mount the Capitol.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“In addition to the winding way, the *via triumphalis*, that gave carriages an ascent to the Capitol at Rome; there was a flight of stairs for foot passengers leading direct to the summit from the arch of Septimius Severus.



The cut represents these "common-stairs" about mid way, looking back upon the arch, and across the Forum to the church of S. Lorenzo, originally a Temple to Antoninus and Faustina; the Coliseum is seen in the distance."

⁴⁴ *Unlustrous.*

Old copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603: "— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds."—*Malone*.

A *lack-lustre eye* has been already mentioned in *As You Like It*.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁵ *Hir'd with that self-exhibition.*

"Hired with that very same allowance of money." And when Lear complains of being "confin'd to *exhibition*," he means, put upon a stated allowance. *Lear*, i. 2. The same is the intent of Othello when he requires for his wife,— "Due reference of place, and *exhibition*."—*Nares*.

⁴⁶ *Such boil'd stuff.*

The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. III. So, in the Old Law, by Massinger:—

———— look *parboil'd*,

As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"Sodden business! there's a *stewed* phrase indeed." Again, in *Timon of Athens*:—"She's e'en setting on water to *scald* such chickens as you are." All this stuff about *boiling*, *scalding*, &c. is a mere play on *stew*, a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen.—*Steevens*.

The words may mean,—such *corrupted* stuff; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:—

———— *boils* and plagues

Plaster you o'er!—*Malone*.

⁴⁷ *Ramps.*

Phy, Long Megg of Westminster would have bene ashamed to disgrace her Sondag bonet with her Satterday witt. She knew some rules of decorum; and although she were a lustie bounsing *rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella or Maide Marian.—*Pierces Supererogation*, 1600.

⁴⁸ *As in a Romish stew.*

Romish was, in the time of Shakespeare, used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:—

———— my mother deem'd me chang'd,

Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stewes;

and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar. Again, in *Wit In A Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:—"A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome." Again, Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:—"The *Romishe* people wise in this, in this point only just."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁹ *Like a descended god.*

So, in *Hamlet*:—

———— a station like the herald *Mercury*,

New lighted on a heaven kissing-hill.

The old copy has—*defended*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*, in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*.—*Malone*.

So, in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of Homer's *Odyssey*:—

————— as he were
A god descended from the starry sphere.—*Stevens*.

⁵⁰ *More than a mortal seeming.*

Honour in the line before this, is—dignity of carriage and thinking; and that such as seemed more than a mortal one, or than might belong to a mortal: the expression were less ambiguous if we read—*more than a mortal's*, or, *more than of mortal*.—*Capell*.

⁵¹ *Your lord.*

A semicolon is usually put after these words, but the sense is,—for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, who are partners in the business.—*A. Dyce*.

⁵² *Being strange.*

That is, being a stranger. So, in Lylie's *Euphues and his England*, ed. 1623, —“at the last they came to London, where they met with divers *stranges*.”

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away!¹ I had a hundred pound on't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.²

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth.—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too ;³ and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁴ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't !

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted ; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess !
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd

That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber ; in one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed : a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman, Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak ;
Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest : our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,⁵ ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now eanopied
Under these windows ; white and azure, lac'd⁶
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design,
To note the chamber : I will write all down :—
Such, and such, pictures :—there the window ;—such
Th' adornment of her bed :—the arras figures,⁷
Why, such and such ;—and the contents o' the story.—
Ah ! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory :
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,⁸
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,⁹
 To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted,¹⁰ like the crimson drops¹¹
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end,
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus ;¹² here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye :¹³ I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
 One, two, three,—time, time !

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up aee.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,¹⁴
 And Phæbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;¹⁵
 With every thing that pretty is,¹⁶
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise !*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice¹⁷ in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts,¹⁸ nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?
 Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
 She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
 Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself

To orderly solieits, and be friended
 With aptness of the season : make denials
 Incease your serviees : so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome :
 The one is Caius Lueius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
 But that's no fault of his : we must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender ;
 And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !— [Knocks.
 I know her women are about her : what
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves,¹⁹ yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : what
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me ; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. [Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.²⁰

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:²¹ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One, bred of alms,²² and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court—it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,²³ a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ;²⁴
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's ; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning : confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it.

I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me.—

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—

His meanest garment ?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these sear'd hopes,²⁵
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly ; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,²⁶
Or look upon our Romans,²⁷ whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear

The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at : their discipline—
 Now mingled with their courages²⁸—will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness, which
 Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
My ring, is yours : if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my eircumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves ;²⁹ the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted :³⁰ her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids³¹
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour.—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale :³² I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !—
[*Producing the Bracelet.*
And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O ! no, no, no ; 'tis true. Here, take this too ;
[*Giving the Ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man : the vows of women³³
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one, her women being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:³⁴—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance³⁵ of her incontinency
Is this:—she has bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me euckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!³⁶
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something——

[*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd ; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all : but, rather, all ;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :—
The very devils cannot plague them better.³⁷

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *When I kissed the jack, &c.*

He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jaek" is a state of great advantage.—*Johnson*.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman Never Vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632; "This eity *bowler* has *kissed* the mistress at the first *cast*."—*Steevens*.

He means to lament his ill fortune in being hit away by an up-cast, when he kiss'd the jack. The line, therefore, should be pointed thus:—*When I kiss'd the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away!*—*Mason*.

This is usually pointed, "when I kiss'd the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away." But the *jack* was *kiss'd* by Cloten's *bowl*, and the *up-cast* of another bowler *hit it away*.—*Knight*.

² *To have smelt like a fool.*

The same quibble has already occurred in *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. II.:—"Touch. Nay, if I keep not my *rank*—*Ross*. Thou locest thy old *smell*."—*Steevens*.

³ *You are a cock and capon too.*

Our pereception of the conundrum here depends upon a quaint pronunciation of *capon*, a kind of semidivision of it,—*cap-on*.—*Capell*

The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's.—*Johnson*.

⁴ *Every companion.*

The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.—*Johnson*.

⁵ *Did softly press the rushes.*

Our ancestors were not very cleanly in their habits, and fresh rushes concealed many impurities. "Their honours are upon comming, and the roome not readie: rushes and seates instantly," *Chapman's Widdowes Teares*, 1612. One of the

ancient regulations for the royal household provides,—“Firste, to bee there att a convenyente hower in the morninge, to see thee groomes strowe the chambers that are to be strowed, sweep those that are matted, to make ffyers in all those chambers where the K. Matye repeyrethe, and the chambers to bee dressed upp in all other things, and made as sweete as may bee; viz. palliats to be avoyeded, the clothe of estate and chayres to be sett in order, the windowes and the cupboards to be furnished with coshens.”

The windows were spread with hearbes, the chimney drest up with greene boughes, and the floore strowed with *bubruses*, as if some lasse were that morning to be married.—*Decker's Belman of London*.

All the floor where the king sate was covered with broad cloths instead of green rushes.—*History of Jack of Newbury*.

A courtier is sometime taunted with the tearme of effeminate and carpet-knight, because they know not how to tread but on *rushes* of a chamber; nor where to bestowe themselves, but on a beds side or wanton places of rest.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

⁶ *White and azure, lac'd.*

The eye-lids are not only of a “white and azure” hue, but they are also “lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct”—marked with the deeper blue of the larger veins. The description is here as accurate as it is beautiful. It cannot apply with such propriety to the eye, which certainly is not *lac'd* with blue; nor to the skin generally, which would not be beautiful as “white and azure.” It is, to our minds, one of the many examples of Shakespeare's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendant power of making the exact and the poetical blend with, and support, each other.—*Knight*.

⁷ *The arras figures.*

Arachne, having woven in cloth of *Arras* a rain-bowe of sundry silkes, it was objected unto her by a lady more captious then cunning, that in her work there wanted some colours, for that in a raine-bow there should be all. Unto whom she replied, if the colours lacke thou lookest for, thou must imagine that they are on the other side of the cloth; for in the skie we can discern but one side of the raine-bow, and what colours are in the others, see we cannot, guesse we may.—*Lilly's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

In arras hangings, now trees and lankskips and forest work is most in use, whereas formerly they usd pictures and resemblances of men and women.—*Ward's Diary*.

⁸ *And be her sense but as a monument.*

Shakespeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his Rape of Lucrece:—

Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.—*Malone*.

⁹ *As strongly as the conscience does within.*

It may not be useless to observe that *conscience* is used here for *consciousness*.—“As strongly as his inward consciousness.”—*A. Dyce*.

¹⁰ *On her left breast a mole cinque-spotted.*

Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of

Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in Westward for Smelts, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the Decamerone, Ambrogiuolo, the Iachimo of our author, who is concealed *in a chest* in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, whereas in Westward for Smelts the contemner of female chastity hides himself *under the lady's bed*, wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold." Though this mole is said in the present passage to be on Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:—

——— *under her breast*
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging.—*Malone.*

¹¹ *Like the crimson drops.*

The cowslip, *primula veris*. At the base of each cleft of its cinque-partite, monopetalous corolla, is a deep orange, sometimes almost scarlet, spot.—*Anon.*

¹² *The tale of Tereus.*

Tereus and Progne is the second tale in A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's poem De Confessione Amantis, b. v. fol. 113, and in Ovid's Metamorphoses, l. vi.—Some tragedy on this subject most probably had existed in the time of Shakespeare, who seldom alludes to fables with which his audience were not as well acquainted as himself. In Cymbeline he observes that Imogen had been reading the tale of Tereus, where Philomel, &c. An allusion to the same story occurs again in Titus Andronicus. A Latin tragedy entitled Progne was acted at Oxford when Queen Elizabeth was there in 1566. See Wood's Hist. Ant. Un. Oxon. lib. i. p. 287, col. 2.—*Malone.*

¹³ *May bare the raven's eye.*

That is, may open it; which, I am inclined to think is the genuine text. It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven) in his Troilus and Cressida,—

O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows.—*Heath.*

The old reading is *beare*. The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*.—*Steevens.*

¹⁴ *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.*

The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's Paradise Lost, book v. :—

——— ye birds
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.

Again, in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet:—

Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.—*Steevens.*

Perhaps Shakespeare had Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe in his mind, when he wrote this song:—

——— who is't now we hear;
None but the lark so shril and clear;

Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark——.—*Reed.*

¹⁵ *To ope their golden eyes.*

The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sun-set. So, in one of Browne's Pastorals :—

—— the day is waxen olde,
And 'gins to shut up *with* the *marigold*.

A similar idea is expressed more at large in a very scarce book entitled, *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning fine Tragicall Histories, &c.* Translated from the French, by H. W. (Henry Wotton), 4to. 1578, p. 7: “— floures which unfolding their tender leaves, at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eies, which were oppressed wyth the drowsinesse* of the passed night.” &c.—*Steevens.*

¹⁶ *With everything that pretty is.*

So the old edition. *Pretty bin*, Hanmer, who did not reflect that such negligences as he has thought proper to correct are allowed in a song; and that this very correction is of the same nature, for *bin* (i. e. been) is both a rustic and antiquated expression.—*Capell.*

¹⁷ *It is a vice in her ears.*

Vice is misprinted *voice* in all the old folios. Mr. Knight retains “*voice* in her ears,” observing, “It has been changed to *vice*. But why?” The answer is, because common sense shews the absolute necessity of the change.—*A. Dyce.*

¹⁸ *Calves'-guts.*

So the old copy. Rowe changed this *cats'-guts*, and he has been since followed. The word *cats'-gut*—or *catgut*—is essentially modern. We believe that there is not an example of it in any old author. In Bacon's *Natural History* we have a passage in which *gut*—a musical string made of an animal substance—is thus spoken of: “A viol should have a lay of wire-strings below, close to the belly, and the strings of *guts* mounted upon a bridge.” Why not, then, *calves'-guts*, as well as *cats'-guts*? We know not how the name *catgut* arose, for *cats* have as little to do with the production of such strings as mice have. At any rate, if the text of Shakespeare is an authority that such strings were made from *calves*, we are not called upon to destroy the record by insisting that they ought to have been made from *cats*.—*Knight.*

¹⁹ *And makes Diana's rangers false themselves.*

Perhaps, in this instance *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such is used in the *Comedy of Errors*: “Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*.” Act II. Sc. II. Spenser often has it:—“Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.”—*Steevens.* So, in *Tamburlaine*, Part I. :—

And he that could with gifts and promises,
Inveigle him that had a thousand horse,
And make him *false* his faith unto the king.—*Malone.*

²⁰ *Fools are not mad folks.*

This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, “*Fools are not mad folks.*”—*Steevens.*

²¹ *My being so verbal.*

Johnson defines this, "so *verbose*, so full of talk." But neither Cloten nor Imogen have used many words. Imogen has been parrying her strange admirer; but she now resolves to *speak* plainly—to be *verbal*—and thus to forget a lady's manners.—*Knight*.

²² *One, bred of alms.*

A foster-father, that keepeth a child of *almes*, or for God's sake.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 275.

²³ *A hilding for a livery.*

A hilding, a low person. A term of reproach, formerly applied to both sexes. Kennett explains it "an idle jade." The word is still in use in Devon, pronounced *hilderling* or *hinderling*.

²⁴ *I am sprighted with a fool.*

That is, I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

———— Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*.—*Stevens*.

²⁵ *In these sear'd hopes.*

This is ordinarily printed *fear'd hopes*—a reading unnoticed by any of the commentators in the variorum editions, but explained by *Eccles* as "hopes blended with fears." We have ventured to change the text to *sear'd hopes*. "In the present *winter's* state" the hopes of Posthumus are *sear'd*; but they still exist, and in cherishing them, *wither'd* as they are, he barely gratifies his friend's love.—*Knight*.

²⁶ *Send the arrearages.*

The next was a souldier, and he was very furious; but I quieted him, by getting his *arrearages* payd, and a pension for his life.—*Marmyon's Fine Companion*, 1633.

²⁷ *Or look upon our Romans.*

This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So, *Gawin Douglas*, in his translation of *Virgil* :—

———— sufferit he also,
Or he his goddes brocht in Latio.

See also *King John*, Act IV. Sc. III.—*Stevens*.

²⁸ *Now mingled with their courages.*

The old folio has this odd reading : ————— Their discipline—Now *wing-led* with their courages. "Their discipline (now *wing-led* by their courages)" may mean 'their discipline borrowing wings from their courage;' i. e., their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery.—*Stevens*.

²⁹ *So likely to report themselves.*

So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking figure*.—*Johnson*.

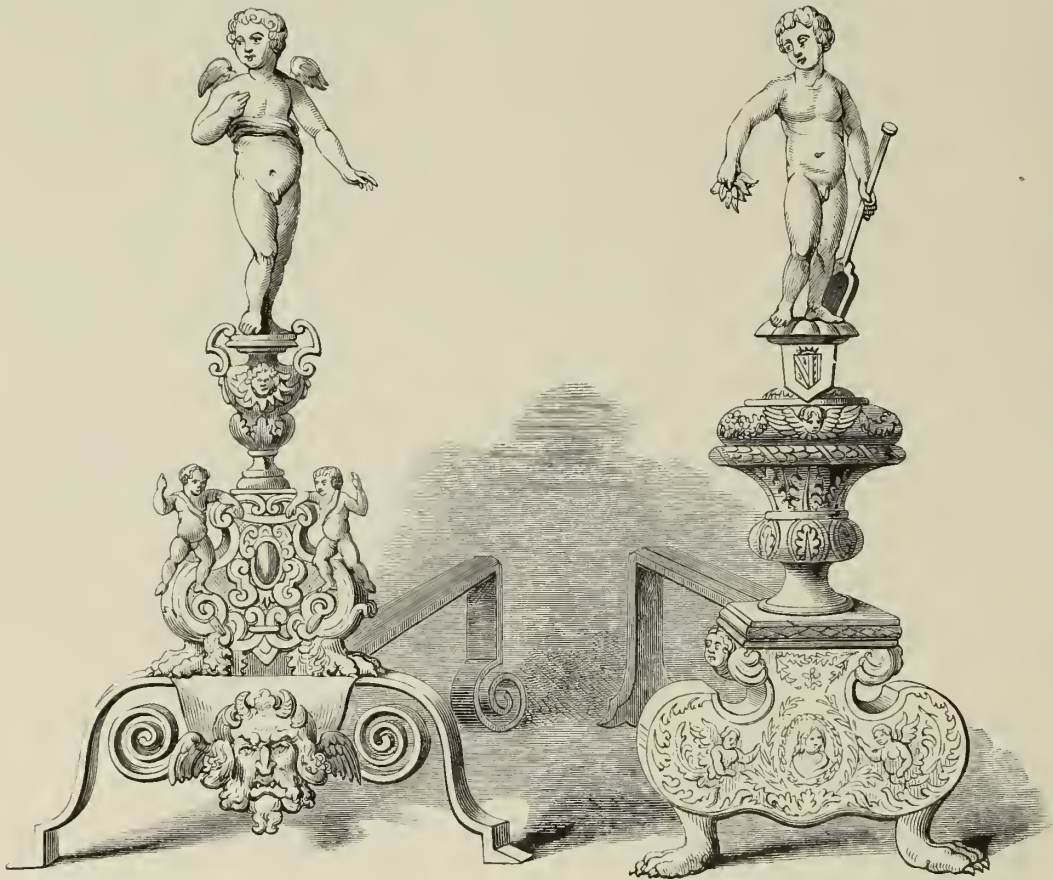
So likely to report themselves, is—so expressive of the passions intended; so much so as not to need an interpreter, the figures speaking themselves.—*Capell*.

³⁰ *With golden cherubins is fretted.*

Steevens calls the *golden cherubins* a tawdry image, and proceeds, justly enough, to ridicule an idle representation of the heavenly choirs; but the poet must be cleared from any imputation of blame. He is not accountable for the fashions or follies of his age, and has, in this instance, given a faithful description of the mode in which the rooms in great houses were sometimes ornamented. That *brands* were those parts of the andirons which supported the wood, according to Whalley, remains to be proved. The Cupids would not lean or hang over these bars, but rather stand with their faces turned from them, and opposite to the spectator. The brands are more likely to have been the inverted torches mentioned by Steevens.—*Douce.*

³¹ *Her andirons were two winking Cupids.*

The andirons were the ornamental irons on each side of the hearth in old houses, which were accompanied with small rests for the ends of the logs. The



latter were sometimes called *dogs*, but the term andirons frequently included both, as in the proverb recorded by Howell, “Bauds and attorneyes, like *andyrons*, the one *holds the sticks*, the other their clients, till they consume.” Mr. J. G. Nichols, glossary to the Unton Inventories, considers the *dogs* to be synonymous with the *creepers*, but the term was also applied to part of the andirons, and the latter are still called *andogs* in the Western counties. We find in Ducange, “*andena est ferrum, supra quod opponuntur ligna in igne, quod alio nomine dicitur hyperpyrgium;*” and Miegé makes the *andiron* and *dog* synonymous. The *andirons* were sometimes made of superior metal, or gilt, and of very large

dimensions. Such andirons, frequently of beautiful and elaborate design, were common to noble mansions of our poet's era. Two fine examples are here selected by Mr. Fairholt; the first an Italian work, formerly in the Palace of Count Brancalano; the second an English one, still preserved in the fine old Mansion in Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, Kent. It is less old than the preceding, and may be a work of the time of James, or Charles the first, it however proves the general popularity of the design.

A greate pair of lattin andirons, with pillers graven antique.—Fowre lesser paire of andirons, with pillers of lattin.—vij. pair of andirons, with rings and duble knopps of lattin, with vj. fyer-shovells and vj. pair of tongs.—Fower pair of lowe andirons of lattin. Fower pair of andirons with single knobbs of lattin, and iiij. pair of tongs and shovells to them.—A little pair of a plaine andirons, with fyer shovells and tonges to them; paste serviee.—*Inventory of Goods*, 1588.

As in a chimney, the brazen *andirons* stand for state while the dogs doe the service; so in embassies, formerly it was usual to have a civilian employed with a lord in embassies, the one for state, the other for transactions.—*Ward's Diary*.

³² *Then, if you can, be pale.*

I have no doubt that the punctuation given by Mr. Collier is right; and that the passage means, 'Then, if you can (*i. e.* if any thing has power to make you change colour), be pale (become pale at the sight of this): I beg,' &c.—*A. Dyce*.

³³ *The vows of women.*

The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue.—*Johnsou*.

³⁴ *Her attendants are all sworn, and honourable.*

It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered (page 49) that "what person soever he be that comyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be entered in the chequyrroull [checkroll] that he be *sworn* in the countyng hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on their absence before the clerke of the kechyngge either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any such [oath] be, or eels by such an oth as shall seyme beste to their discrecion." Even now every *servant* of the king's at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office.—*Percy*.

³⁵ *The cognizance.*

An heraldic term, properly signifying—the crest; by translation—any badge or mark that is used to distinguish: the great value of the wager which the speaker has lost, is, says he, *the cognizance* which distinguishes the *incoutinency* of her we are talking of from that of all other women.—*Capell*.

³⁶ *Limb-meal.*

Limb by limb. So, *inch-meal* in the *Tempest*, inch by inch; *drop-meal*, drop by drop, &c.—*A. S.*

³⁷ *The very devils cannot plague them better.*

So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort against Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."—*Steevens*.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door ;
and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever—was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,¹—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,

The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in²
 With rocks unscaleable,³ and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with shame—
 The first that ever touch'd him—he was earried
 From off our coast, twice beaten, and his shipping,—
 Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,³
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,—
 O, giglot fortune!⁴—to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,⁵
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom
 is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no
 more such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses ; but,
 to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
 Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand.—Why
 tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the
 sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we
 will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
 you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,—
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world—against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,⁶
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
 Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
 Receive it from me, then.—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me;⁷ my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us
 a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other
 terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us
 out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows
 shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monsters her accuser?⁸—Leonatus!
 O master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian⁹—

As poisonous tongued, as handed—hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? “Do't. The letter¹⁰

[*Reading.*

That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:”—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a foedary for this act,¹¹ and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.
 O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
 Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love;—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison,¹² yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

“Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
 dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of

creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.¹³ Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,¹⁴

“LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.”

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
 O, let me 'bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick,—
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence;¹⁵ and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.
 Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,¹⁶
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf.¹⁷—But this is foolery.—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider

Imo. I see before me,¹⁸ man: nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:

Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys :¹⁹ this gate
 Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
 To a morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill :
 Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off :
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
 This service is not service,²⁰ so being done,
 But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold²¹
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O ! this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe ;²²
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd.²³ No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known, well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
 We are beastly : subtle as the fox for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat :
 Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the search,
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys ! this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me ;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then, was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans : so,
 Follow'd my banishment ; and this twenty years

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world ;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains !
 This is not hunter's language.—He that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up thus meanly
 I' the cave wherein they bow,²⁴ their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prinee it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,²⁵—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story, say,—“ Thus mine enemy fell ;
 And thus I set my foot on's neck ;” even then
 The princely blood flows in his eheck, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
 Once Arviragus—in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own eoneeiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd.—
 O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father.—The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: put thyself
 Into a haviour²⁶ of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,²⁷
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] “Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
 strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in
 me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as
 strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge.
 That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
 tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away
 her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she
 hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike,
 and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her
 dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.”

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No; 'tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ;²⁸ whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it, to be false ?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed :
 Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of inecontinency ;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,²⁹
 Whose mother was her painting,³⁰ hath betray'd him :
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;³¹
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls³²
 I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O !
 Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband ! shall be thought
 Put on for villany ; not born where't grows,
 But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were in his time thought false ; and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
 From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men :
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience : look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart :
Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her³³
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.³⁴

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ; whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment ; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that.³⁵ But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest : pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
 Dark as your fortune is,³⁶ and but disguise
 That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self-danger, you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view:³⁷ yea, haply, near
 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point.
 You must forget to be a woman; echange
 Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,—
 The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
 Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage:
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrelous as the weasel:³⁸ nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan;³⁹ and forget
 Your laboursome⁴⁰ and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Forethinking this, I have already fit—
 'Tis in my eloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy—which you will make him know,
 If that his head have ear in music—doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,

You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen :
What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen !—I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better :
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like⁴¹
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Besecch your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.⁴²

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false !

[*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—[*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : may
This night forestal him of the coming day !⁴³ [Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman :⁴⁴ from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore ; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,

That what's else rare is chok'd ; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her ; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her : for, when fools shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here ? What ! are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord !
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No farther halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph !

Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st

not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villany so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord?

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true

preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford : would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.⁴⁵—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness : labour be his meed !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one : I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed : I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, 'Thou wast within a ken. O Jove ! I think, Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true : to lapse in fulness Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord ! Thou art one o' the false ones : now I think on thee, My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this ? Here is a path to it : 'tis some savage hold : I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty and peace breed cowards ; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! Who's here ? If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage, Take, or lend.⁴⁶—Ho !—No answer ? then, I'll enter. Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She enters the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth⁴⁷
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the eave: we'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay: come not in.
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor.⁴⁸ Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry.

KNOW, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bell. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—[*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons: then had my prize
Been less;⁴⁹ and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience scal'd them,—laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes⁵⁰—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ :
That since the common men are now in action
Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul ; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commends
His absolute commission.⁵¹ Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Cassibelan, thine uncle.*

The poet must mean—great-uncle, or uncle once removed: for Cymbeline was the son of Tenantius, who was the son of Lud: and Lud and Cassibelan were brothers; but our author frequently has made bold with his history.—*Theobald*.

² *Ribbed and paled in.*

O miserable time, when men make no more reckoning of their soules. Fye, fye, Francisco, thinke upon your end, and whither you must goe. Most reverend Fathers, observe you this his contumacy: I shall I feare be forc'd to speak what in my heart till now I chested, and *rib'd in*, because mine oath, 'twas not my wil, hath heare constrained me to expose his blame, my soule had vowed to hide; Note into malice how he throwes himselfe, and would staine my reputation with a calumnious lye.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

³ *With rocks unscaleable.*

The old editions have:—"With *oaks* unscaleable."—*Johnson*. "The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *sirtes*, that lye along our coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart*.—*Tollet*.

⁴ *O, giglot Fortune!*

O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"Away with those *giglots* too." So, also, in *Hamlet*;—"Out, out, thou *strumpet fortune!*"—*Malone*.

⁵ *Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright.*

Trinovantum, called Caer Lud, and by corruption of the word, Caer London, and in process of time London, was rebuilt by Lud, the elder brother of Cassibelan.—*Grey*.

⁶ *Mulmutius made our laws.*

The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the history of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was *crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations,*" &c.

Mulmucius,—the sonne of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world—3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours. Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused sore and streight orders for the punishment of theft. *Holinshed, ap. Malone.*

⁷ *Thy Cæsar knighted me.*

Shakespeare still follows Holinshed literally:—"This man was brought up at Rome, and there was *made knight* by Augustus Cæsar." Douce objects to the word *knight* as a downright anachronism; as well as to another similar passage, where Cymbeline addresses Belarius and his sons:—

Bow your knees;
Arise my *knight*s o' the battle.

Both Holinshed and Shakespeare, in applying a term of the feudal ages to convey the notion of the Roman dignity, did precisely what they were called upon to do. They used a word which conveyed a distinct image much more clearly than any phrase of stricter propriety. They translated ideas as well as words.—*Knight.*

⁸ *What monster's her accuser?*

The last letter of *accuser* had evidently been omitted in the first folio by mistake. The reading—"What monsters her accuse?" must be wrong; because, in the first place, we cannot suppose that Shakespeare would have employed here such an awkward inversion as "her accuse;" secondly, because we have in the next line but one, "What false Italian," &c.; and, thirdly, because it leaves the metre imperfect.—*A. Dyce.*

⁹ *What false Italian.*

About Shakespeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common.—*Johnson.*

¹⁰ *Do't. The letter.*

The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*.) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakespeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader.—*Malone.*

¹¹ *Art thou a fedary for this act.*

A fedary was a subordinate agent, as a vassal to his chief. A *feodary*, however, meant also ‘a *prime agent*, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord.’—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet after all it may be doubted whether Shakespeare does not use it to signify a *confederate* or *accomplice*, as he does *federary* in the *Winter’s Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 1.—*Singer*.

Let him that is wise, and therein noble, assume properly to himselfe this interest, that I cannot distrust the succesfull acceptation, where the sacrifice is a thriftie love, the patron a great man good, (for to be truly good, is to be great) and the presentor a *feodorie* to such as are maisters, not more of their own fortunes, then their owne affections.—*Ford’s Line of Life*, 1620.

¹² *Though forfeiters you cast in prison.*

The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters.—*Steevens*.

¹³ *Would even renew me with your eyes.*

It has been usual to vary from the old copies, by reading, “would *not* even renew me;” but this change hardly seems required, the apparent sense being, that Justice and the wrath of Cymbeline could not do Posthumus any cruelty, but such as might be remedied by the eyes of Imogen.—*Collier*.

¹⁴ *And your, increasing in love.*

We should, I think, read thus:—“and *your*, increasing in love, *Leonatus Posthumus*,”—to make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

¹⁵ *How we may steal from hence.*

Imogen’s thoughts are turned every way, and the huddle of her ideas is such as leaves no time for correctness—to *excuse* in this sentence must have the sense of *what excuse we shall make*.—The words *or e’er begot* in the next line mean—before the matter to be excus’d has existence.—*Capell*.

¹⁶ *I have heard of riding wagers.*

Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakespeare’s time, than it is at present. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother’s *putting out* money to be repaid with increase on his return from Jerusalem, (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither *for a wager*,) defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when “no meane lords and lords’ sonnes and gentlemen in our court *put out* money upon a horse race under themselves, yea, upon a journey on foote.”—*Blakeway*.

¹⁷ *That run i’ the clock’s behalf.*

This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time.—*Warburton*.

Perform the office, supply the functions of a clock, while they run.—*Eccles*.

¹⁸ *I see before me, &c.*

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words, *nor here, nor here*, she

points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford."

What ensues means *what follows*; and Shakespeare uses it here, somewhat licentiously, to express what is behind.—*M. Mason*. What follows me?

¹⁹ *Stoop, boys.*

The old copy reads—*Sleep*, boys:—from whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*Stoop*, boys—as that word affords an apposite introduction to what follows. Rowe reads—*See*, boys,—which (as usual) had been silently copied.—*Steevens*.

Yet stay, heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623.

²⁰ *This service is not service.*

In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.—*Johnson*.

As this seems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim, not merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read:—"That service is not service," &c.—*M. Mason*.

"*This service*" means, 'any particular service.' The observation relates to the court, as well as to war.—*Malone*.

²¹ *The sharded beetle in a safer hold.*

That is, the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So in Gower, *De Confessionne Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 103. b.—

That with his swerd, and with his spere,
He might not the serpent dere:
He was so *sherded* all aboute,
It held all edge toole withoute.

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.—There is here a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose *sharded* wings can but just *raise him above the ground*, is often in a state of greater *security* than the *vast-winged eagle* that can soar to any height.—*Steevens*.

²² *Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe.*

For *bribe* the original has *babe*, the alteration being Hanmer's. *Bauble*, Rowe; *brabe*, Johnson. Nothing that has been written on this line is entirely satisfactory, and the selection of a reading is with our present means of information a matter of fancy rather than of judgment.

²³ *Yet keeps his book uncross'd.*

In allusion to the custom adopted by persons in trade of crossing out in their books an account, the amount of which has been discharged.—*Eccles*.

So, in Skialetheia, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:—"Yet stands he in the *debet book uncrost*."—*Steevens*.

²⁴ *Wherein they bow.*

The old editions read—"I th' cave, *whereon the bowe*;" which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, as it stands in the text.—In this very

cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave.—*Warburton*.

²⁵ *This Polydore.*

First folio, *Paladour*. The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-Dove, by R. Chester, 1601 :—

This noble king builded fair Caerguent,
Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.—*Steevens*.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed, which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* (i. e. Polydore Virgil) is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakespear.—*Malone*.

²⁶ *Haviour*.

This word, as often as it occurs in Shakespeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue*, IX. :—“ Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.”—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *Out-craftied him.*

Thus the old copy, and so Shakespeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus* :—

————— chaste as the icicle,
That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow.

Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*out-craftied* here, and *curdled* in *Coriolanus*.—*Malone*.

²⁸ *Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.*

So, in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion, &c.* 1570 :—

Hit venom castes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]
Hit poysoneth all it toucheth any wheare.

Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last Act of *Antony and Cleopatra*.—*Steevens*.

²⁹ *Some jay of Italy.*

Putta, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. We have the word again in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—“ Teach him to know *turtle* from *jays*.” ‘ Some *jay* of Italy, whose *mother* was her *painting*, i. e. made by art; the creature not of nature but of *painting*. In this sense *painting* may be said to be her mother. Steevens met with a similar phrase in some old play :—“ A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments.”—*Singer*.

³⁰ *Whose mother was her painting.*

The MS. corrector of the Perkins second folio, not being acquainted with the figurative idiomatic phraseology in the second line, which was current under various forms in the dramatic literature of Shakespeare's period, gives a reading

which is unquestionably more suitable to modern hearers, and, under any circumstances, must be considered a verbal alteration of peculiar ingenuity,—
 “*Who smothers her with painting, hath betray’d him.*”

Thus like a true Englishman, who wears his *mother* too much in his apparell, I enter’d the theater, and sat upon the stage.—*The Life of a Satyrical Puppy called Nim*, 1657.

³¹ *A garment out of fashion.*

How like you of this woman? Some praised her, as shee deserved, extraordinarily. But, said the Brainford fishwife, I like her as a garment out of fashion.—*Westward for Smelts*, 1620.

³² *For I am richer than to hang by the walls.*

To “hang by the walls,” does not mean, to be converted into *hangings* for a room, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in *Measure for Measure*:—“That have, like unscour’d armour, *hung by the wall.*” When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances, were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger’s *New Way to Pay Old Debts*.—*Steevens*.

Imogen alludes to hangings on walls, which were in use in Shakespeare’s time.—These being sometimes wrought with gold or silver, were, it should seem, occasionally ript and taken to pieces for the sake of the materials.—*Malone*.

³³ *When thou shalt be disedg’d by her.*

It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by *tiring*, or feeding, upon some object given to it for that purpose. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

Oph. You are *keen*, my lord, you are *keen*.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning *to take off mine edge*.—*Singer*.

³⁴ *I’ll break mine eye-balls first.*

Ile wake, ed. 1623. Johnson reads, “I’ll wake mine eye-balls *blind* first,” a lection supported by *Steevens*.

³⁵ *Nor tent to bottom that.*

That is, cannot receive a tent long enough to reach to the bottom of the wound.

³⁶ *Dark as your fortune is.*

To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. "You must, (says Pisanio,) disguise that *greatness*, which, to appear *hereafter* in its proper form, *cannot yet appear without great danger to itself*."—*Johnson*.

³⁷ *And full of view.*

With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.—*Johnson*. Full of fair view, or affording fair prospect of turning out happily.—*Capell*.

³⁸ *As quarrellous as the weasel.*

So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :—

A *weasel* hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with.

This character of the *weasel* is not warranted by naturalists. *Weasels*, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. Our poet, therefore, while a boy, might have had frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition.—*Steevens*.

The seas swell still by a naturall pride which the moone, their mistresse, puts into them, because their nature being *quarrellous*, they rage like roaring boyes upon the land.—*Dekker's Strange Horse-race*, 1613.

³⁹ *Of common-kissing Titan.*

Thus, in Othello :—"The bawdy wind that *kisses all it meets* ——" Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii. :—"— and beautifull might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus, over-often and hard, to *kisse* them."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁰ *Laboursome.*

So that every member hath his office and calling, not to be ydle, but alwayes diligent and *laboursome* in their vocations accordingly: therefore, whatsoever the diversitie is, yet the profit is common, and serveth to the edification of the church.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

⁴¹ *She looks us like.*

For *us* the second folio substitutes *as*, but, as Mr. Dyce observes, "our early writers frequently use the verb *look* with an ellipsis of the word which modern phraseology requires after it."

⁴² *To the loud'st of noise we make.*

The preposition *of* is mistakingly inserted after 'loud' in the folio, 1623: it is clearly needless to the sense, and injurious to the metre; but modern editors have usually printed the passage (without notice), 'to the *loud'st of* noise we make,' in order to preserve what in fact ought on all accounts to be removed.—*Collier*.

The passage, when thus mutilated, does not afford the meaning which the poet certainly intended, viz. that the *very loudest* noise which they could make drew forth no answer. The text of the folio, "the *loud* of noise," is manifestly a misprint for "the *loud'st* of noise."—*A. Dyce*.

⁴³ *This night forestall him of the coming day!*

That is, may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque*:—"Perhaps *fore-stalling night* prevented them."—*Malone*.

⁴⁴ *Than lady, ladies, woman.*

"She has all courtly parts, (says he,) more exquisite than *any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.*"—*Johnson*.

There is a similar passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. III.: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."—*Tollet*.

⁴⁵ *To him that is most true.*

Pisano, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.—*Malone*.

⁴⁶ *If savage, take, or lend.*

Savage signifies a savage man being opposed to, *civil*, which is an epithet that can belong only to a man.—I can see no objection to the ancient reading, *take, or lend*, that is, either take my life or lend me your assistance.—*Heath*.

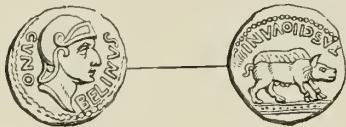
The meaning of this address is no other than—Take me for food, or lend food to me; and is proper enough in her circumstances, whatever the savage might be, beast or man.—Extreme famine, a cave to take shelter in, and a page's habit, are points of the wife's history, as related in *Westward for Smelts*.—*Capell*.

⁴⁷ *When resty sloth.*

Restie, which Steevens changed to *restive*, signifies here *dull, heavy*, as it is explained in *Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616. So Milton uses it in his *Eiconoclastes*, sec. 24, 'The master is too *resty*, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table.'—*Singer*.

⁴⁸ *Gold strew'd i' the floor.*

"O' the floor," *Hanmer*; but the correction was unnecessary. *In* was frequently used in our author's time for *on*. So, in the *Lord's Prayer*: "Thy will be done *in* earth."—*Boswell*.



Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Cymbeline is the Cunobeline of early British History. His coins exist in great variety, and are very remarkable for their superiority of execution to the ordinary early British coins; in many instances being copied from Greek and Roman originals. The coin here engraved has a helmeted head on the obverse, which in the opinion of Mr. Evans, the latest writer on ancient British coins, is intended to represent Cunobeline himself.”

⁴⁹ *Then had my prize been less.*

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee.—*Heath*. “To *prise* a thing, or to set the *price* what the thing is worth,” *Baret's Alvearie*, 1580.

⁵⁰ *That nothing gift of differing multitudes.*

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it.—*Heath*.

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unsteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded.—*M. Mason*.

Mason's explanation is just. So, in the Induction to the Second Part of King Henry IV. :—"The still *discordant, wav'ring* multitude."—*Steevens*.

⁵¹ *He commends his absolute commission.*

Commands, old eds. The excellent emendation was suggested originally by Warburton. The word in the text may almost be said to be the correct technical term which ought here to be employed.

N O T I C E .

THE sixteenth volume, completing the Work, will, it is expected, be ready for delivery in September next.

Applications for any of the few remaining copies should be addressed to J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6, St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London.

